PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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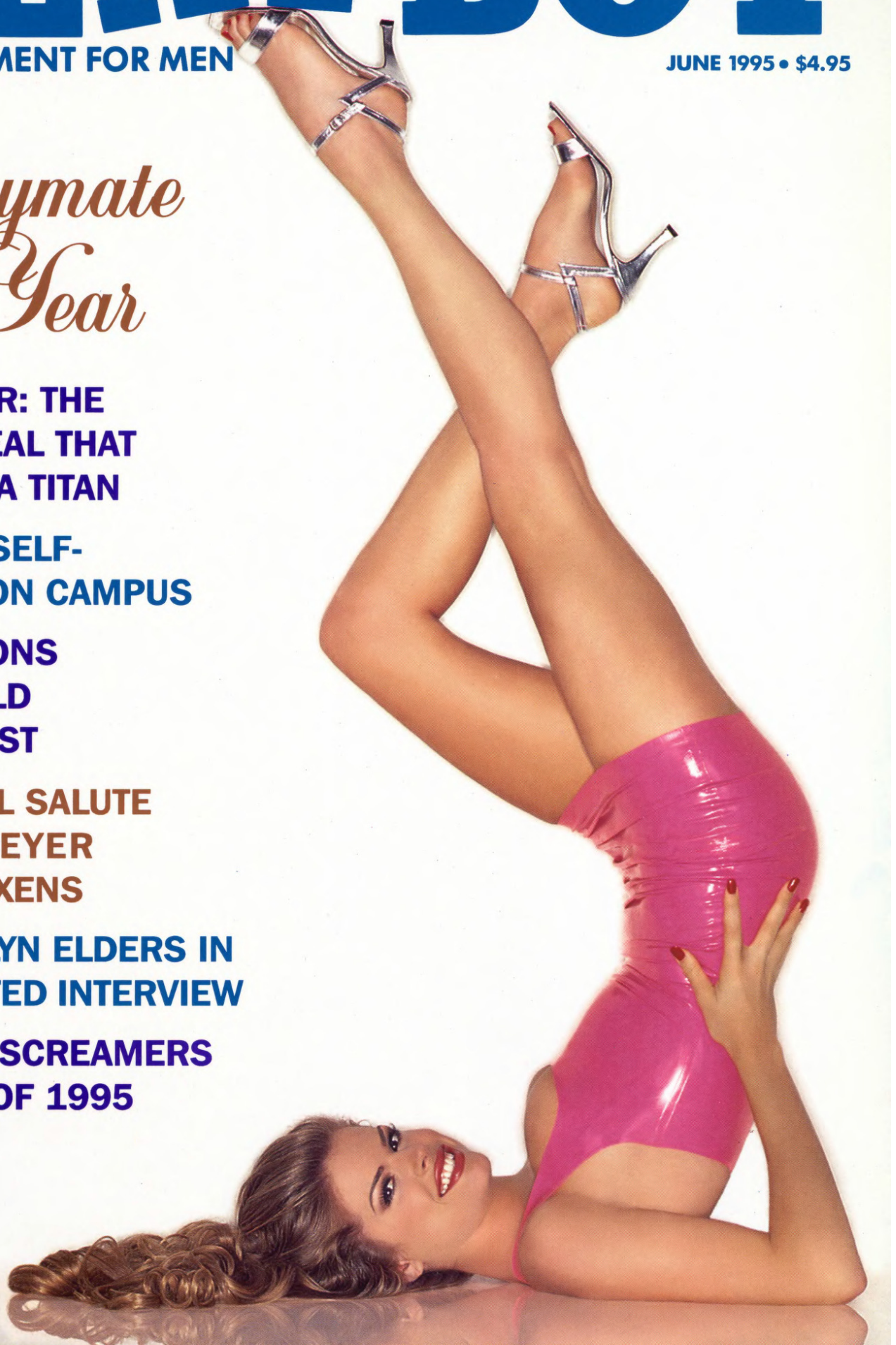

Playmate of the Year

TED TURNER: THE SUCKER DEAL THAT MADE HIM A TITAN

FEAR AND SELF-LOATHING ON CAMPUS

20 QUESTIONS TOM ARNOLD FREE AT LAST

A PICTORIAL SALUTE TO RUSS MEYER AND HIS VIXENS

DR. JOYCELYN ELDERS IN A TWO-FISTED INTERVIEW

BEAUTIFUL SCREAMERS HOT CARS OF 1995

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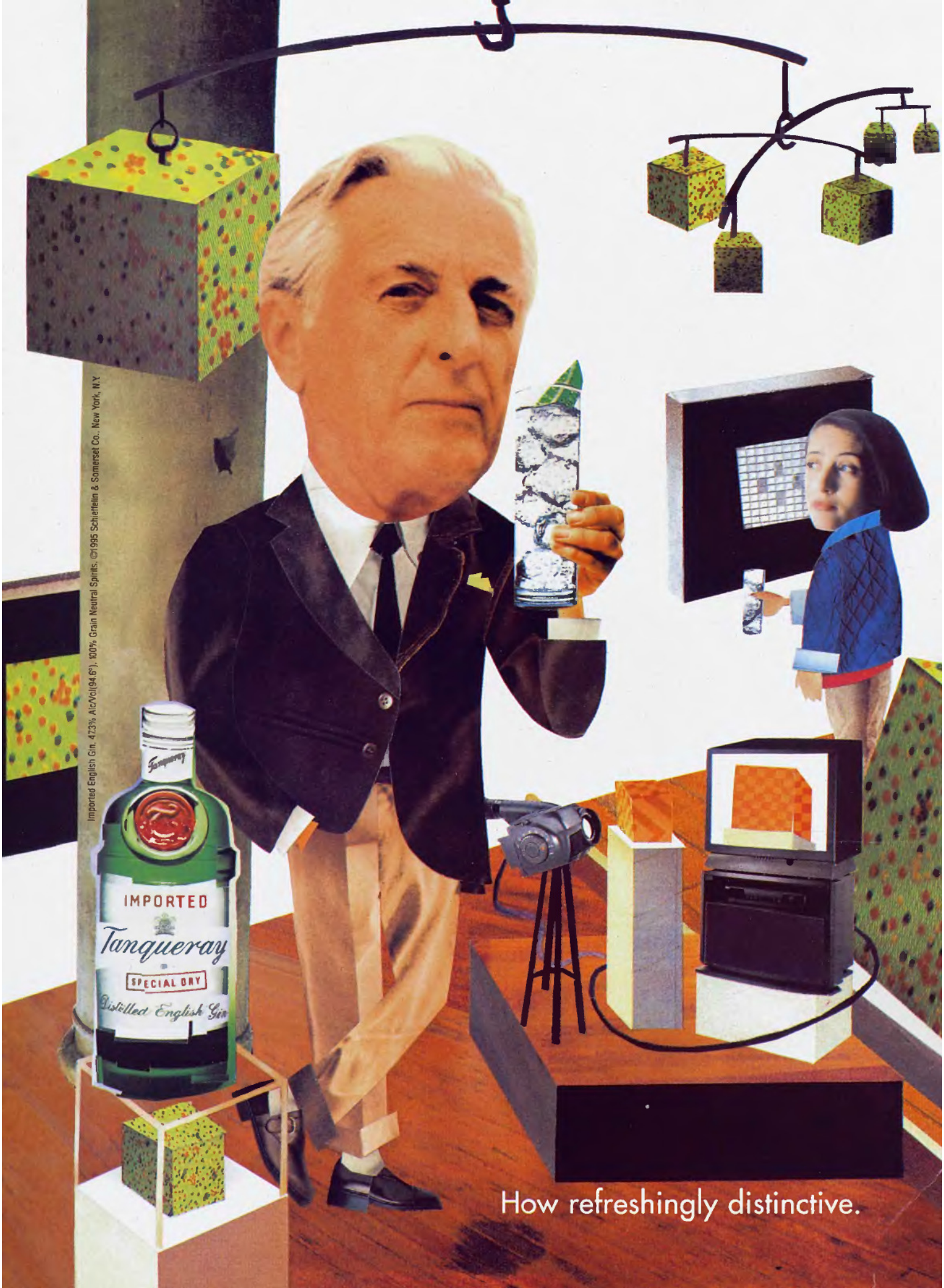

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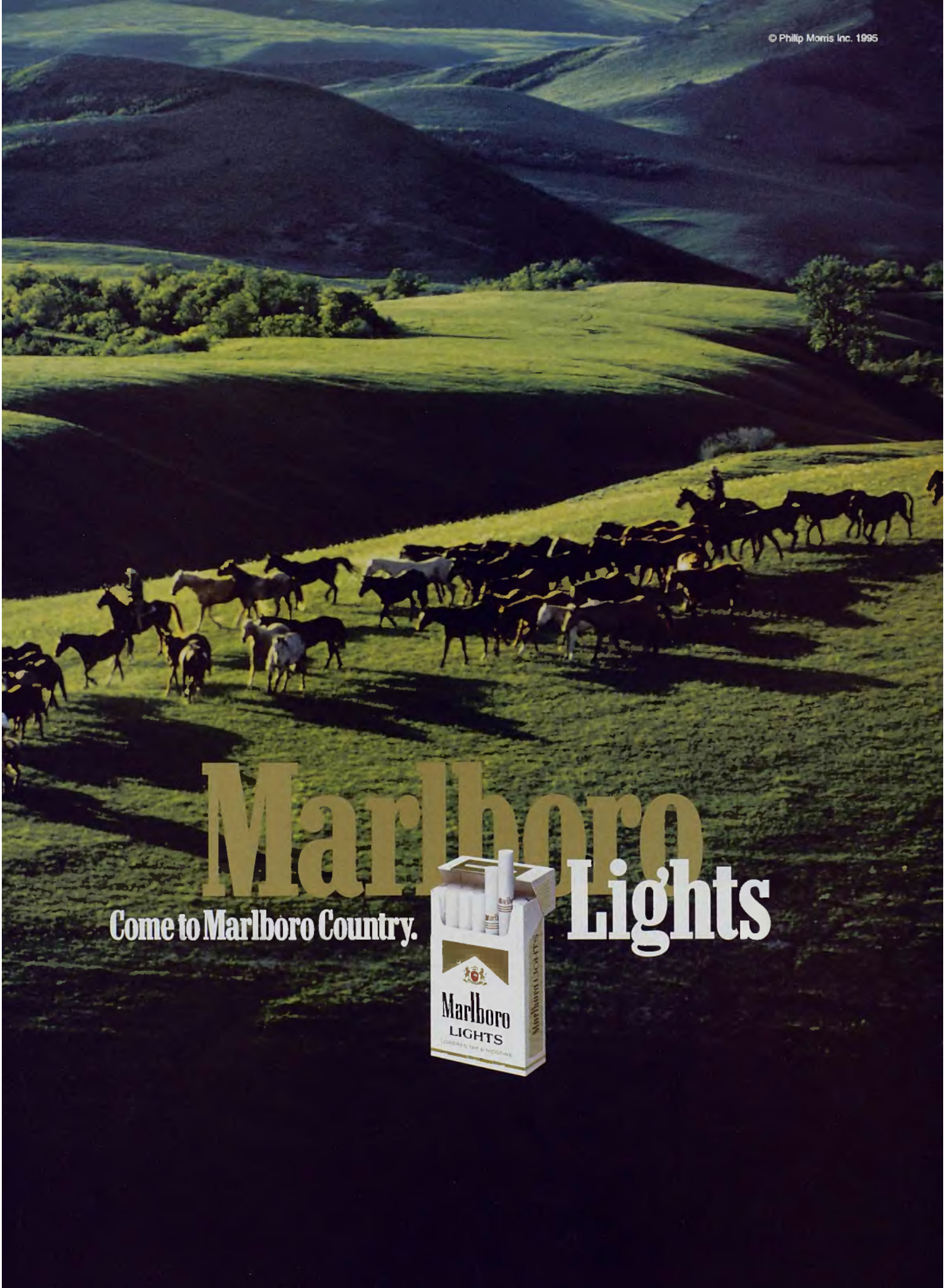

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ALTHOUGH SOME conservatives disapproved of Bill Clinton's appointment of **Dr. Joycelyn Elders** as surgeon general, many Democrats had trouble with the president's reason for her dismissal. Apparently, there is no room for a Cabinet member who defends abortion, speaks frankly about drugs and—the reason she was fired—speculates about explaining masturbation to schoolkids. Consider this month's *Interview*, in which Dr. Elders tells **David Nimmons** that Jesse Helms is a bigot and guesses that Newt Gingrich never plays Onan the Barbarian, to be the closest look yet at the candid opinions of a former Clinton insider. Sadly, free speech is losing ground beyond the Beltway, too. We sent teams of pollsters and young reporters to colleges to find out why campuses are in the grip of PC. In *The Safe Generation* (illustrated by **Mike Benny**), Assistant Editor **Chip Rowe** provides the disturbing report.

Call him the King Kong of comebacks. Once, media mogul **Ted Turner** almost lost CNN and his other cable channels because he paid too much to fulfill his dream of owning MGM. Now Mr. Jane Fonda, having escaped the lion pit by reselling the studio, is back in the chase—and in the papers—for his own major TV network. In an excerpt from *Citizen Turner* (Harcourt Brace), **Robert Goldberg** and **Gerald Jay Goldberg** explain how Turner lost his fight but retained MGM's lucrative video library. Also in the bruised-but-unbowed file: a profile of **Mike Tyson** by *New York Daily News* cornerman **Vic Ziegel.** As Iron Bars Mike comes out of forced retirement, Ziegel reacquaints us with an ex-champ who's come out of prison literate, Muslim and hungering to turn George Foreman into cheeseburger. (Artist **Greg Spalenka** put Tyson on the canvas.) From boxing to mud-wrestling: Heavyweight **Tom Arnold** was close to becoming a doorman at McDonald's after his divorce from Roseanne. But the Terminator saved Tom Arnold's terminal career and now he is in the film *Nine Months*. Our buddy to the stars, **David Rensin,** talks true lies with Arnold in a *20 Questions* on the secrets of pigging out and Schwarzenegger's undies.

The bull—papal bull, that is—continues to fly in a bogus, er, bonus Q&A. Holy smoker **Denis Leary,** whose last public debate was in *The Ref*, goes *mano a mano* with the straightest man ever to wear a dress in a satirical *Interview With Pope John Paul II*. Turns out the Pope likes pastrami, beer, nice hats and—alas, poor Leary—Jim Carrey. Then we get naked with Russ Meyer—or, pictorially speaking, with the ultra-super-buxom-vixens who act out his fantasies. Movie critic **Roger Ebert** co-wrote the screenplay for Meyer's *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. Ebert here catches his friend enjoying a DDD-sized box-office revival of *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* Ebert has Meyer down to a T: Meyer is high on strong women, long on loyalty and big on breasts.

The phone votes are in and Miss February 1994, **Julie Cialini,** is our new Playmate of the Year. But you knew that from the cover. What you don't know is that Julie is set to appear in the movie *Beach Academy*. Until then, enjoy her rousing pictorial reprise shot by **Stephen Wayda**. Now to push the envelope. It's your call; either turn to Playmate **Rhonda Adams,** a high-flying adventure freak, or drool over *Beautiful Screamers*, the top five performance cars we could find. Legendary lensman **Mario Casilli,** equally comfortable with babes or automobiles, shot the feature. Before reality bites, check out *Skeeks*, fiction by mystery man **Donald E. Westlake** (**Daniel Torres** did the artwork). It's about a Hollywood murder and the trashy tabloid reporters who make a killing after the star is buried. Remember: Keep an eye on the bodies—and enjoy the hunt.

NIMMONS

ROWE

BENNY

THE GOLDBERGS

ZIEGEL

SPALENKA

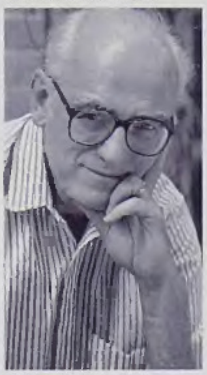
RENSIN

LEARY

EBERT

CIALINI, WAYDA

CASILLI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PLAYBOY

vol. 42, no. 6—june 1995

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COVER STORY

She was Miss February 1994 before she followed another PLAYBOY favorite, Dian Parkinson, on *The Price Is Right*. Now, Julie Cialini makes her third appearance in PLAYBOY, this time as Playmate of the Year. Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, styled by Jennifer Tutor and photographed by Stephen Wayda. Thanks to Alexis Vogel for styling Julie's hair and makeup. Our hip Rabbit welcomes Julie back.

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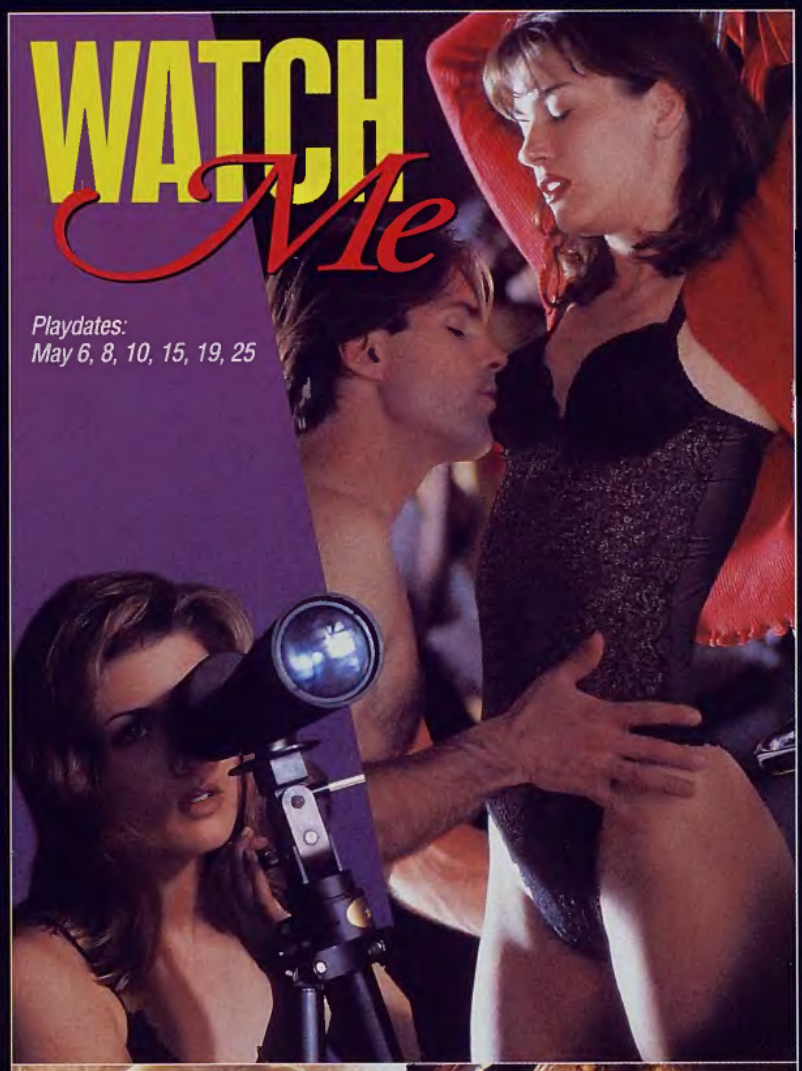

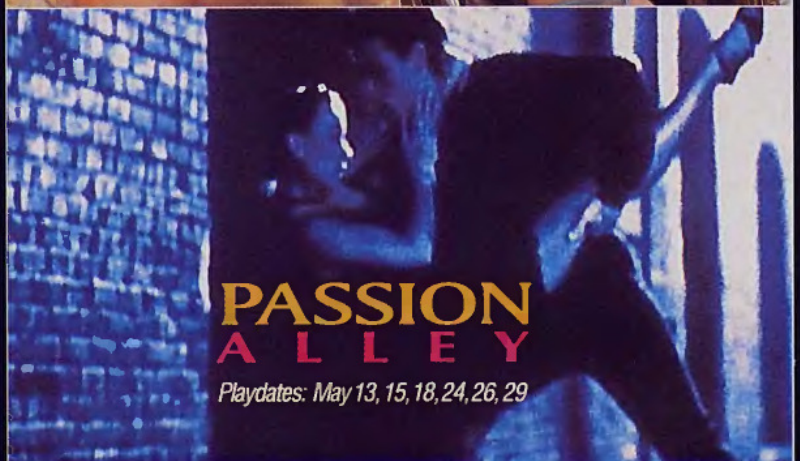

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Miss May

Rhonda Adams
Miss June

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VLADIMIR ZHIRINOVSKY

Jennifer Gould's interview with Vladimir Zhirinovsky (March) is compelling stuff. It helps me to understand how Alex Haley must have felt in 1966 sitting in a room with George Lincoln Rockwell. Bravo to Gould for her fortitude and to PLAYBOY for delivering your best interview in years.

David Waldon
Chicago, Illinois

Jennifer Gould ought to receive a medal for what she went through with Zhirinovsky. I couldn't believe what he was asking her to do, yet she handled him with excellent composure. If I had been in her shoes, I think I would have slugged him.

Joe Baylot
jmbaylot@whale.st.usm.edu
Hattiesburg, Mississippi

The Zhirinovsky interview is one of the more interesting you've published in some time. I would love to see this man at a state dinner confronting First Lady Hillary Clinton. Rather than leading Russia into the future, maybe he should come to America and go into the movies.

Chip Elliott
Columbus, Ohio

REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK

Robert Scheer's "Do the Rope-a-Dope, Bill" (March) is so full of venom and lies that it fails to do its job. Scheer wants to know how the Republicans are going to cut taxes and balance the budget. Easily. Federal tax decreases have resulted in revenue increases. Scheer goes to great lengths to say the capital gains tax cut is a program that will help "the richest ten percent in the country." This statement is a lie. The vast majority of people who file capital gains taxes make less than $50,000.

August Elliott
Marietta, Georgia

STUNTWOMEN

Wow, sensuous stuntwomen (March)! They are all pretty, but I'm most interested in Dana Hee. She's a beautiful, dangerous martial arts champion who speaks four languages. She's one hell of a woman.

Sal Oliveri
Gilroy, California

Trisha Lane is beautiful. She deserves a leading role. Can you give her a pictorial of her own?

J.R. Longoria
josephl@runner.jpl.utsa.edu
San Antonio, Texas

I was really proud and pleased to see my daughter Jean Alison Malahni so beautifully photographed by Arny Freytag in the *Stuntwomen* pictorial. I am now a PLAYBOY subscriber.

Birdie Malahni
Kernville, California

THE GURU AND THE GADFLY

Bob Sipchen's exposé on the pop shaman John-Roger (March) is a personal vindication for me. Three months after attending his Insight I "shame-ins," my wife asked me for a divorce. She had wanted me to participate, but I refused and warned her that the seminars placed an unneeded strain on our already frayed relationship. Granted, there was ample blame to go around, but Insight I dealt the fatal blow to our ten-year marriage. My ex-wife is a lovely person and I know she is searching. We all are. I can only hope that someday she'll travel a different road to enlightenment.

Ed Ballinger
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Being spiritual is not about magic and hocus-pocus. The Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness is not a secret organization, nor does it resemble a cult. In the 26 years that I have been a student of MSIA and John-Roger, I have never

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heard him hint at being greater than Jesus. John-Roger always tells us to check things out for ourselves—including what he teaches.

Louise Wyatt
Garland, Texas

I, along with most of the other people who have studied with John-Roger, did not check my mind at the seminar door only to pick it up several years later. I am successful in business and personal relationships, and what I have learned in the past 15 years since meeting John-Roger has helped me to achieve these things.

Caryn Kanzer
New York, New York

AMBER SMITH

Hot on Hot (March) is an understatement. It's rare when any woman featured in your magazine can be compared to Marilyn Monroe and not make the writer look like a fool. Amber Smith makes the writer look extremely smart, indeed.

Edward Shad
Baldwin Place, New York

The Amber Smith pictorial reminds me of classic Sixties pinups. I am very impressed.

Jai Jeffers
Townsend, Tennessee

Before your March pictorial, I didn't know who Amber Smith was. Now I'll never forget her.

T.J. Leverette III
College Park, Georgia

WOMEN

Cynthia Heimel hits the nail on the head in "I Am Woman" (March). Women are acting less and less like women, and I'm not stereotyping them. Before you label me a male chauvinist, listen up. Police forces have found female officers to be better at defusing potentially violent domestic situations than male officers. The problem is that too many women feel pressured to conform to male behavior. Please compete with us based on your own unique qualities.

John Martinez
stdjxm01@pip.shsu.edu
Huntsville, Texas

May I suggest that there are many modern men who do not find giggling a turn-on and who in fact value intelligence in a woman? I'm sure I'm not the only soul who doesn't see femininity and being a capable person as mutually exclusive.

Ed Tracey
Claremont, New Hampshire

Every time I read Cynthia Heimel's column I want to scream. Women put too much emphasis on having a man, and it's competition among women that creates this mentality. Men have hang-ups and imperfections, but we don't blame society for our problems. Why aren't people willing to accept responsibility for their actions? If you are not who or what you want to be, don't attach yourself to someone else like a parasite. Just get off your ass and make some changes.

Jim Glaekin
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Poor Cynthia Heimel: You can't quite make it as a woman but you wouldn't be caught dead trying to be a man.

Derek Smith
Denver, Colorado

THE HEART OF TEXAS

Playmate Stacy Sanches (March) truly proves to the world what we in the Lone Star state have always known: Texas

ladies are the prettiest on both sides of the Pecos.

Jeffrey Caffey
San Antonio, Texas

In my 26 years, I've seen two wonders of the world—Niagara Falls and Georgia's Stone Mountain. And now I've seen another.

Kevin Baker
Jackson, Ohio

My only question is: What do we have to do to see more of Stacy Sanches' wonderful sister, Kim?

Chris Berry
Fort Meade, Maryland

God bless Texas. Never have I bought an extra issue to go with my subscription copy until now. I believe I have seen the 1996 Playmate of the Year.

Michael Scott
Phoenix, Arizona

Stacy Sanches is the hottest woman I have ever seen. I was compelled to steal the March PLAYBOY from my roommate. Tell Stacy there's a 22-year-old student in Bowling Green who will take her two-stepping any time.

William Kashner
Bowling Green, Ohio

UNFOUNDED RUMORS

I must say I am extremely disappointed at PLAYBOY and Hef for taking away Traci Adell's PMOY title for her involvement with O.J. Simpson. Traci Adell was originally chosen to be Playmate of the Year, but when she said something like, "O.J. sounded guilty," Hef decided to take the title away from her. I am upset about PLAYBOY's policy to let such politics enter into the issue. Can Hef single-handedly decide the PMOY without taking the public voting into account?

Joon Byun
aepub.duke.edu
Durham, North Carolina

This story was circulated by a few gossip columnists, and is nearing the status of an urban legend on the Net. But there's no truth to it. The editors of the magazine, including Hef, take many factors, including the reader preference poll, into consideration when selecting the Playmate of the Year. Phone calls from O.J. are not among them.

PLAYBOY ON THE INTERNET

I support your effort to bring PLAYBOY to the wire. It is important to establish freedom from censorship on the Internet before regulators destroy it. When a powerful force such as PLAYBOY gets involved, it encourages others. Having said that, why do you publish electronic addresses when you don't publish mailing addresses?

Jerry Howard
Houston, Texas

We'll repeat what we said in the letters column last November: We are sensitive to issues of privacy. If you don't want us to publish your e-mail address, let us know.

AN UNEXPECTED GIFT

This letter is to thank Hugh Hefner and the Playboy organization for the many contributions they have made to my life through the magazine, the clubs and Playboy TV. As a token of my appreciation, I'm leaving $100,000 to his foundation in my will.

Richard Burke
Rochester, Michigan

Thank you for your generosity. We hope it will be a long time before your will needs to be read. The Hugh M. Hefner Foundation is a tax-exempt entity set up to fight the good fight. Like People for the American Way and the ACLU, the HMH Foundation distributes funds to other charitable foundations whose interests and philosophies are similar to ours.

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PRIMO TEQUILA.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

GROUPER THERAPY

There has always been a thin line between life and art in Los Angeles, and the latest example of this is an evening of group therapy at a cabaret that's styled as a dinner theater. At Dr. Stella Resnick's weekly Talk Theater, sex is the favorite topic. The psychotherapist's "interactive theatrical experience" allows audience members to dine on elegant Mediterranean cuisine before she serves up such spicy issues as "Sex Without Sex: The New Eroticism," "Flirting, Teasing and Seduction: The Joys and Hazards" and "Breaking Through Pleasure Barriers: How Good Can It Get?" After a short monolog, Dr. Resnick throws a few questions to the crowd, and the free-for-all begins. For example, a woman sits on the lighted stage as she answers questions from her husband in the darkened audience. "My purpose in having people get up there is to make them think," says Resnick. "Most people haven't reached anywhere near their sexual potential. We need to experiment more." Lobster tail, anyone?

ELECTRONIC GRAPEVINE

It was bound to happen: There is a wine page on the World Wide Web that includes a tasting archive, where you can rate—and disagree with—the opinions of wine expert Robert Parker, and something called a virtual tasting group. Hmm, sort of dry—but with amusing pretensions.

THE ROYAL STROKE

The golf pro at the Pyongyang golf club where North Korean leader Kim Jong Il plays swears that the dictator shot a 34 on a recent round of 18 holes. This feat included five holes in one. We understand the littlest dictator is also a skilled fisherman and regularly lands very big fish.

NEVER NETHERLANDS

America's views on sex are quite prudish when compared with Europe's, as film director Jonathan Blank discovered when he released *Sex, Drugs and Democracy*, his documentary on morality in the Netherlands. Problems arose with the Landmark Theaters chain, which was planning to run the film on several of its screens. Apparently, Landmark has a policy of not allowing anyone under the age of 18 to work in a theater that shows a film with explicit material. As part of a compromise, the theater chain forced a 17-year-old female employee to take a leave of absence. That she was pregnant at the time made no difference.

STIFF JUDGMENT

A practical nurse in Gary, Indiana wants to avoid the agony that she has seen others suffer on life support and has stipulated in a living will that no such measures should be used to prolong her life. To make certain that the appropriate people get the message when the time comes, she had the living will tattooed on her stomach. In the meantime, we can't shake the mental image of her lover pausing suddenly in the middle of sex and blurting out, "You mean I don't even get the car?"

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

ANOTHER RUNAWAY BRONCO

Aaron Miller, a teenager, tried to outrun sheriff's deputies in Leon, New York. Problem was, Miller is Amish and he was making his escape in a horse-drawn buggy. The deputies followed in their squad car for four miles before stopping Miller and charging him with traffic violations.

THE NUTTY PROFESSOR

An issue of *Lingua Franca* reported that Barry Dank, a sociologist at California State University–Long Beach, has come up with a response to people outraged by male professors who hit on their female students. He argues that both the professors and the students are victims and that they're "oppressed by feminists who work to make their relationships illegal." To rectify the situation, Dank is organizing Consenting Academics for Sexual Equity, a consortium of sexual freedom fighters who meet on the Internet.

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Speaking of the Net, the following message is as interesting for its path of origin as for its information. It had traveled from the National Institutes of Health to Columbia University to Harvard University to, finally, the University of Chicago Law School, where it was picked up on e-mail: "In 1977 there were 37 Elvis impersonators in the world. In 1993, there were 48,000. At this rate, by the year 2010 one out of every three people will be an Elvis impersonator." Who says tenure isn't a beautiful thing?

REACH OUT AND HIGH-FIVE SOMEONE

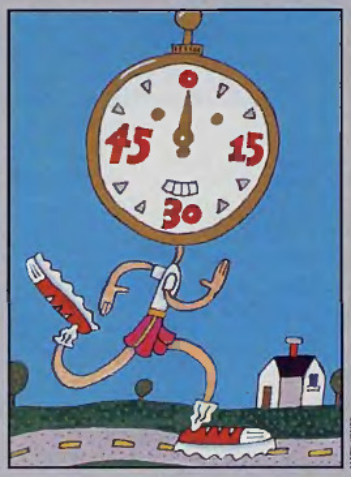
These days, it seems that we do everything over phone lines. Now, to recapture the cool elation of high-fiving someone, members of the jacked-in crowd say "phone five" during a call and then press the "5" key. Others send and receive e-mail messages that simply read "Five!" We expect that as time becomes

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

Since May 6, 1954, when British runner Roger Bannister shattered the four-minute barrier for the mile, more than 700 people have run a mile in less than four minutes.



QUOTE

"It is not necessary to imagine the world ending in fire or ice. There are two other possibilities: One is paperwork, and the other is nostalgia."—FRANK ZAPPA

CELEBRITY WASH

Of 110 publicly owned companies that used celebrities in their advertising from 1980 to 1992, number whose stock increased in price: 64. Average percentage of increase: 0.44.

THE WINLESS CITY

Professional sports franchise that has gone the longest time without winning a championship: Chicago Cubs, 86 years. Runner-up: Chicago White Sox, 77 years.

MOMMIES DEAREST

Percentage of American women who believe they are better mothers than their mothers: 33; percentage who believe they are just as good: 54; percentage who believe they are not so good: 10. Percentage of American mothers who talk with their own mothers every day: 25; percentage who never talk with their mothers: 0.6.

GRADE AAA

According to recent advertisements in student newspapers, the going rate offered by infertile couples to Wellesley students and faculty to serve as egg donors: $5000; rate for egg donors who attend Yale: $2500; rate for egg donors who attend Columbia: $2000. Average rate for Ivy League sperm: $50.

ROLL ON, COLOMBIA

Number of Colombian peasant families that make their living growing illegal drugs: 300,000. Number who make their living growing coffee: 300,000. Of the 700 tons of cocaine that were produced in or shipped through Colombia in 1993, number of tons confiscated in government seizures: 27.

DOES NOT COMPUTE

Price of an Apple I computer in 1976: $666; its value in 1978: $100; current value: $5000 to $12,000.

SORRY STATES

Number of states that require licenses for pleasure-boat operators: 1; number that require criminal background checks for schoolteachers: 8; number that have laws prohibiting gay sex: 22.

GOLD CRUSH

Amount of gold mined in the U.S. during 1853, the peak year of the gold rush: 3.5 million ounces. Amount of gold mined in U.S. last year: 10.6 million ounces. Percentage of gold mined on public land: 43. Of mining companies that use public land, percentage that are foreign owned: 58. Price that the federal government charged mining companies for public land in 1872: $2.50 to $5 per acre. Price charged today: $2.50 to $5 per acre.

TEEN SCORECARD

Percentage of teenagers who have sex on a first date when neither person is drinking alcohol: 8; percentage who have sex when only the girl drinks: 6; percentage who have sex when only the boy drinks: 24; percentage when both drink: 19.

WIDENING INTERNET

The projected number of Internet hosts in 1999, according to the Internet Society: 100 million.

—PAUL ENGLEMAN

even more scarce, phone sex will be replaced by "phone pound."

EVEN STEVEN

It's not the size of the ship, it's the arrangement of your deck chairs. According to Randy Thornhill, an evolutionary biologist at the University of New Mexico, the best predictor of a woman's orgasm is how symmetrical her partner's body is. In Thornhill's study of 105 undergraduate couples, he found that women with attractive mates—men whose features were measured and deemed highly symmetrical—tend to reach orgasm more easily. The idea is that symmetry in facial and body structures is an indicator of healthy genes. Since it's believed that a woman intrinsically desires the best genes for her offspring and that she retains more sperm when she climaxes, mating based on looks is a recipe for bearing strong, vital children. It's also the evolutionary equivalent of great sex.

DEAD HEADBOARD

Now you can sleep like the dead: Just check into the new Jerry Garcia Suite in Los Angeles' Beverly Prescott Hotel. The former room 807 features decor and artwork inspired by Garcia's drawings. There's an embossed fish motif on the lampshades, upholstery patterns based on Garcia prints and framed designer neckties from the official Garcia line. The problem is the room rate: $300. To your average Deadhead, that's two months' worth of gas for the van and a tank of nitrous oxide.

SAFE FAX, HOT FAX

It's been a few years since the faxual revolution, and each day it seems we give or receive some fax. There's fax at home, fax at the office and, of course, fax at the Playboy Mansion—which recently received a widely traveled daisy-chain fax about faxing. Here it is:

Q. Do I have to be married to have safe fax?

A. Although married people fax quite often, there are many single people who fax complete strangers every day.

Q. My parents say they never faxed when they were young and had to write memos to each other until they were 21. How old should you be before you fax?

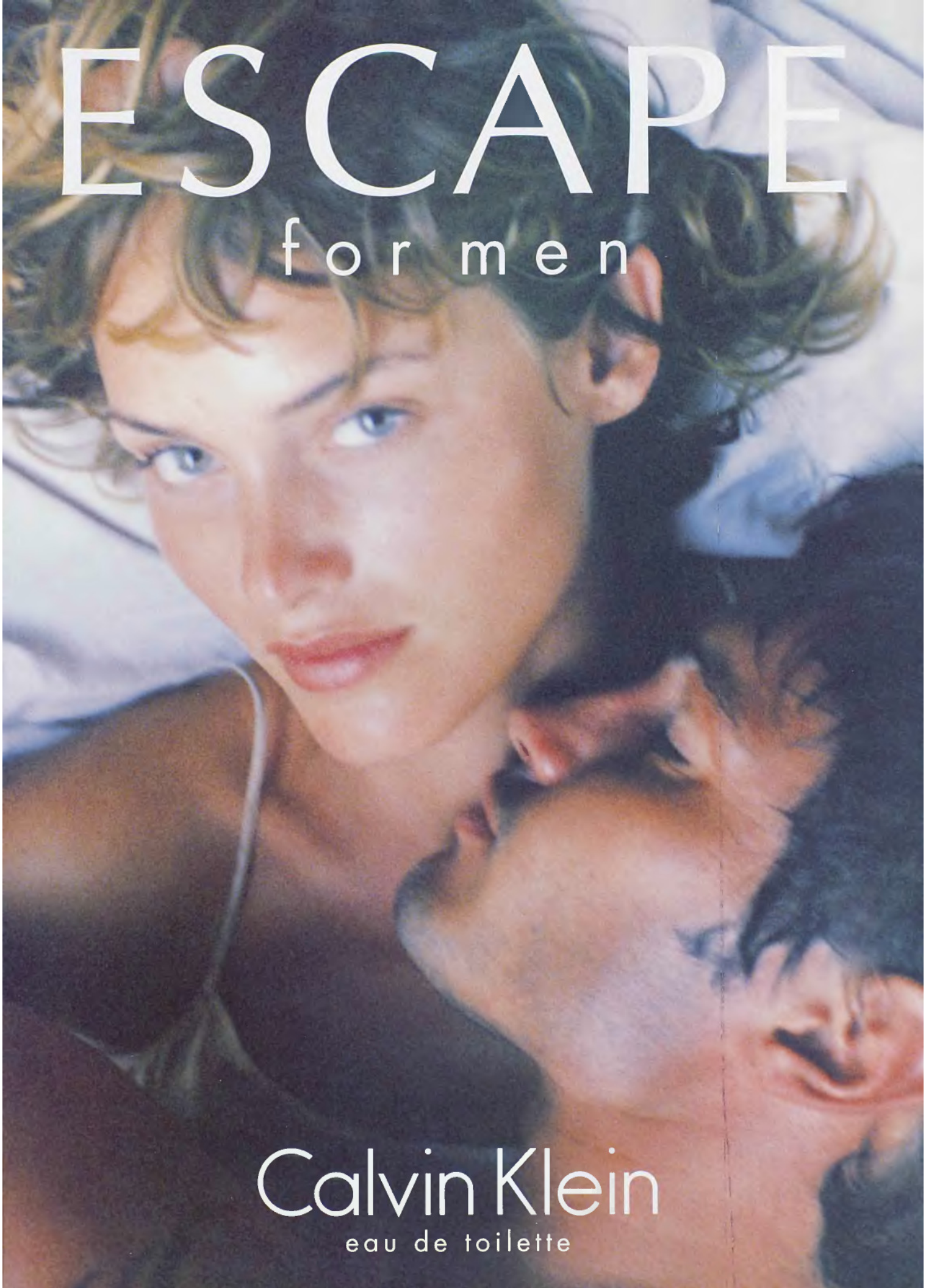
A. Faxing can be performed at any age, once you learn how.

Q. Is a cover necessary for faxing?

A. Unless you are positive about whom you are faxing, a cover should be used to ensure safe fax.

Q. I have a personal fax and a business fax. What if I mix up my transmissions?

A. Bi-faxuality can be confusing, but as long as you use a cover each time, you won't transmit anything you're not supposed to.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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

A SELF-HELP GURU with a cable TV show is portrayed by Dennis Hopper in director David Salle's ***Search and Destroy*** (October Films). Hopper's Dr. Luthor Waxling has also written an inspirational book, which a nerd named Martin Merkheim (Griffin Dunne) is determined to make into a movie. First, Merkheim makes off with Dr. Waxling's ditzy receptionist (Illeana Douglas), who has ideas of her own for a grisly slasher film. Together they envision the heroine as "a fully realized, multidimensional character—with large breasts." It should be clear by now that everyone is up to some mischief in this eccentric black comedy. Some of the peripheral characters are played by Rosanna Arquette, Ethan Hawke, Christopher Walken and John Turturro—the latter in a showstopping stint as a miscreant from hell. Decidedly not for the squeamish, Salle's odd, arresting film was produced by Martin Scorsese, a man with a history for being ever on the lookout for fresh talent. ¥¥

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Impeccable good taste is almost a detriment to ***Jefferson in Paris*** (Touchstone), the latest in the Merchant–Ivory canon of literate first-class cinema. The usual troika—producer Ismail Merchant, director James Ivory and author Ruth Prawer Jhabvala—joined forces to dramatize Thomas Jefferson's tour as U.S. ambassador to France (1784–1789). Those were the years when Jefferson, played stolidly by Nick Nolte, dallied with a married Anglo-Italian (Greta Scacchi). He also brought to Paris his daughter Patsy (Gwyneth Paltrow) and Sally Hemings (Thandie Newton), the beautiful black slave who bore a number of his children. Gorgeously costumed and photographed, the movie unfolds at a languid pace—long on narration and much too cautious about Jefferson's peccadilloes. Meanwhile, the French Revolution comes across as a minor distraction; Sally's pregnancy and Patsy's desire to enter a French convent seem to carry greater weight. *Jefferson in Paris* has stately style to spare but lacks cohesion and momentum. ¥¥¥

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The heroine of ***Picture Bride*** (Miramax) is Riyo (Youki Kudoh), the mail-order wife of a Japanese sugarcane worker in early 20th century Hawaii. Since her middle-aged husband (Akira Takayama) has lured her with a photograph taken in his youth, Riyo wants to leave before the shock wears off. Instead, she stays and struggles with plantation life, finds comfort with a kindred soul (Tamlyn Tomita as Kana) and ultimately accepts her lot. Writer-director Kayo Hatta, with her sister Mari as co-author, drew on her own ancestry and careful research to shape a delicate, touching tribute to the men and women who settled Hawaii. Winner of the Audience Award for best dramatic feature at this year's Sundance Film Festival, the eloquent, bilingual *Picture Bride* has visual panache to match its poetic sensibility. ¥¥¥

Nolte and Scacchi in Jefferson's Paris.

Foreign affairs flounder, weirdos make waves and family matters loom large.

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Win or lose this year's Oscar race for Best Foreign Language Film, Nikita Mikhalkov's Russian-made ***Burnt by the Sun*** (Sony Classics) is another extraordinary drama by the director whose 1992 *Close to Eden* was also an Oscar nominee. Mikhalkov dons other hats as writer and star of this lyrical political saga, which takes place during a single sunny day at a country house in 1936. A charismatic actor, Mikhalkov plays Kotov, a former Red Army hero whose record as a loyal revolutionary does not exempt him from Stalin's wrath. In a dacha bustling with friends and family, he is enjoying the good life with his wife, Maroussia (Ingeborga Dapkounaite), and his six-year-old daughter (winsomely played by Mikhalkov's own daughter, Nadia) when an unexpected guest interrupts their Chekhovian idyll. The visitor is handsome Dimitri (Oleg Menchikov), Maroussia's lover years earlier and now a secret-police agent assigned to arrest Kotov for unspecified offenses. Dimitri's seductive warmth masks his true mission, and *Burnt by the Sun* exposes the horrors of Stalinism with unnerving gentility. Mikhalkov mounts scene after scene of stunning contrasts—first, army tanks lined up on bivouac around a wheat field full of jolly peasants; later, a hot-air balloon lifting an image of Comrade Stalin over the peaceful countryside. In an unabashed message film about "the betraying sun" of revolution, Mikhalkov makes his message shimmer and sting. ¥¥¥¥

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A flagrantly sentimental slice of Americana can be found in writer-director Gregory Nava's ***My Family*** (New Line). Spanning several generations of a Mexican immigrant family settled in Los Angeles since the Twenties, the movie's primary focus is on three brothers played with Latin passion and macho assurance by Esai Morales, Edward James Olmos and Jimmy Smits. Other family members include the boys' devout, loving parents and their sister Toni (Constance Marie), who first becomes a nun, then a social activist married to a former priest (Scott Bakula). Olmos as Paco is an aspiring writer whose narration knits together a story that is top-heavy with violence, sex appeal and pure schmaltz made palatable by the efforts of a superior cast. In short, there's everything here to sustain a long-run, heartrending Hispanic soap opera. ¥¥½

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He is hostile to women, abhors the movie made from his own *Fritz the Cat* and admits to a childhood sexual fixation on Bugs Bunny. So it goes with ***Crumb*** (Sony Classics), director Terry Zwigoff's compelling close-up of renegade artist Robert Crumb, whose iconoclastic Zap Comix and subsequent work have made him a cult hero. Also singled out by *Time*'s art critic Robert Hughes as "the Bruegel of the 20th century," Crumb is privately an outrageous, nerdy misanthrope. Interviews with him, his current wife, his ex-wife, relatives and former girlfriends create the impression that a dysfunctional family background is no hindrance to major success. Not if you have enough talent. Is *Crumb* sympathetic? Rarely, but it is enormously entertaining. It is also a sad, darkly comic portrait of the artist as an egocentric odd man out. ¥¥¥½

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Swords, stones and wooden spears are Mel Gibson's weapons in ***Braveheart***

Sara: At home in the *Maddening* crowd.

OFF CAMERA

She has been a clue in the *New York Times* crossword puzzle, listed as: Actress Mia. But **Mia Sara,** 27, is better known for her screen roles, recently as Jean-Claude Van Damme's mistreated missus in *Time Cop*. "That was me hanging from a rooftop in ice-cold Vancouver. Then they put a rain machine on me. I nearly passed out."

Phoning in from Arizona, where she's about to co-star in a new movie with Gil Bellows, Mia had just wrapped a guest shot on the TV series *Chicago Hope* ("playing a transsexual"). She also appears in *The Maddening*, in which she's kidnapped by Angie Dickinson and Burt Reynolds. "It's sort of a victim role. They chain me to a bed and take my kid away." Even so, she relished working with Burt and Angie. "It was a thrill. Burt is an icon to me. I have a huge soft spot for him, and he knows it." She also waxes ecstatic about working with Michael Caine in *Bullet to Beijing*, a Showtime espionage saga shot in St. Petersburg. "Michael is wonderful and funny. He and Burt are my two favorite leading men."

Mia, born in Brooklyn, did some TV commercials while in high school and lucked into her movie career opposite Tom Cruise in *Legend*. Her college plans were deferred for a role in *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, and the rest is history. A flying buff, she acknowledges being in a minor tailspin at the end of a two-year relationship: "I could sing you some serious blues right now." More domestic than driven, Mia likes to stay at home in Los Angeles, devouring mystery novels or spoiling her dog, Oscar, a grouchy Wheaten terrier, gold-coated but not named for the Academy's trophy. "It was the only name he'd answer to. And if he's the only golden Oscar I ever get, that's OK."

(Paramount). Doubling as director and star, sporting a knee-length kilt and shoulder-length hair, Gibson portrays the kind of big-budget swashbuckler seldom seen on movie screens today. It's the story of William Wallace, the 13th century Scottish liberator who leads a revolution against English rule after his beautiful wife (Catherine McCormack) is brutally murdered. Far less credible is a romance between Wallace and the enemy English princess played by Sophie Marceau, who is sent by the malevolent King Edward I (Patrick McGoohan) to placate the rebellious Scots. Otherwise, *Braveheart*'s action is nonstop, its scenery awesome. Gibson can add another feather to his cap for this vivid re-creation of a bloody, turbulent era full of passion, politics, patriotism and extravagant headlong heroics. ¥¥¥½

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The unlikely friendship between an exiled Chilean poet and the uneducated Italian dreamer who delivers his mail is the subject of ***The Postman*** (Miramax), English director Michael Radford's poignant tragicomedy set in Italy in the early Fifties. France's Philippe Noiret portrays the poet Pablo Neruda, with Italy's Massimo Troisi as the mailman who learns about life, love and poetry from his newfound friend. The movie may well be remembered for the wrong reason as Troisi's last performance. A major star in his homeland, the actor suffered from a heart ailment and died at the age of 41 within hours after his work on the film was finished. To know that sad fact merely heightens *The Postman*'s impact as an otherwise leisurely minor gem. ¥¥¥½

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Exquisite cinematography is hardly new in movies from China. But even by that standard, director He Ping's ***Red Firecracker, Green Firecracker*** (October Films) is a stunner. Set in the early 20th century, the story dramatizes the plight of Chun Zhi (played by lovely Ning Jing), an only child raised as a boy because a girl would not be permitted to inherit her family's fireworks factory. So it is that Chun Zhi, called master by her colleagues, grows up wearing men's clothing in a man's world until her sexuality is aroused by a lusty young artist (Wu Gang). Their passion leads to outrage, ridicule, ostracism and a climax that lights up the sky. Once Chun Zhi is acknowledged as a woman, two suitors compete for her hand in marriage. They perform perilous dances with fireworks, one of which involves her lover setting off rockets lodged in his crotch. Thus, *Red Firecracker* becomes a ball buster, indeed, verging on foolish overkill but far too exotic and spectacular to be dismissed. ¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Amateur (Reviewed 5/95) Amnesiac smut peddler and a sexually obsessed nun. ¥¥½

The Basketball Diaries (5/95) He dribbles his life away on drugs. ¥¥

Braveheart (See review) Gibson stars, directs and goes the distance. ¥¥¥½

Burnt by the Sun (See review) Red Russia revisited in high style. ¥¥¥¥

Circle of Friends (4/95) Young Irish folk relish the mating game. ¥¥¥

Crumb (See review) Meet the kinky man who is behind that subversive comic art. ¥¥¥½

Farinelli (5/95) Elegant look at Italy's last castrato. ¥¥¥¥

Jefferson in Paris (See review) Tom cats around rather sedately. ¥¥¥

Kiss of Death (5/95) Far from *NYPD Blue*, Caruso still scores big. ¥¥¥

The Last Good Time (5/95) Young waif restores old guy's joie de vivre. ¥¥

Love and Human Remains (Listed only) In director Denys Arcand's stark urban cauldron, everyone stews. ¥¥¥

The Madness of King George (3/95) One more royal, rutting English rout. ¥¥¥

Martha & Ethel (4/95) Two memorable old nannies and how they grew. ¥¥¥½

Mina Tannenbaum (5/95) A French *jeune fille* and her lifelong friend. ¥¥½

Muriel's Wedding (4/95) She's big, bold and recklessly altar-bound. ¥¥¥

My Family (See review) Keeping track of a Chicano clan in L.A. ¥¥½

Once Were Warriors (4/95) In New Zealand, a battered wife rebels. ¥¥¥

Outbreak (Listed only) Dustin Hoffman and cast pursue love, justice and a deadly virus in a standard-issue but nonstop biological thriller. ¥¥½

Panther (Listed only) Some militant Sixties cats make the fur fly. ¥¥¥

Picture Bride (See review) A sad, rueful Hawaiian love song. ¥¥¥

The Postman (See review) Italian human comedy with a tragic twist. ¥¥¥½

Priest (5/95) Gay Liverpool churchman has a lot of angst to confess. ¥¥¥¥

Red Firecracker, Green Firecracker (See review) Rocket romance. ¥¥¥

Roommates (4/95) Falk fills all the space as a grand old grandpa. ¥¥¥¥

Search and Destroy (See review) For damned sure, something special. ¥¥

The Sum of Us (4/95) Down under with a permissive father and his homosexual son. ¥¥½

Swimming With Sharks (5/95) Spacey as a man-eating Hollywood mogul. ¥¥½

The Underneath (5/95) Habitual gambler takes a long, last chance. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

Canada to the extreme

cementing Canada's reputation as the ultimate location for extreme sports.

Each year thousands of thrillseekers assault the rugged mountainsides that fill Canada like ice cubes in a cup. Whether they are heli-skiers, snowboarders, ice climbers or any other form of adrenaline junkie, Canada satisfies their thirst for the extreme. However, their appetite to push the envelope is apparently insatiable.

Once extreme athletes feel they've done it. Seen it. Conquered it, they move on. So the curve ball craze is called snow-wind surfing. Apulse-t[illegible]

By this time, you've probably figured out that we're having a little fun with this ad. But for extreme fun, be on the look out for information on the Molson Ice Polar Beach Party. An intimate concert with high profile bands in the most extreme environment - Tuktoyaktuk, Canada. Located on the Arctic Ocean, Tuktoyaktuk is about as far north as you can go without sleeping in an igloo.

Soon bars across the country will be holding "Polar Beach Parties" of their own. Exciting events leading [illegible] commercials will detail how [illegible] people to [illegible] year.

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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

Candice Bergen is a take-charge woman as Murphy Brown, but when it comes to home viewing, her nine-year-old daughter calls the shots. "I watch whatever videos Chloe is interested in," concedes Bergen. "We used to screen *Bambi*, *Fantasia* and *Snow White*—my own favorite as a kid—but now she's past the Disney stage." Dwarfs and deer have been ditched for Hitch: *Rear Window*, *To Catch a Thief* and *Notorious*. "She loves mysteries and knows all the stars of the Thirties and Forties," brags Mom. Other mother-daughter picks are *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, *It's a Wonderful Life* and a few films by Dad (Louis Malle). Any of Mom's films on the shelf? "I tried showing Chloe *The Wind and the Lion* once," reports Bergen, "but she doesn't like to watch her mother in the movies." —SUSAN KARLIN

VIDBITS

This month's head trip back in time will reawaken the teenybopper in you. From MPI comes ***Hullabaloo*** (1965–66), NBC's weekly rock-and-roll showcase (and answer to ABC's hit *Shindig*). The four-tape set features the era's big names (from Chuck Berry to the Byrds) and, from London, Beatles manager Brian Epstein introducing new British acts. Rhino, meanwhile, has released ***Head***, the Monkees' 1969 psychedelic musical. The film was co-produced by director Bob Rafelson and Jack Nicholson, just about the time they were putting together *Five Easy Pieces*. (If you think that's odd personnel, check out *Head*'s supporting cast: Victor Mature, Annette Funicello, Frank Zappa, Teri Garr and Sonny Liston.) Finally, Columbia House (800-638-2922) is offering a collector's edition of ***Lost in Space***, the Sixties saga chronicling the space family Robinson's attempts to find its way to Alpha Centauri—this despite aliens, space pirates and Dr. Smith, the most duplicitous wuss in the universe. Remember the accordion-armed robot screaming, "Danger, Will Robinson"? Has time flown or what?

LASER FARE

You can always bank on filmmaker Tim Burton to give you an eyeful. Touchstone's deluxe, three-disc (CAV) boxed set of Burton's brilliantly spooky puppet show, ***The Nightmare Before Christmas***, includes the full-length feature, a behind-the-scenes documentary (including interviews with Burton and director Henry Selick), background art, storyboards, sequences never animated, trailers, production photos, a still-frame archive and a hardcover book that includes the complete lyrics from the movie. The real gold mine? *Frankenweenie* and *Vincent*, two early shorts by Burton. The real nightmare? It'll set you back a hundred bucks. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

LITTLE BIG HOUSE

With *Shawshank Redemption*, Hollywood renewed its devotion to prison movies. Up the river and into the VCR, your vid tour of the small-screen cooler includes:

Escape From Alcatraz (1979): Clint in the clink. Eastwood and pals portray the only real-life cons ever to check out of the fabled offshore lockup prematurely. Look for newcomer Danny Glover.

Birdman of Alcatraz (1962): Another true tale of jailbirds on the Rock, as caged-criminal-turned-ornithologist Burt Lancaster makes nice with the canaries.

Papillon (1973): Unlikely duo Steve McQueen and Dustin Hoffman take a flying leap off Devil's Island, but not before becoming buds for life.

I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang (1932): Granddaddy of the fact-based prison dramas: Paul Muni beats the chains, the guards and the bloodhounds—twice.

Cool Hand Luke (1967): Paul Newman is too hip to let hard time get him down. One of the actor's greatest antihero roles. Best scene: the hard-boiled eggs.

Bad Boys (1983): The brat pack goes to the small house as moody Sean Penn does time in the juvenile joint. Ally Sheedy's dubious debut.

The Longest Yard (1974): Pigskin in the pen as ex–gridiron star Burt Reynolds leads pack to beat warden's dream team. A Sunday afternoon favorite.

Chained Heat (1983): Linda Blair and busty bad-babe cell mates get nasty in this paradigm of prison-chick flicks.

Weeds (1987): Nick Nolte pens himself a pardon from San Quentin via play destined for Broadway. *Fame* for the slammer set. —ELIZABETH TIPPENS

X-RATED ODDITY OF THE MONTH

So much for the new pretty trend in adult video. Patrick Collins' rugged ***Sodomania*** series is as close to porn verité as you can get. Starring unknown talent (you'd swear the women were right off the street) in unglamorous settings, this rough-edged collection features vignettes that begin at the sexual edge and keep going—unleashing a rarely normal, sometimes brutal, always powerful erotic energy. Shall we mention the toe-sex scene in *Volume Nine: Doin' Time*? That's all we have to say. Now you're on your own. —JAMES R. PETERSEN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
SCIENCE FICTION	***Star Trek Generations*** (Picard and Co. enter alternate big-screen reality; crooking-Kirk scene is out of this world), ***Stargate*** (Russell and Spader go back in time, meet evil ruler, save mankind; a few light years shy of warp speed).
DRAMA	***Interview With the Vampire*** (undead dandies Pitt and Cruise bring Rice to medium boil; chills, frills and buckets of blood), ***Blue Sky*** (1962: Army scientist Tommy Lee Jones can't tame wild wife Jessica Lange; splendid acting).
COMEDY	***Junior*** (knocked-up Schwarzenegger battles harmones as DeVito and Thompson crack wise; predictable, but it delivers), ***Attack of the 5'2" Women*** (Julie Brown deftly lampoons Tonya and Lorena in smartass offering from Showtime).
ACTION	***The Professional*** (hit man adopts nymph orphaned by corrupt DEA agents; call it *Paper Maan meets Taxi Driver*), ***A Low Down Dirty Shame*** (Keenen Ivory Wayans is a P.I. in way over his head; gal Friday Jada Pinkett steals the show).
BIOPIC	***Ed Wood*** (Tim Burton's valentine to Hollywood's warst filmmaker; Depp's a salid Wood, but Landau's Lugosi is masterful), ***Cobb*** (bottom line: baseball legend Ty Cobb was a miserable, faul bigot—and Tommy Lee makes you believe it).

STYLE

SUNSATIONAL SPORT SPECS

You don't have to be a jock to appreciate the sharp looks and high-performance features of the newest sport sunglasses. What makes them so cool? Offbeat colored lenses that filter extreme glare and ultraviolet rays, super-secure fits and feather-light materials such as nylon or aluminum that won't weigh you down. Adidas uses a special wraparound lens, neoprene brow cushions and other jazzy features to make its new U.S. Athletic Eyewear collection ultracomfortable. Those who are partial to smaller frames should check out Revo's Sierra sunglasses, designed with rugged nylon frames and UV-blocking lenses in blue, violet and gray. Bausch & Lomb gives its Killer Loop Activ sunglasses (pictured center) aerodynamic optics that sleekly curve into the frame, while its Ray-Ban Sports Series Collection includes an amethyst golf lens (near left) that makes it easier to track the ball on the green and in flight. The mirrored look is back, and few styles are hipper than Oakley's Eye Jackets, olive-colored wraps (pictured top) that feature striking gold lenses and 100-percent ultraviolet protection.

HOT SHOPPING: DENVER

Shopping in this boomtown is a year-round Rocky Mountain high, and if you happen to visit the first weekend in June it'll be hard to miss the Capitol Hill People's Fair, featuring 550 booths and six stages for entertainment. Check out Imi Jimi (609 E. 13th Ave.): A shop exploding with unique clothes, backpacks and sunglasses. • Fashionation (613 E. 13th Ave.): Hipster casualwear and off-the-wall jackets. • American Aces (78 S. Broadway): Styles from the disco era, including flight jackets, vintage denim and funky bell-bottoms. • Groovalistic (1444 Larimer Square): Shoes and streetwear by Fumes and Tart, two cool local labels. • Wax Trax (638 E. 13th Ave.): Five music stores in one, each grooving to a different beat.

CLOTHES LINE

Actor **B.D. Wong**, co-star of ABC's hit sitcom *All-American Girl* and Disney's forthcoming film *Father of the Bride 2*, is making a fashion transition from flashy to functional. Wong used to arrange his closet by colors "from red to violet," but he now fills it with earth tones such as sage green (the color of his double-breasted Armani suit). In keeping with the dictum "form follows function," Wong favors baggy Girbaud blue jeans and Kenneth Cole shoes "because of Cole's social conscience." He even opts for utilitarian work specs. For example, his small silver wire frames by L.A. Eyeworks have no nose-bridge support, making them fashionable, functional and comfortable.

POLO, ANYONE?

When French tennis star Rene Lacoste attached a crocodile—his emblem—to a short-sleeved knit shirt back in 1933, he made sartorial history. Now, after going out with the fashion tide in the late Eighties, Lacoste's crocodile-embellished cotton piqué polos are back—a perfect item for the casual-Friday option. There are 40 colors in this season's Lacoste lineup, and you can choose from other designer polos as well. Robert Stock offers classically cut steel-blue, aqua, yellow and heather cotton polo shirts with ribbed navy and natural collars, while Derek Andrew's off-white, sage, slate and light brown variations are full cut and finished with a chest pocket and bone buttons. Bobby Jones makes a luxurious two-ply cotton piqué polo using Italian yarn in shades ranging from white to Tabasco. And Pivot Rules' piqué polo features three golfers embroidered on the chest who are swinging toward the tee on the sleeve.

LET THERE BE DARK

Dark summer tans may still be in fashion, but today's bronzed gods are getting their color the safe way—from a bottle or a tube. To get a realistic golden glow from the latest self-tanners, you need to apply the spray or lotion evenly over clean, exfoliated skin. A favorite is Bain de Soleil's Sunless Tanning Creme in light, dark and deep-dark formulas. Guys with dry skin should try Hawaiian Tropic's Self Tanning Moisturizing Cream with skin-soothing aloe vera. Neutrogena makes a great nonaerosol Glow Sunless Tanning Spray for the body (it's easy to apply) and a Glow Sunless Tanning Lotion for the face with a sun protection factor of eight. Nautica Self-Tanner comes with SPF 6 and Polo Sport's SPF 8 Oil-Free Self-Tanning Spray is water- and sweat-resistant. Jan Tana's Golden Sunless Tan is a favorite among bodybuilders and models.

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

CASUAL SHIRTS	IN	OUT
STYLES	Pajama and contrasting banded collars; camp shirts worn with shorts and suits	Straight-point collars; anything sleeveless; embroidered cowboy shirts
FABRICS AND COLORS	Washed cotton and linen; seersucker; gingham checks; Hawaiian prints	Silk; bold stripes; animal motifs; epic-scene prints
DETAILS	Short (to-the-elbow) sleeves; chest pockets; side vents; worn tucked in or out	Starched collars; epaulets; rolled-up sleeves; worn wide open with gold chains

Where & How to Buy on page 164.

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WIRED

I-WAY ROBBERY

Afraid to shop on the Net for fear of credit card–scamming hackers? You'll be interested to know that several of the computer industry's major players have developed technology to make computer commerce safe. Public-key cryptography, the basis for Terisa Systems' Secure HTTP, is one such method. Built into several World Wide Web browsers, it protects credit card numbers via two key codes—one public code (included on

STEVE DIMENNO

electronic order forms) that turns transmitted credit card numbers into gibberish, and one private code that vendors use to restore the number once it arrives. Netscape Communications offers another encryption standard with its Web browser. Microsoft is working (with Visa) on a more complex system that involves digital signatures. And the ultimate safeguard, under development at Massachusetts-based Open Market, is an interface with the Smartcard: a plastic credit card that has a chip no one can hack or imitate.

DSS UPDATE

Channel surfers, ready your remotes: The next batch of digital satellite system receivers is about to hit home. When DSS debuted last June, RCA had the sole rights to sell hardware for the high-resolution television system, which offers 150 channels of digital programming. But once RCA's 18-month licensing agreement expires, or 1 million of the receiver and 18-inch dish units are sold, other companies can enter the market. Sony is readying its wares. Like RCA, it will offer DSS receivers and satellite dishes priced between $700 and $900, with programming supplied by DirecTV and USSB. Local broadcasts aren't included in DSS packages—you need basic cable or a standard antenna for that. But DSS does offer movie channels such as Showtime and HBO, as well as pay-per-view films and events at prices comparable to cable. To maintain its edge, RCA, in alliance with Sun Microsystems, has developed Open TV, interactive television that operates through a decoder box. With Open TV, you'll be able to buy concert tickets, video-on-demand services and much more.

LET THE GAMES BEGIN

If Visioneering International has its way, the best place to view the 1996 Olympic games will be midtown Atlanta. That's where the company plans to build Geo Nova, a sphere-shaped cultural center that's actually a giant fiber-optic projection screen. The building will be capable of broadcasting 360-degree moving images from satellite feeds and an internal video system. Inside, visitors will be treated to a range of entertainment. A 70mm film and motion ride titled *Geo*, for example, will take you on a helicopter tour over Atlanta and then face-to-face with alligators in the Okefenokee swamp. In Stadia, an

interactive sports arena, you'll be able to step up to the plate against athletes such as Whitey Ford and Greg Maddux. Using a wooden bat, you'll swing at their pitches and check out a nearby computer to determine whether you hit a single, a double, a homer—or struck out. Geo Nova is expected to open just prior to the 1996 summer games.

WILD THINGS

The best way to manage that growing stack of business cards is to scan them into Panasonic's CF-CR100 Neo File ($400, pictured below). This clever device stores up to 500 cards in memory, which can be retrieved by name, title or company and then viewed on the four-inch LCD screen. To create a file, slip a business card into the unit's high-resolution sensor. An optical character reader ensures 96 percent accuracy and a keyboard built into the base allows you to type in additional information. The Neo File also functions as a calendar and comes with an optional PC link for downloading information to any Windows-compatible computer. • Home-video buffs should check out the new Videonics Edit Suite multiformat edit controller. It promises production capabilities that rival those of professional editing studios—for a mere $699. • Portable-PC users can now work in the dark with the NCL 480 Notebook Computer Light. The $40 device clips to the top of a flipped-up monitor, illuminating the keyboard, display and work area. Adding less than eight ounces to your travel weight, the NCL 480 can run for two hours on the supplied AA NiCad rechargeable batteries.

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MULTIMEDIA REVIEWS & NEWS

ON CD-ROM

When your boss is getting on your nerves, load ***Take Your Best Shot*** into your CD-ROM drive and vent. Thumb candy for warped minds, this title features the inimitable animation of Bill Plympton, an artist whose work appears regularly on MTV. Plympton also has garnered numerous awards, including an Oscar nomination and the prestigious Jury Prize at Cannes. Take Your Best Shot is his first foray into multimedia, and it's addictive. Besides offering a selection of screen savers, wallpaper and sound clips, the disc includes arcade-style games in which you get to obliterate "the boss" in wacky ways. In a game titled Best Shot, for example, you rack up points by pummeling his pliable puss with your fist (pictured above right), by blowing his head off or by twisting his nose, snipping off his head with scissors and then watching the head spin—and spray—in the breeze. Don't worry, the game isn't as sick as it sounds. Plympton goes for laughs—and he gets plenty. Other games include Hot Shot, a tribute to Atari's Pong; Head Shot, a game in which you blast your way through a wall of big, ugly heads (guess whose); and Line Shot, a baseball-type game that's more fun than any simulation we've seen. (By 7th Level, for Windows, $20.)

If you operate a business from your home or are simply interested in tracking lost family members, friends or that guy who skipped town with the cash he owes you, ***Select Phone*** is a must-have CD-ROM. Updated annually, the five-disc title contains more than 80 million residential and commercial listings obtained from the nation's phone directories. Searches are easy: Simply plug in a personal or company name, hit the return key and scroll through the listed possibilities to find your target. The more information you have (region of the country, state, city, etc.), the more precise your searches will be. Select Phone also has a tag function that allows you to mark names and use them to create personal and professional lists. And, by registering the software, you will receive the next quarter's updated CD-ROM directory for free. (By Pro Phone, for DOS, Windows and Mac, $159.)

Fans of England's loudest band, the legendary Spinal Tap, should definitely take Voyager's two-disc CD-ROM, ***This Is Spinal Tap,*** for a spin. Based on the 1984 tour film of the same name by Rob Reineresque director Marty DiBergi, this CD-ROM provides heaps of insider dope on the musicians known affectionately to followers as "them guys." In addition to featuring a digitized version of DiBergi's tour de farce, the set offers commentary from band members David St. Hubbins, Nigel Tufnel and Derek Smalls, as well as from DiBergi and his crew. The director provides a cautionary note: He isn't happy that his rockumentary is being dissected, fearing that its subtleties will fall limp under hot lights. And he's right. The more you know about Tap, the less you want to know. But what headbanger can resist a CD-ROM that cranks the volume to 11—one notch higher than any other computer CD? The discs provide the option of viewing favorite scenes by choosing memorable dialogue or gigs, and they also include footage deleted from the documentary, a 16mm short DiBergi used to pitch his concept to Hollyweird, assorted notes and a trailer about a dangerous but merry Scandinavian giant-cheese festival. (By Voyager, for Mac, $40.)

ON DISK

Doom demons are going to love the latest entry from id Software in collaboration with Raven Software. Titled ***Heretic,*** it's a 27-level supernatural blast-fest based on the realistic 3-D engine that has made Doom and Doom II two of the hottest PC games ever. Instead of battling hellspawn, however, Heretic pits you against a host of medieval creatures in deceptively beautiful surroundings. There are gargoyles that toss fireballs, skeletal warriors that hurl magical axes, missile-toting wizards and more. Although you possess weaponry of your own, including a skull-topped staff that launches exploding energy balls, taking on the bad guys is tough. For that reason—and for the sheer fun of it—we recommend teaming up with a friend. Like Doom, Heretic is a network game, so you and a buddy can play together via modem. Or, better yet, you can load the game onto your office PC network and join forces with up to four of your coworkers. Pick up Heretic at stores or download the first three levels either from the Net (at ftp.idsoftware.com) or from the game forums of America Online and Compuserve. (By Shareware, for DOS, $10.)

Heretic: Doom with wizards

Best Shot to the head

ONLINE

For some irreverent Web humor, log on to Spatula City at http://www.wam.umd.edu/~twoflower/index.html. There you can have your fortune told, partake in a cyberstare contest and push "the really big button that doesn't do anything." • Sony is on the Web. The address is http://www.sony.com and the site offers music by Sony artists, info on movie and TV projects, computer-game samples and an electronics catalog.

CYBER SCOOP

You can now wear your emoticons on your sleeve—and your head. A New Jersey–bosed company colled netwe@r has creoted o line of T-shirts ($16) and baseboll cops ($17) feoturing the keyboord chorocters that online junkies use to convey feelings. We like the wink ;) and angst =:o symbols best. Don't get it? Just give the magozine o turn clockwise.

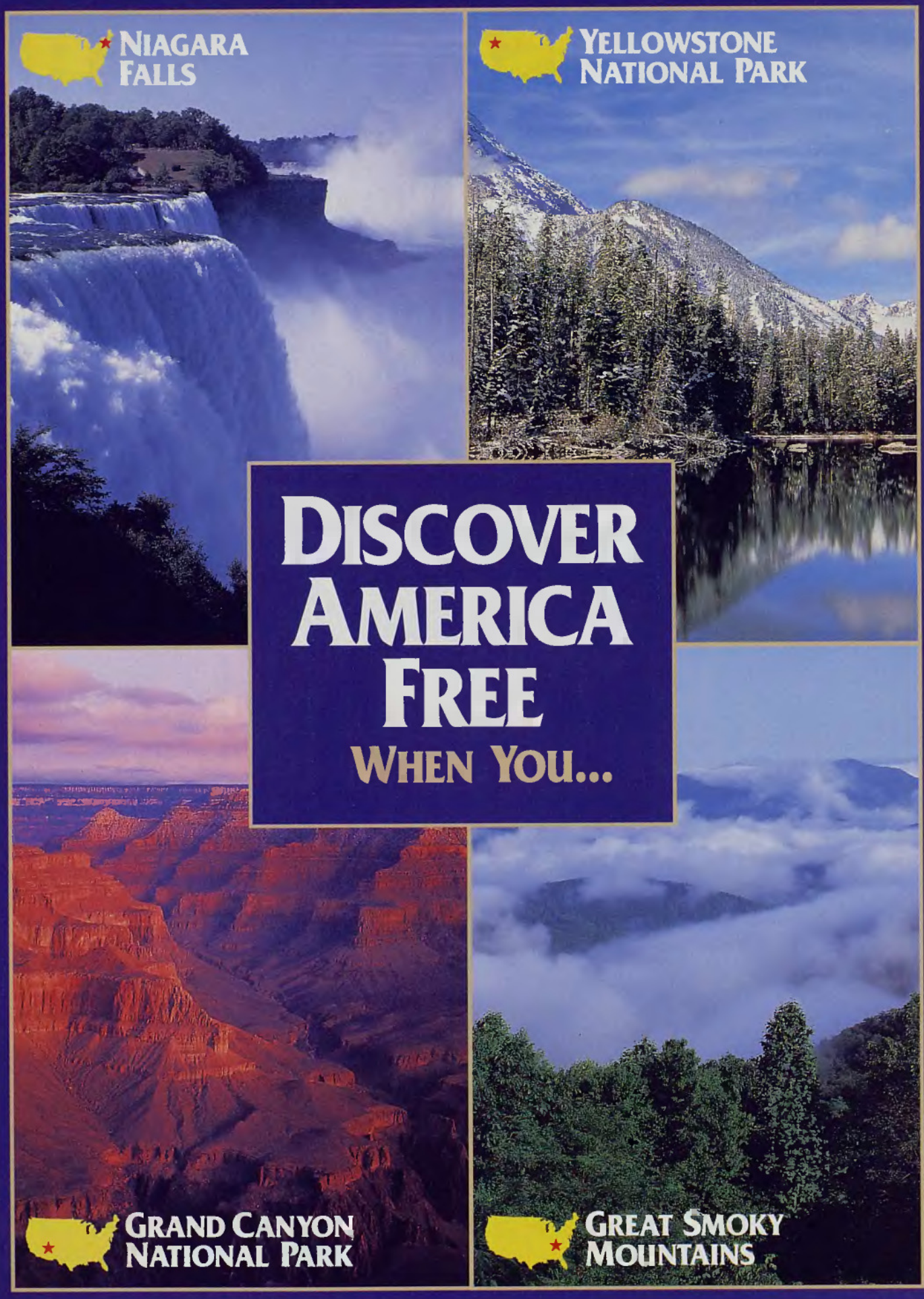
Some people spoil oll the fun. A Californio company has created o software program that blows the whistle on employees who play computer gomes on company time. Colled Game Cop, the product can be programmed to recognize more than 100 popular titles.

DIGITAL DUDS

The Essential Frankenstein: This not-so-essential reference CD-ROM for Windows was created as haphazardly os the monster. The graphics and animation ore dull, the oudio limited. Even the monuscript of *Mary Shelley's Frankenstein*—the highlight of the disc—is poorly presented.

Poker Party—The Interactive Strip Poker Game: With choppy video, out-of-sync audio ond women who toke far too long to get naked, this Windows CD-ROM is a bust. No pun intended.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 164.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MUSIC

ROCK

WHEN WAS the last time you heard the Who or Jimi Hendrix on an adult-oriented rock station? Two recent reissues that once launched rock into uncharted territory transcend current radio formats. The Who's ***Live at Leeds*** (MCA) offers an expanded, remixed and remastered version of one of rock's most incendiary performances. Keith Moon's manic drumming, John Entwistle's meaty bass and Pete Townshend's slashing guitar lines fight with one another, creating a delirium that established much of modern rock's musical vocabulary. The eight previously unreleased tracks highlight the band's dated, quirky pre-*Tommy* material. But it's the nearly 15-minute version of *My Generation* that continues to bend the minds of boomers and busters alike.

Jimi Hendrix' ***Band of Gypsys*** (Capitol), the master's live riff-and-groove experiment, finally debuts on CD. Hendrix, Billy Cox and Buddy Miles were more interested in improvising than in writing tunes. But if 13 minutes of *Machine Gun* doesn't twirl your beanie, check your batteries. —VIC GARBARINI

After a long layoff, Stone Roses, one of the few English groups that even remotely matter anymore, resurfaces with a sensuous blast of psychedelia on ***Second Coming*** (Geffen). Patience pays off as you find hooks in all that atmosphere.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

On ***Elastica*** (DGC), three London women collaborate with a male drummer to re-create a late-Seventies avant-pop style. They aren't virtuosos, but they are unfailingly fast, catchy and saucy.

Grant McLennan, who fronted the Go-Betweens with Robert Forster, was the facile one in a band that created a religion for song lovers. His first three solo albums were melodic but without tension. On ***Horsebreaker Star*** (Beggars Banquet), the tunes take over. The 19 tracks vindicate him. The songs roll out so effortlessly that you're taken even more with McLennan's eloquent lyrics than with his pithy melodies.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

BLUES

With a voice that's still as dark as a Mississippi midnight and with guitar picking that's just as deep blue, John Lee Hooker keeps rolling on at the age of 75. ***Chill Out*** (Pointblank/Virgin) shows that Hooker still has the fire in his belly. While guest stars abound on these 12 tracks (Carlos Santana, Van Morrison, R&B great Charles Brown), Hooker's grainy bass voice and rattlesnake guitar runs keep him in the lead role. *Talkin' the Blues*, a meditation on a musician's life on the road, and the beautiful little ballad *Too Young*, a tune about teenage love, are poignant. —NELSON GEORGE

JOE FOURNIER

Live at Leeds: The Who.

The Who remastered, the blues reinvented and even a little medieval mood music.

One cliché of rock interviewing is the musician who "hates labels," as if there were a way to describe music without saying what it is. Faced with tens of thousands of selections at the CD store, how would you know what to buy if there weren't categories? Then again, a few—very few—artists actually defy categorization by sheer force of originality. Chris Whitley is one of them. In 1991 Whitley's first album, *Living With the Law*, set a new standard for updating the blues. Playing different guitars through different amps with varying effects, Whitley opened up slide playing to a new realm of possibilities. On ***Din of Ecstasy*** (Work/Columbia) he opens another door by playing mostly within the context of a power trio. If he used to be Lou Reed crossed with Bukka White, he has now added John Coltrane and Cream to the mix. Whitley's naturally bent brain adds so many twists to slide guitar that your own neurotransmitters will be broadcasting from other continents. His slack vocals and his dark lyrics about "wild pagan love" will leave you happy you've listened—and just as happy you aren't Chris Whitley. We'll call it the blues.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

In the hands of a master like Sonny Landreth on ***South of I-10*** (Zoo/Praxis), the slide guitar can evoke Irish reels (*Creole Angel*), rural blues (J.B. Lenoir's *Mojo Boogie*), modern Cajun two-steps (*Cajun Waltz*) or a southern version of heartland rock and roll (*Turning Wheel*).

If Landreth were just a great instrumentalist, *South of I-10* would still be worth hearing. What makes it extraordinary—worth a few dozen spins—is that *I-10* also has strong songs. Landreth understands that blues and rock are vocal song forms, and even though he isn't a gifted singer, he uses his background as a journeyman rock-and-roller (he led John Hiatt's band, the Goners) and the specifics of his Southern upbringing to craft lyric narratives. *Turning Wheel* and *Great Gulf Wind* are excellent examples. *Turning Wheel* encapsulates his philosophical vision: "Listen as we brave the edge/Where truth and myth share a common thread," Landreth sings. It's a privilege to share the discovery of *South of I-10* with readers. —DAVE MARSH

JAZZ

You won't find many debut albums more vibrant and stylish than Kurt Elling's ***Close Your Eyes*** (Blue Note). This modern hipster may be the perfect jazz singer for the Nineties: In a decade hell-bent on recasting the century's popular culture, Elling can invest his hunky baritone with either a Sinatra swagger or a beat poet's sincerity. Take *Dolores*, a high-octane Wayne Shorter tune from the Sixties, for which Elling has written lyrics full of local color you would expect from Tom Waits or Joni Mitchell. (But Elling's lyrics—the words themselves—swing like Basie.) For all this energy, Elling also has a remarkable feel for the slow stuff. His composition *(Hide the) Salome* is a pulsing blues about sexual predation. Elling has yet to gain complete control over his style; too often, his enthusiasm all but floods the track. But for every such misstep, you can count three or four triumphs. —NEIL TESSER

On ***Above & Below*** (Epicure), New York percussionist Leon Parker applies deceptively simple polyrhythms to a fetching batch of original tunes as well as to Thelonious Monk and Duke Ellington chestnuts. Call it jazz from a world-beat perspective. It's hard to resist.

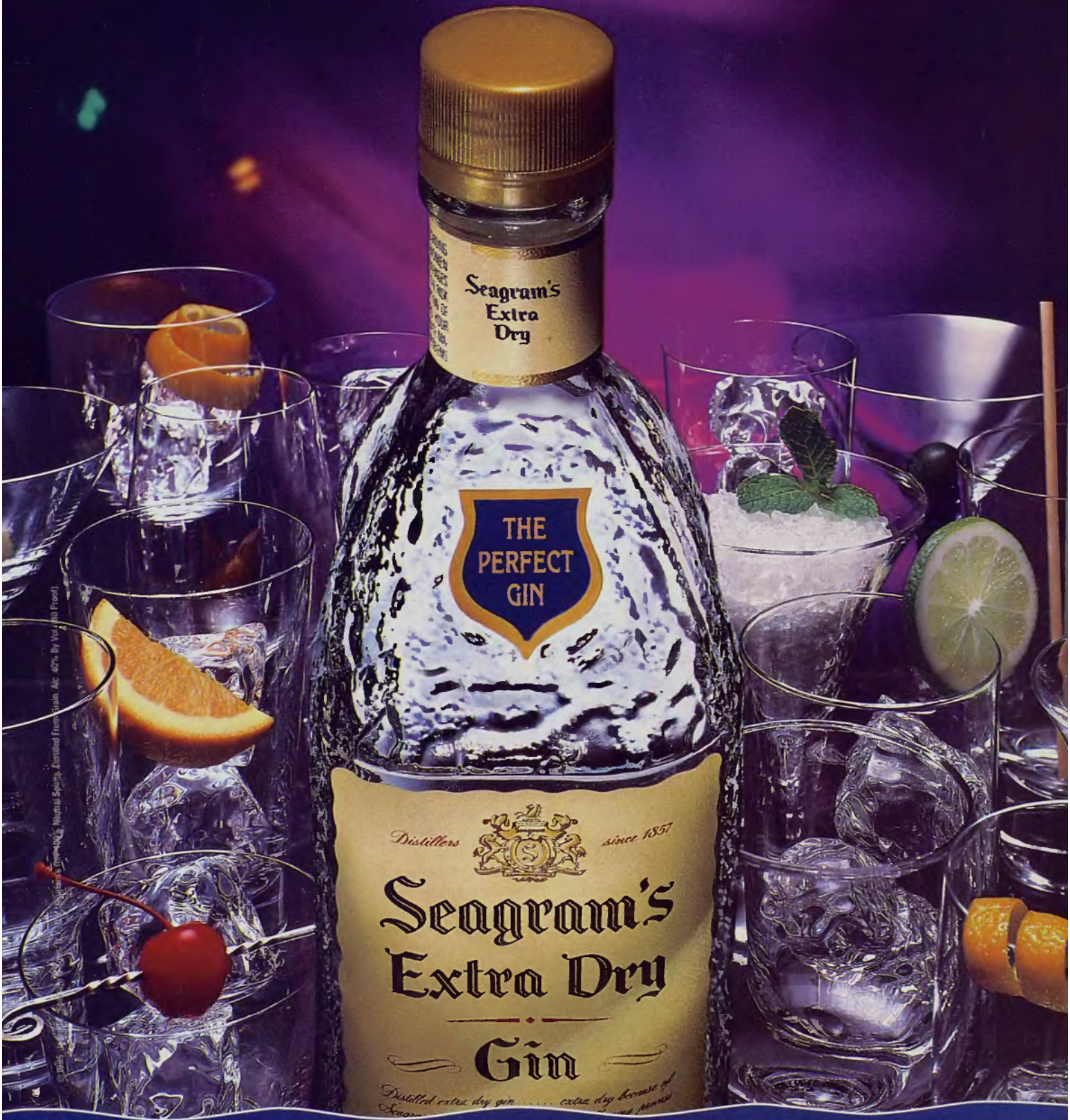
—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

RAP

Massive Attack is one of the more popular British bands of the Nineties. Anchored by three musicians from Bristol

Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

THE BUMPIER, THE SMOOTHER.



THE SMOOTH GIN IN THE BUMPY BOTTLE.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Elastica	8	8	5	5	7
Sonny Landreth *South of I-10*	6	8	7	9	7
Massive Attack *Protection*	7	6	8	7	8
Chris Whitley *Din of Ecstasy*	6	7	9	5	9
The Who *Live at Leeds*	7	10	8	9	10

GETTING DOWN ON A FIRST DOWN DEPARTMENT: Be on the lookout for Gridiron Records. Niners and Dolphins are already involved. Will **Neon Deion** have a **Shaq** attack?

REELING AND ROCKING: **Bono** has written a screenplay, *The Million Dollar Hotel*, which **Wim Wenders** is expected to direct. . . . **Courtney Love** has a part in *Feeling Minnesota*, and she is also working on the soundtrack for *Tank Girl*. . . . With all the publicity surrounding the **Paul Verhoeven** movie *Showgirls*' NC-17 rating, **Dave Stewart's** music for the movie ought to get a lot of attention, too. . . . The new **Keanu Reeves** cyberthriller, *Johnny Mnemonic*, features **U2**, the **Rollins Band** and **Nine Inch Nails** on the soundtrack. . . . **Don Was'** documentary about **Brian Wilson**, *I Just Wasn't Made for These Times*, got such good press at Sundance that it will first be shown in theaters, then move to PBS and cable. . . . **Morrissey** is filming some U.K. concerts for a TV special and home video.

NEWSBREAKS: There will be a **Paul Westerberg** album this year. . . . **Gerald Levert** is recording an album of duets with father **Eddie**, lead singer of the **O'Jays**. . . . **P.J. Harvey** is just starting an American tour to support her latest disc, *To Bring You My Love*. . . . **Jerry Garcia** wrote a playlet that was staged in San Francisco in February and directed by his new wife. Neckties, paintings, bedspreads, plays—where will it end? . . . **Nirvana's Dave Grohl** has finished a solo album and has plans to tour with members of another Seattle band, **Sunny Day Real Estate**. . . . Two **John Lennon** tribute albums are in the works, but only one has **Yoko's** blessing. She has asked **Paul McCartney, Elton John, David Bowie** and **Pearl Jam** to record songs for a charity LP. The other one (also for charity), compiled by **Candlebox'** manager, will include the **Chili Peppers, Stone Temple Pilots, Live, George Clinton, White Zombie, Flaming Lips** and Candlebox. Its proceeds will go to animal neutering organizations. . . . **Neil Young's** manager says Neil will not headline Lollapalooza. Instead, he will make a record with Pearl Jam, which will be in the stores this summer. . . . The **Bonnie Raitt** signature guitar marks the first time Fender has so honored a female artist. Raitt is donating her earnings from the sale of the guitars to a charity she's created to encourage inner-city girls to learn to play the instrument. . . . **James** is in the studio, working with **Brian Eno** on a new record for the end of the year. . . . **Isaac Hayes** will have two albums coming out at the same time: *Branded* has vocals and *Raw and Refined* is all instrumental. . . . The Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, scheduled to open in September, has received a major donation from the **Byrds**. **Roger McGuinn** and **Chris Hillman** donated guitars, handwritten music and lyrics, a synthesizer, costumes and various other artifacts—including McGuinn's granny glasses. The museum also has memorabilia from **James Brown, Buddy Holly, Jimi Hendrix, John Lennon, Grace Slick, Janis Joplin, Pete Townshend** and **Jim Morrison**. . . . Speaking of Hendrix, plans were recently unveiled in Seattle for the Experience Music Project, scheduled to open in 1997. More than 6000 pieces of Jimi's stuff, plus mementos from other famous musicians from the Pacific Northwest, will be on display. The museum will also have a recording studio, computer library and 500-seat concert hall. . . . Jamaica minted a coin in honor of **Bob Marley's** 50th birthday. . . . The Nineties aren't the Sixties: You can wear the new **Led Zep** phone card like a necklace.

—BARBARA NELLIS

(3-D, Mushroom, Daddy G) and producer Nellee Hooper (best known in the U.S. for co-producing Soul II Soul), this multiracial aggregation mixes elements of soul, hip-hop, reggae and dance music into a smart, slick, glossy blend.

Its latest recording, ***Protection*** (Virgin), is quite pleasing. Everything But the Girl's Tracey Thorn sings with a cool, soulful feel on *Protection* and *Better Things*, two midtempo ballads with airy, atmospheric arrangements. *Karmacoma* is a playful talk-rap that has a reggae pulse and a Middle Eastern melody. Rapped in a similar style by 3-D and Tricky is *Eurochild*, a droll production.

Another vocalist, Nigerian-born Nicolette, appears on two tracks that reveal the band's limitations. Both *Three* and *Sly* sound like tunes from a bad Broadway musical about exotic lands. The band falls short when its efforts to be hip fall into cuteness. —NELSON GEORGE

Urban Dance Squad, ***Persona Non Grata*** (Virgin): In aggression and guitar power, this Dutch group's third album picks up where Run D.M.C.'s *Rock Box* left off. In vocal grit, they are the successors to the Beastie Boys. I don't know whether this is a rock group that raps or a hip-hop band with metal density. But I suspect the answer is that Urban Dance Squad is both. —DAVE MARSH

GOSPEL

The Best of Nashboro Gospel (Nashboro/AVI) is a brilliantly selected compilation that includes selections by Madame Edna Gallman Cooke (*Stop Gambler*), Brother Joe May (*Wake Me Shake Me*) and Professor Harold Boggs (*I've Fixed It With Jesus*). There is also some great group harmony, including the Famous Skylarks on *Roll Jordan Roll*.

—DAVE MARSH

CLASSICAL

Ever since Gregorian chants hit the charts, medieval vocals have been a bonanza. Much of the recent product is gimmicky, but some of it is captivating. ***Love's Illusion*** (Harmonia Mundi) is a fine recording of 13th century French motets sung by the female quartet Anonymous 4. Less droning (and more complex) than chants, these ethereal songs reveal why romantic longing became a thematic mainstay in Western secular music.

Steve Martland's eclecticism has garnered mixed reviews. Some think his compositions are derivative. But ***Patrol*** (Catalyst), the British composer's newest recording, shows he has promise. Careful listeners will be reminded of Can or Steve Reich. Whether loud and aggressive with an electric band or postminimalist with a string quartet, Martland is worth hearing. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

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THE MYTH OF DUTY-FREE

Shopping has come a long way since 1947 when a clerk at the airport in Shannon, Ireland came up with the idea of selling Irish whiskey to departing passengers without levying additional taxes. Today, there are more than 800 duty-free stores around the world. But don't let the phrase duty-free seduce you. Despite what many people think, such shops are private enterprises, not government-run discount shops. In Hong Kong and Singapore, duty-free stores should be avoided because the cities themselves are duty-free. Furthermore, many of the in-city stores welcome haggling and none of them pays high airport rent. What's the best duty-free shopping complex in the world? Probably Dubai in the United Arab Emirates. Few people vacation there, but many airplanes stop for refueling. The last time we shopped in its 22,000 square feet a few years ago, we could have bought a liter of Johnnie Walker Red for about $4, a carton of Marlboro cigarettes for about $7, a real Rolex watch for less than $1000 and a half kilo of beluga caviar for about $90. (The prices change frequently.) Perfume is a good deal at duty-free stores in Paris and Bermuda. In other locations, such as the airports in Amsterdam, Copenhagen and Shannon, stores have expanded to include such upscale names as Harrods, Bally and others, and bargains are available. (Do some comparison shopping before you leave the States.) Just remember that the U.S. isn't duty-free. When your purchases total more than $400, be prepared to pay Uncle Sam a tax. And you get to bring in only one liter of liquor duty-free.

STEVE BOSWICK

NIGHT MOVES: MADRID

In Spain's biggest city, *Madrileños* begin partying long after the sun sets in a frenzy they call *la marcha*. The key to enjoying (and, some say, surviving) a night on the town is to never stay in one place too long. Start the evening about nine o'clock. That's the time for tapas: Sample *gambas* (Mediterranean shrimp), *jamón* (ham), *boquerones* (anchovies) and other bite-sized delicacies in some of the city's thousands of tapas bars. Around midnight, move on to the more fashionable bar scene. Stop by Archy (Marques de Riscal 11), but don't let the grunge look fool you: Archy is expensive and exclusive. Then try Norton (Calle Hortaleza 64). It attracts another Pearl Jam crowd. Follow that with Xenon (Plaza de Callao 3), Candala (Calle Dimo 2) or Bocaccio (Marques de la Ensenada 16). Live blues, reggae, salsa, swing and, of course, jazz attract a hip crowd to Café Jazz Populart (Huertas 22). Drink prices double when the band is on. At Bocaccio, be sure to check out the downstairs room, which comes about as close to Dante's Inferno as you can get. Agapo (Calle Madera 22) is a hard-driving rock-and-roll bar that's worth a look. The evening continues at Capote on Plaza Alonso Martinez, where the dance action Thursday through Saturday heats up about 5:30 A.M. One important reminder: Watch out for the five A.M. traffic jam caused by locals trying to drive home in time to catch 40 winks before going to work.

GREAT ESCAPE

UGANDA

Winston Churchill called it the pearl of Africa, with good reason. Lush scenery, spectacular falls, lakes and rivers (the storied source of the Nile) and plenty of wildlife—hippos, elephants, crocs, lions, birds and monkeys—make Uganda a terrific trek in East Africa. The country is

exceptionally safe (Idi Amin has been gone for 15 years) and tourism's creeping back. Accommodations are still primitive (from OK hotels to terrific tents), but that's the fun—you rough it along with the wildlife. This is a piece of Africa that's blissfully free of minivans. If you're fit, don't miss the gorilla trek. Best bet is to sign up with a high-end tour company such as Abercrombie & Kent (800-323-7308). Bring binocs, lots of film and SPF 30 sunscreen.

DON'T LEAVE HOME WITHOUT IT

If you want to bust the 90-plus decibel level inside a jet aircraft cabin, get a Noisebuster. This "personal active noise reduction headphone" (pictured below) resembles a portable cassette player, but its battery-powered technology is space-age smart. Because a Noisebuster features a stereo jack, you can still hear your favorite tunes (or listen to an in-flight movie) while wearing it. Price: $99. • Beach bound? Check out Hot Head, a new FDA-approved sunscreen (SPF 20) that's great for guys with thinning (or no) hair, as it creates a "kool kap" that dries clear. Hot Head (which comes in a pump bottle) works well on a hot body, too. Price: $9 at Sportmart. • The Thymes Limited's Herbal Metaphors collection includes travel-sized bottles of shampoo, conditioner, shower gel and body lotion housed in a reusable waterproof tote. For $17 a set, it beats what most hotels provide.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 164.

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

THE SPIRIT OF Adam Smith lives on in the underground economy of illegal drugs, where thousands of impoverished youths pursue the American dream each year by pushing crack cocaine. In ***Land of Opportunity*** (Atlantic Monthly Press) William Adler chronicles the astonishing success of a family from Arkansas that came to Detroit and became crack millionaires. Adler points out that although the Chambers brothers were the children of sharecroppers in a family of 16, they applied the principles of capitalism to the distribution and sale of marijuana and crack. The enterprise, at its height, grossed more than $55 million a year—far more successful than many legal privately held businesses in Detroit.

Billy Joe Chambers was 16 years old when he left the cotton fields of Arkansas to try his luck on Detroit's streets. He began by running a "party store," a convenience shop with beer, chips, candy and video games. He soon supplemented his income with sales of marijuana. Billy's illegal business flourished and he moved to a house in an abandoned neighborhood where there was space and security for his growing operation.

A year later, on the Fourth of July, 1984, Billy made an experimental investment in a single ounce of cocaine, cooked it into crack and netted $10,000 from word-of-mouth customers, who soon wanted more. Billy's one-house business mushroomed into an empire with laboratories, distribution units, real estate investments, security forces and accounting operations. His brother Larry's prison-bred sense of discipline was used to control the workforce. Larry and Billy became the crack kings of Detroit.

The entrepreneurial details of the business are impressive. One young woman's job was to read the *Free Press* and the *News* every day for reports about drug-related incidents. Female spies were on the payroll to infiltrate rival drug dealers' operations. Two courtroom watchers attended drug trials to report on the testimony of government informants. The paymaster had photo albums containing shots of employees, which were checked weekly before an employee was paid—in cash.

There was so much cash flowing into the network of crack houses that the Chamberses wasted no time counting it. They gave bags of money to their cocaine wholesalers and trusted them to deal with shortages or overages. Wholesaler Art Derrick estimates that he and his partner netted $100,000 a day by supplying cocaine from Miami to the Detroit crack dealers: "We were counting their money for them. Mostly small bills. Did you ever see $80,000 in singles?"

MARVIN FRIEDMAN

Adler's *Land of Opportunity*.

A chronicle of crack millionaires, Coney Island hoop dreams and Moo U.

An intensive three-year effort by a joint DEA–Detroit Police Department task force put the Chambers brothers into prison. U.S. District Judge Richard F. Suhrheinrich imposed the stiffest sentences allowed by law and gave an impassioned speech about the way crack damages our society. But he failed to suggest how important the Chamberses' achievements would have been if they had chosen to pour their energies and ingenuity into enterprises that contributed to the revitalization of society. He might also have pointed out that their choices were severely limited.

The same limited choices face black teenagers on the playgrounds in Brooklyn's Coney Island. They, too, are surrounded by urban squalor, collapsing schools, drug dealers in flashy cars and gangs with guns. However, a small, athletically gifted group of them sees a different, legal, way out of the ghetto: basketball. In ***The Last Shot: City Streets, Basketball Dreams*** (Houghton Mifflin), which was published last year, author Darcy Frey chronicles eight months in the lives of four of the best players on the Abraham Lincoln High School Railsplitters, a team that consistently ranks high in national competition and attracts the interest of top college basketball coaches. The students reveal their aspirations to Frey with touching candor.

Frey doesn't romanticize. He portrays the kids' desperation, ignorance, egotism and self-destructiveness alongside the discipline, focus and dedication they bring to their games. In gracefully described scenes from their lives, Frey empathizes so completely with his subjects that the reader begins to root for them. Tchaka Shipp, a 6'7" 17-year-old center, is wooed by Division I coaches, invited to Nike's summer basketball camp and can practically taste that "serious loot in the NBA." Russell Thomas is a hardworking student who practices his three-pointers every night and carries vocabulary flash cards everywhere. Corey Johnson writes poetry, dresses with panache and clowns around—flirting with academic disqualification—to hide his intellect. Stephon Marbury, who comes from a family of talented basketball players, is acknowledged as the most gifted freshman point guard in the country.

Frey effectively evokes the dreams that drive the kids, the school and the community. There is no triumph for most of them with their eyes on a Division I school, because their homes and their public schools fail them so badly that they cannot meet the NCAA academic minimum of a combined 700 SAT score. Frey implies that the NCAA rule is unfair. If basketball is the only way out, he asks, why put it out of reach because kids can't pass questionable tests?

As comic relief from these grim realities, it would be difficult to improve on Jane Smiley's send-up of bucolic life at a large Midwestern agricultural college, ***Moo*** (Knopf). The antics of students, faculty and administration exist amid pigs and horses and agribiz research scandals. Smiley has a hilariously wicked way of incorporating her parodies of minimalist academic novels into scenarios about ecological disaster and frolics in the women's dormitory. The couplings and uncouplings among her diverse cast are Smiley's plot engine, and in one masterful chapter, "Who's in Bed With Whom," she orchestrates a bawdy series of sex scenes. This is a big, funny novel that keeps you laughing. Besides, how can you go wrong with a central character that is a 700-pound hog named Earl Butz?

BOOK BAG

The Priest (Knopf), by Thomas Disch: A brilliantly perverse and comic tale of priestly pedophilia, the shroud of Turin and nightmares of 13th century torture mingling with 20th century corruption.

Listen to the Stories (HarperCollins), by Nat Hentoff: The veteran critic writes lovingly about Billie Holiday's last days, Duke, Dizzy and the Count—and Merle Haggard, of all people.

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FITNESS

By JON KRAKAUER

Sitting on the examining table with my shirt off, I wait nervously for the X rays to arrive. A dull ache pulses from my right shoulder. The ache blossoms into sharp, searing pain if I raise my arm. When I pantomime tossing a baseball, the shoulder feels like it's packed with shards of glass. I wonder if I'll ever again be able to throw a pass, serve a tennis ball or paddle a surfboard.

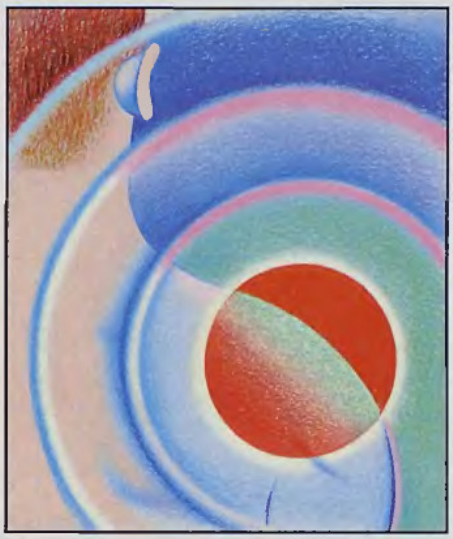
Dr. James Rogers, a Seattle sports medicine specialist, slaps four X rays onto a screen. As the light blinks on, the architecture of my right shoulder materializes in ghostly black and white. The doctor mutters to himself as he studies the images. His scalpel hand appears to be twitching in anticipation of the surgery to come.

"Looks like your shoulder is in excellent shape," he declares after a few minutes. "I don't think there's anything serious to worry about." But what about the red-hot poker that skewers my shoulder whenever I so much as reach across the dinner table? "For 80 percent of the people who come to me complaining of shoulder pain," Dr. Rogers says, "the culprit turns out to be a part of the shoulder called the rotator cuff."

Any activity that involves repetitive overhead arm motion puts you at risk of straining the rotator muscles and suffering pain like mine. Mercifully, the majority of such injuries can be cured—or better yet, prevented—by a simple program of stretching and exercise.

The shoulder's susceptibility to injury is rooted in its basic design. "The shoulder is an incredible joint," Rogers offers, "considering the range of motion it allows. But that freedom to rotate through many planes is achieved at the expense of stability." Most people think of the shoulder as a ball-and-socket joint. In reality, says Rogers, it "more closely resembles a golf ball on a tee." And it's held together not by cable-like ligaments, as most other joints are, but by a thin sheath of muscles and tendons (the aforementioned rotator cuff). Anyone who follows professional baseball appreciates how vulnerable the rotator muscles are to injury.

The four muscles of the rotator cuff wrap around the front and back of the shoulder, stabilizing the muscles that tether the upper arm to the torso as it helps keep the ball at the end of the arm



DAVE CALVER

ARMS AND THE MAN

from popping out of the shallow glenoid cavity in the shoulder blade. The rotators are overlaid by the beefier muscles of the deltoid group, which sit atop the whole arrangement like shoulder pads. Working in opposition to the rotators, the deltoids are responsible for lifting the arms up and out. The deltoids are considerably stronger than the rotators, and therein lies the problem.

In the course of such activities as throwing, swimming or swinging a hammer, the deltoid muscles try, in effect, to jerk the arm out of its socket. It is left to the relatively wimpy rotator cuff to hold everything together. Any repetitive arm motion can strain the rotator muscles, thereby decreasing shoulder stability. When the joint becomes loose and sloppy because of a weak or strained rotator cuff, part of the cuff (a muscle called the supraspinatus) gets pinched between the bones of the shoulder every time the arm is lifted or lowered.

One of the reasons so many of us suffer from this affliction is that we fail to give our rotator muscles their due when we visit the gym. Sure, we do plenty of shoulder exercises, but vanity drives most people to lavish attention on the infinitely more glamorous deltoids. We pay little or no heed to the inconspicuous rotators, thereby increasing the imbalance between the two muscle groups and increasing the likelihood of injuring a shoulder.

Systematic strengthening of the rotator cuff muscles, which enables them to hold their own against the wrenching action of the pectorals and deltoids, is the surest way to cure impingement. It's also the best way to prevent injury. If you're already hurting, reduce the inflammation with ice, rest and anti-inflammatory drugs such as aspirin, naproxen or ibuprofen. Then start a regimen of upper-body stretching followed by prophylactic, rotator-specific exercise, performed two or three times a week.

Although the rotators can be exercised with light dumbbells or an elastic band, it's a good idea to begin with isometric work, which doesn't involve movement and therefore won't aggravate the inflamed tissue. To strengthen the external rotators, stand just inside an open doorway and place the back of one hand against the jamb. Keeping your elbow tucked against your side and bent at a 90-degree angle, press outward against the jamb as hard as you can for ten seconds. Repeat ten times, then do the same thing with the other arm.

To exercise the internal rotators, stand to one side of the doorway, place the palm of your hand, across your body, against the jamb and—again with your elbow tucked into your side—press vigorously inward for ten seconds. Repeat ten times, then switch arms.

It is also important to strengthen the muscles of the shoulder blades, which help anchor and stabilize the rotator cuffs. To do so, press both elbows firmly against your sides and bend your arms forward at a 90-degree angle. Now swing your hands outward and backward—keeping your forearms parallel to the floor—by rotating your shoulders and squeezing your shoulder blades toward each other. Squeeze tightly for ten seconds; repeat ten times.

After a few weeks, when your shoulder pain is a distant memory, you might be tempted to let the rotator work slide to devote more time to pumping up the deltoids. Big mistake. Avoiding injury is more important than looking buff. Trust me on this—I know the consequences of neglect firsthand.

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MEN

By ASA BABER

ANTHONY RUSSO

COFFEEHOUSE ETIQUETTE

You don't want to look like a jerk, barging into that place with weird art on the walls and ordering a cup of plain coffee. It just isn't done. You want to show that you are a 21st century man. So you make it fancy.

You order items like caffé mocha or latte or espresso or cappuccino or misto grande. You remember to ask the waiter for a glass of water, too. And no, you don't break the rules and ask for an All-American trucker's meal of steak, eggs and hash browns with ketchup and A.1. sauce. That's too crude. Instead, you order a croissant, or a few slices of dry toast and tea, and eat slowly, as if you were a sensitive man of controlled appetites who is on the verge of an eating disorder.

It takes a lot of training to become a fashionable male these days. Much is demanded of us. Coffeehouse etiquette is one of the things we need to learn if modern life is not to pass us by. In case you think I'm mocking the whole idea of coffeehouses, think again. I love them—because the contemporary coffeehouse is where the girls are.

Yes, indeed, macho man, think twice before you turn your nose up at things like café au lait and rabbit food and small tables that never quite sit flat on the floor. To put it bluntly, the coffeehouse is a female house. Women congregate in coffeehouses like bees in a hive. Just ask them.

"I don't go to parties or dances," says my friend Diana. "I go to coffeehouses. They are the new singles bars. It's a good way to meet men without being rushed. I like to drink a little coffee and read books and talk about ideas, so coffeehouses are ideal. They are relatively inexpensive, too."

If you haven't been to a coffeehouse yet, go. The waiters are often slackers so the service is usually awful and the food will probably be fit for only gerbils and rats. But so what? The coffeehouse is now the social center of the universe. And if you want to meet eligible women, it is a great place to be.

There is, however, an unspoken coffeehouse code of conduct. Most men have to learn it on their own, but I can help you avoid the usual gaffes. You want to know how to meet women in a highly refined environment? Let me give you five basic rules:

(1) *Never ask for service.* You will not be served until at least half an hour after you have seated yourself. Do not worry. You are being tested by the staff and secretly watched by women at other tables. It is your job to be patient and stay occupied until the room decides you are laid-back and an acceptable and genteel member of humanity. Remember: Passivity wins, but overtly aggressive behavior loses every time.

(2) *Never speak to a woman before your third encounter.* This is an important rule. The central hypocrisy of the coffeehouse is that no one is there to get laid. You must maintain that pose. You are there to drink coffee, smoke, read, stare into space, write in your journal, smile, gossip and accommodate the waiters so they don't pour hot coffee in your lap. Neither you nor any of the women in the place ever admits that a coffeehouse is just another meat market with caffeine as the stimulant and chatter as the cover.

(3) *Never criticize the artwork until you know who created it.* Let us say, for example, that you have made your move after an appropriate time and you are in your first conversation with an attractive female. You have seen her in the place several times before, you have made eye contact and she has smiled demurely at you on occasion. You do not begin your relationship by asking something like, "What do you think of those shitty paintings on the walls?" Think about it: She might be the artist. Instead, scope her out, ask harmless questions, try not to stare at her breasts and keep the conversation asexual. I call it the Zen approach to sexuality: If you neuter yourself, she might come.

(4) *Never speak to a woman wearing combat boots.* This is obvious, but you'd be surprised how many guys forget it and end up in emergency rooms.

(5) *In a coffeehouse, a woman's choice of reading material is symbolic and significant.* A woman sitting alone will probably be reading a book. She is consciously sending certain signals by her choice of title. Call it coffeehouse shorthand. The shrewd man can decipher this signal and take advantage of it. There are four standard coffeehouse texts. Here are the titles and what the books reveal about the women who read them:

(a) *One Hundred Years of Solitude* (a novel by Gabriel García Márquez): This woman is lusty, perverse and in love with tropical climates. Speak Spanish to her and she will melt. Tell her you were born and raised in a village in Honduras and she is yours. Watch out for her temper, though. She bites and scratches.

(b) *Sexus* (a novel by Henry Miller): This woman is a nymphomaniac. Look closely and you will see that she is masturbating while she reads. At no time are both of her hands visible above the table. Feel free to introduce yourself to her, but take a lot of vitamin pills first.

(c) *Vamps & Tramps* (a book about gender by Camille Paglia): Get ready for handcuffs and whips, leather pants, continual arguments, blow jobs with teeth, and a pretense at obedience that will soon turn into a rage for domination. Not for the faint of heart, but good for cross-dressers.

(d) *Love Story* (a novel by Erich Segal): This coffeehouse standard speaks volumes about its reader. This woman is sentimental, depressed, in love with death and dying, and waiting for her prince to come and take her away from all her grief. Speak gently to her. Tell her you have a fatal illness. Ask her if she has the courage to see you through it. Shed a tear or two. Because love means never having to buy the coffee.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My new girlfriend and I have never been able to climax at the same time. I come after a few minutes, and then it takes another 15 minutes to bring her to orgasm. Is this normal, and what can we do to get our arousal into sync?—Y.T., New York, New York.

Simultaneous orgasm is crazy fun when it happens, but it's overrated as a sexual goal. (If God had wanted men and women to come at the same time, he wouldn't have created foreplay.) For one thing, nature is working against you. Researchers have found that the sexual cycle of a woman (from initial arousal to climax) can be three or four times longer than a man's. That's not to say you can't attempt to close the orgasm gap once in a while. Change positions often, slow your thrusts to a crawl if you feel like the world is about to stop, or just lie still and enjoy the erotic energy. You should also spend more quality time with your lover's body before you have intercourse. When she can't stand it anymore and starts begging for your cock, tease her for another five minutes before sliding inside her. Whether your lovemaking is a series of two-minute vignettes or a longer feature hardly matters when the performances let out at the same time.

While my girlfriend and I enjoy watching adult films together, they often raise more questions about sex than they answer. For instance, some of the guys shoot what seems like a quart of semen. How can they do this? And because few performers wear condoms, how do they protect themselves from diseases?—J.T., Tampa, Florida.

All is not as it appears in the world of porn. Adult-film performers have the benefit of lighting, creative editing and extreme close-ups, making penises loom larger and ejaculate seem more copious. Because they're asked to come on cue, successful porn actors are better known behind the scenes for their ability to jerk off to orgasm than for their knowledge of female sexual response. As for sexually transmitted diseases, the adult-film industry is largely a closed shop. Most stars are choosy about whom they work with and are tested for diseases regularly. Since the AIDS-related death of John Holmes in 1988, there has been more safe sex in films. But don't expect too much: The selling point of porn is fantasy, and nowadays the fantasy is sex without risk.

I've read about foods that supposedly can get you sexed up. Do you know of any I could serve my boyfriend?—S.S., Vacaville, California.

We salivate over anything served by a woman in spike heels and sexy lingerie. Eating, much like sex, is a multifaceted pleasure, so it's difficult to know whether it's the

taste, texture or smell of certain foods that gets people horny. There has been research involving aromas that may shed light on the matter. Neurologist Alan Hirsch, director of the Smell & Taste Treatment and Research Foundation, monitored the reactions of 25 male medical students and 31 other men as they were exposed to various combinations of 24 aromas. While the students had a marked increase of penile blood flow only when exposed to the scent of warm cinnamon buns, the other group perked up over combinations of lavender and pumpkin pie, doughnut and black licorice, and pumpkin pie and doughnut. Other findings: Vanilla got the most noticeable response from older men, the most sexually satisfied men liked strawberry, and the most sexually active responded most to lavender, cola and oriental spice. All 24 odors tested, from musk to cranberry to buttered popcorn, increased penile blood flow to some degree, supporting the notion that some men will get an erection if the wind blows—especially if it has some flavor.

For my birthday my wife gave me a cellular phone, but I'm concerned about how secure it is. A co-worker said he got hit with a $500 bill after someone pirated his cellular account and made a bunch of overseas calls. How does this happen? Is there any way to prevent getting ripped off when using a cellular?—B.S., Los Angeles, California.

You're right to be concerned. Cellular phone fraud is a big business, and the thieves are brash enough that they recently victimized New York City's mayor and police chief. Whenever your phone is on, whether or not you're making a call, it sends out two codes to the cellular tracking system every ten seconds. Hackers assemble electronic devices to steal those codes, clone your phone and make calls on your account. Although most cellular companies won't hold you responsible for unauthorized charges, you pay indirectly for the $400 million annual fraud in the form of higher rates. To combat thieves, ask your service to cut off international service, and use a beeper to screen incoming calls. That way, you can keep your phone turned off except when you need it. Keep a close eye on your bill, as well, and let your phone company know if you have problems placing calls.

Recently, I awoke to find my wife holding my erection. After some early-morning foreplay I remembered it was her time of the month. She was willing to have intercourse, but I was hesitant. She brought me to orgasm with a blow job, but I felt selfish for not doing more for her. Is there any danger in having vaginal intercourse during menstruation?—K.A., Raleigh, North Carolina.

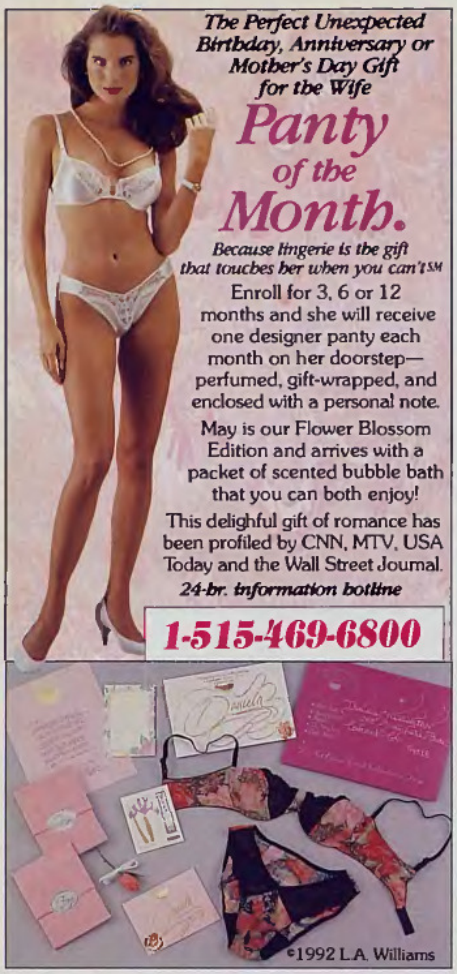
There's no danger, though many people aren't comfortable with it. Part of that attitude stems from the antiquated idea that women are unclean during menstruation. Some women experience discomfort during their periods, and that causes vaginal intercourse to lose its appeal for a few days. But the discharge is nothing to worry about. Don't forget: Men with multiple partners should use condoms any time of the month.

Simple question: How can a woman handle the penetration of an eight- or nine-inch penis when the distance from the opening of the vagina to the cervix is about three inches? What the hell happens? The question has never been answered to my satisfaction, even though I've asked friends, my doctor and various lovers.—T.H., Toronto, Ontario.

You didn't ask us first? Hmmph. The vagina's middle name is potential, but it does get help from the cervix and uterus. According to sex researchers Masters and Johnson, "During the plateau phase, the inner two thirds of the vagina expands slightly more in size as the uterus becomes more elevated in a process known as tenting." If you're worried about tight spaces, bear in mind that many women have had an infant march the same path; your penis, by comparison, is easily parked.

I had a girlfriend a few years ago who introduced me to what she called the hat game. She would put on a hat from my closet and slip into character. The first time she did it, we were watching *The Wizard of Oz*. She put on this plastic tiara and asked me for my wish. Another time, she put on a gangster's fedora, tied

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO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me to a chair and stroked my cock until I was ready to tell her anything. She put on a safari hat and became a big-game hunter; I got on all fours and growled. She donned a baseball cap and said she wanted to score. It all sounds corny as I write it down, but it made for incredible sex. I'd like to introduce this energetic exercise into my current relationship, but I'm not sure how to do it. Any suggestions?—G.R., Detroit, Michigan.

Do you, by chance, get turned on by hat-check girls? Your games were examples of the fantasies many couples use to spice up their sex lives—and to keep warm if the room is chilly. Rather than leap from a closet wearing a deerstalker cap and yelling, "Come back here, you wascally wabbit," you could introduce the concept more cautiously. Offer to act out your lover's fantasies—hat or no hat—and take it from there. Make love outside on a cold day, or in the rain. Or simply bowl her over: Wear a tux to bed, complete with top hat. If the hat ends up on her head before you're done making love, you're well on your way.

Since we became lovers four years ago, my wife has complained of pain during intercourse. We use lubricants by the quart. I am always gentle, but lately things have gotten worse, limiting us to oral sex. We have a loving marriage, but the problem upsets us both. Have you ever heard of this?—B.B., Atwood, Kansas.

Doctors are at a loss to explain why eight percent to 15 percent of women suffer from genital pain (vestibular dyspareunia) during intercourse. Until recently, women whose pain couldn't be traced to vaginal infections, latex allergies, vaginal muscle spasms or other problems were often dismissed as head cases. But now some researchers believe that oxalates, a class of chemicals in many foods, contribute to the problem by making urine irritating. One study found that after two months on a low-oxalate diet that included calcium citrate supplements to inhibit oxalate formation, 46 of 60 women with unexplained pain during sex reported relief. Foods high in oxalates include chocolate, chard, rhubarb, peanuts, leeks, squash and spinach. Contact the Vulvar Pain Foundation (P.O. Drawer 177, Graham, North Carolina 27253) for more information.

I have been dating a 22-year-old woman for a few months. Occasionally, she and I have sex with her two female roommates. Needless to say, I've learned a lot about women's bodies while watching them explore one another, and I've increased my stamina as they take turns fucking me. Boohoo, right? Well, because my girlfriend shares her friends with me, she says I should share my male friends with her. She's given me an ultimatum: Either bring in one of my guy friends or I will not be allowed to participate in any more reindeer games. Although she isn't asking me to have sex with my buddies, I couldn't stand watching her get fucked by them. I never thought being a heterosexual would cause such a mess.—J.R., Atlanta, Georgia.

We suggest you examine your relationship with this woman—and more important, how she views it. What you have seems more like an orgy than a relationship, and it's not clear whether she wants to recruit new faces for her friends or for herself. Find out, then decide if that's what you want. Realize, though, that you may never have a sex-ed class like this again.

My husband has found that blow-drying his balls helps cure jock itch. Lately he seems almost happy in the morning after he gets out of the shower and uses the drier. Is this really a cure for jock itch, or is he turned on by it?—M.K., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Although keeping the genitals clean and dry is a good idea when battling jock itch, it sounds like your husband has been clean and sly for a long time. Indulge him. The next time you make love, slowly and softly tease his cock and balls with your breath. Moan a little. Don't touch him otherwise. The reaction you receive will provide insight into your husband's morning blow-dry jobs.

What is the origin of clinking glasses at the end of a toast?—T.D., Maywood, New Jersey.

Drinking to health was everywhere in the ancient world, and it's hard to pinpoint when clinking glasses became part of the custom. According to Paul Dickson, author of the book "Toasts," one theory is that it began among early Christians who likened the sound of the clinking glasses to a bell, the traditional bane of Satan. Another is that clinking glasses gets all five senses involved in the toast: The drink is tasted, touched, smelled, seen and heard.

One friend of mine recently talked about how her boyfriend liked to be snowballed. Ever since, I've wondered what she was referring to. Was she pulling my leg, or is this some sort of new sexual technique?—P.J., New York, New York.

We most recently heard a reference to snowballing in one of our favorite movies, "Clerks." Two characters are discussing blow jobs when one explains that after she fellated her boyfriend, he asked her to spit the ejaculate into his mouth. What comes around, goes around.

A friend who is a doctor says there is a new wonder drug on the horizon to treat male baldness. He couldn't remember the details. Could it be true? Please tell me this is the real thing.—T.M., Washington, D.C.

When you're offered horsehair conditioner, herbal ointments and dozens of other

ridiculous treatments for baldness, any hint that a simple pill will do the trick is sure to inspire enthusiasm among the beaming masses. Merck & Co. has sold the prescription drug Proscar since 1992 as a treatment for benign prostate enlargement. The drug may have an effect on the male hairline too. Last year the company conducted a pilot study of 100 balding men under the age of 35, giving them five-milligram doses of Proscar daily for a year. The results were promising: More than half grew new hair. (Specifically, the men had a mean increase of 95 hairs in an inch-wide circle at the crown of the head; another 100 men who took placebos had a mean decrease of ten hairs). A second six-week study of 150 men under the age of 50 also showed positive results. Known generically as finasteride, Proscar inhibits an enzyme that converts testosterone to dihydrotestosterone, the hormone that contributes to prostate enlargement and, apparently, male pattern baldness. Although Merck is conducting more extensive tests with lower doses, don't expect any miracle pill—if one even results—for several years.

Is there any value in storing my alcohol in the freezer, besides what I perceive as stronger taste? And are there any liquors that shouldn't be stored there?—P.B., Garden Grove, California.

It's doubtful that turning your freezer into a bar has any effect on the liquors other than making them colder. (Some, such as vodka, may become slightly thicker.) Avoid putting the chill on lower proof alcohols—such as beer—or you'll be cleaning up a mess.

Why is it that whenever I look into my wife's eyes during intercourse, I get an incredible rush of erotic energy? Have you heard of anything like this?—N.B., New Orleans, Louisiana.

You've discovered one of the best-kept secrets of great sex: Go into it with your eyes open. Anything you can do to involve senses that aren't centered at your groin will make your lovemaking more, well, sensuous. Hold your wife's hand. Stroke her face and hair. Whisper to her. Tickle her toes. Intercourse is logistically simple—even teenagers have figured out that peg A connects to slot A, B or C—so it's easy to get distracted. By staring into your wife's eyes you're telling her that there's nothing else on your mind—including the baseball strike, your checkbook, your job, your Internet connection—nothing but the fact that you're inside her.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. (E-mail: advisor@playboy.com.) The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented in these pages each month.*

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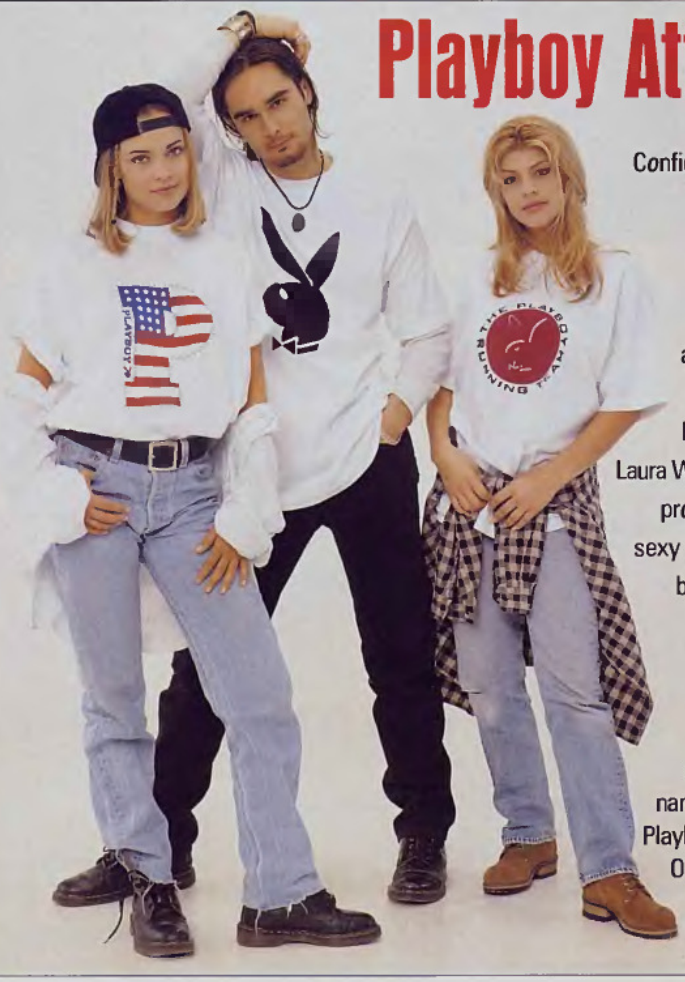

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SCHOOL PRAYER

an englishman crosses the great divide

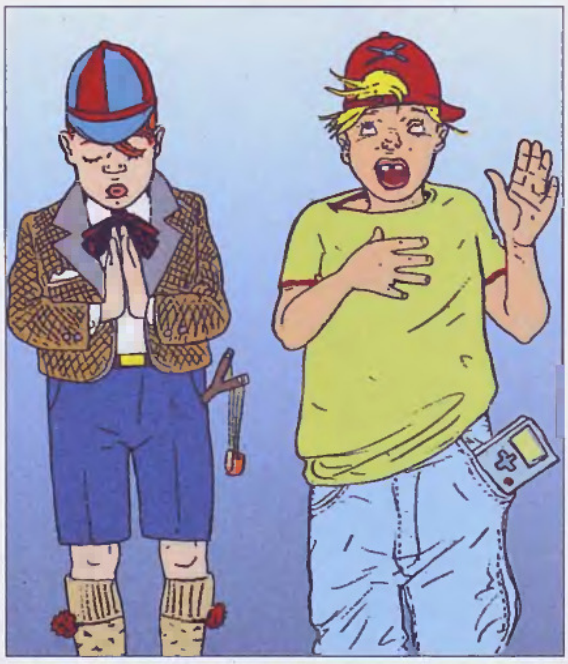
By ROBERT DUXBURY

Unlike most Americans, I grew up with daily assembly in a public school, where a hymn was sung and a prayer recited. It was unashamedly Christian in form; we addressed God as "He" and didn't say diddly about Muslims, Jews, Buddhists or anyone else. We had readings from the King James Bible, and then the retributions of a vengeful God were meted out, by way of a primly vigilant schoolmaster, on some hapless window-breaker or truant. There was a mournful rendition of *All Things Bright & Beautiful*, and then we got in line either for free school lunches or beatings. The lucky ones got beat. No, I am not some Newtonian throwback from the distant South, nor a hair-shirted conservative from the Bible Belt. I'm British.

The Brits have always had prayer in school. Read *Tom Brown's School Days* and you'll see that rugby results were blessed in morning assembly. Not having prayer in school would be as unthinkable as not having a cricket team or a school song. In American terms, it would be like having no state bird, no natty slogan on the state license plate.

But now Americans seem poised to undo more than 200 years of experience to reestablish state-sponsored prayer. Do you know what you're getting into? I'm treading carefully here because, presumably, the issue of an individual's relationship to his or her God is more important than the school basketball team's victory in the state championships. I make what you might think is an obvious point based on experience—from the odd juxtaposition of having taught high school in England, followed by junior high in California. In both systems I was supervising a government-sponsored assembly meant to instill assorted "values" into my young charges. Neither endeavor was what you would call successful.

In England, damp schoolchildren would steam off their drab uniforms for half an hour in a musty hall. Everyone was made to stand, and those who didn't pay attention to the schoolmaster passing out the hymnbooks soon felt one thwacked smartly against the forehead. The service was led by a headmaster draped in a black academic gown and already apoplectic about one or another of his flock's recent sins. He spent most of the hymn scouring the rows of preteen boys for possible signs of guilt. We then bowed our heads for prayer—except for the teachers, who used this time to frisk suspected offenders for chewing gum or slingshots, or to signal students to leave the hall as punishment. The fact that we were supposed to be using this time to have a talk with our creator was not ignored so much as forgotten.



In the U.S., by contrast, there was no full school gathering, but at second period the school loudspeaker forced us all through an Orwellian rendition of the pledge of allegiance. I would like to report that such dutiful chanting offered a daily uplift, or some intense communion—but as the TV commercials advise us, Get real. Keeping the kids quiet during the pledge was hard enough. Some pretended they'd never heard the thing before and asked for the words. Others declared they felt political allegiance to other countries, and for a whole year one black child snorted at every mention of liberty and justice.

The speed of the recitations increased through the year, and the fact that we were supposed to align ourselves with our forefathers, and with the republic for which we were all ostensibly standing, passed us by with comparable speed. It struck me as an irony that the British are an intensely political nation, and yet not a particularly religious one—a possible result of their assemblies—while Americans are far more religious (check out church or synagogue attendance in the two countries), yet not politically astute, informed or, frankly, interested. Is there a pattern here?

As the school-prayer issue reheats and furious citizens line up to curse one another across the ideological divide, I think we should ask the kids to decide. Let religion be supply-side, too. If I were a deeply religious person who wanted to spend quality time with my God, the second period in an average inner-city high school classroom would not be my venue of choice. If anything, when you consider the state of most inner-city schools, it might lead to some hard questions concerning God's priorities.

Let's show kids how to pray, then show them the nightly news. If prayer has a future, let them choose where and when to apply it.

Robert Duxbury is a playwright who lives in San Francisco.

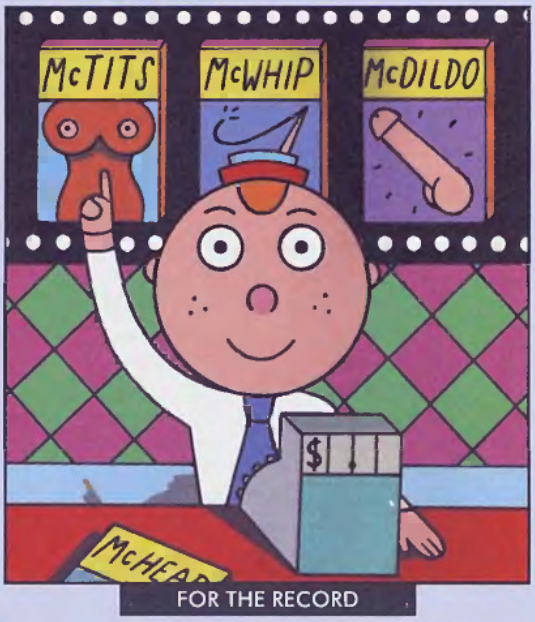
FATHERHOOD

Ted Fishman's piece on fatherhood ("Redefining Fatherhood," *The Playboy Forum*, March) is spectacular. While we must be concerned about runaway mothers and fathers, Fishman demonstrates that our legal system creates fathers who are driven—and thrown—away. Children are born with (and they want and need) two parents. Regardless of the social pathology under consideration, be it teenage pregnancy, drug abuse, juvenile delinquency or any of our other social ills, research consistently points to the absence of fathers as a primary cause. Laws that treat fathers as mere nuisances or as faceless cash donors do a disservice to their children. Ask any child or young adult whether it is worse to grow up poor or to grow up without a father. Everyone who loves children must join the fight to restore each child's right to two parents.

David Levy
Children's Rights Council
Washington, D.C.

If unwed fathers who seek custody face an uphill battle against strangers, imagine how difficult it is for them to prevail against the mothers of their children. By trumpeting feminist-fabricated statistics on domestic violence, the media have created an environment in which mothers can bypass the legislative gains of fathers by alleging abuse. The result is that more fathers than ever become exiled from their children's lives, meaning more children than ever don't receive enough fathering, which means social problems galore. When it was reported that women already control more than 86 percent of the personal wealth in America, no one mentioned women's control over the most valuable things we have: our children. We have not abandoned the young—they have been taken from us. It is time for men to recognize that we, like women, have a tremendous stake in ending sexism. Parental equality will not be handed to us on a silver platter.

Fredric Hayward
Men's Rights, Inc.
Sacramento, California



McPORN

"We think fast food is equivalent to pornography, nutritionally speaking."

—STEVE ELBERT, ONE OF A GROUP OF BEXLEY, OHIO RESIDENTS FIGHTING A PROPOSAL TO TEAR DOWN AN ADULT VIDEO STORE AND REPLACE IT WITH A MCDONALD'S. A WEALTHY SUBURB OF COLUMBUS, BEXLEY WAS ONCE HOME TO *Hustler* PUBLISHER LARRY FLYNT

The *Forum* article on the adoptive rights of fathers has some validity, but it is also misleading. Ted Fishman indicates that when unwed mothers place newborns for adoption, few fathers file to request custody within the mandated 30 days. He cites two cases of fraud by mothers, which certainly deserve our protest. That is the sum of his evidence, which implies that this is representative. In his effort at chest-beating, Fishman ignores the primary fact: Most unwed parents are young, often not even out of school, let alone ready to assume parenting roles. Young men who do not contest the adoptions do so not because of fraud, societal antifather attitudes or even because they're deadbeat dads, but because they are wise enough to avoid shotgun marriages and premature parenthood. If Fishman is upset about men being left out of the decision to give birth, he would be wise to recommend condom use to prevent this.

Ed Tracey
Claremont, New Hampshire

Ted Fishman's article is right on target. Fathers are being driven out of their children's lives even before those children are born. If political figures such as Illinois governor Jim Edgar are really concerned about justice, they should rue the day that Baby Richard's birth was hidden from his father, the day that an adoption agency placed Baby Richard with an unsuspecting family and the day that same family negligently decided not to return Baby Richard once they found out that he had a loving father waiting for him. If these same politicians are concerned about human decency, they should think of the price society pays by separating fathers from their children. To quote syndicated columnist William Raspberry: "We pay little attention to fathers as fathers, even less to the fact that many of the men absent from their children's lives have been shoved aside, not just by the mothers of these children but by the courts and the social agencies buttressed by the growing cultural notion of the superfluous father." Many men have sacrificed their lives and well-being to protect their rights and provide for their families. It is time to ensure that these rights are reciprocally enforced. The Illinois Supreme Court has taken a brave first step in that direction. PLAYBOY is also to be congratulated for following suit and having the courage to print Fishman's article, which, while unlikely to be popular, tells it like it is.

Stuart Miller
American Fathers' Coalition
Washington, D.C.

The legislative crusade against natural fathers is a lot more than an attack on men. The effort to change centuries-old laws and substitute the "best interest" standard as grounds for courts taking children away from their natural parents is an attack on the family itself. Nationwide, that standard—

a familiar criterion for deciding a custody contest between divorcing natural parents—is not and has never been the rule when the contest is between a natural parent and some other person. The state does not have the authority to substitute its judgment for that of nature by removing the child and placing the child with another family. The effort to make best interest the rule for contested adoptions and other third-party custody cases is driven by a tiny minority of publicity-hungry law professors, social workers, homosexual rights advocates, radical feminists and baby brokers who want to see the family abolished as an enslaving institution. These people still think the government always knows what's best for us, and that anything that sounds like best interest of the child must be good for children. They should think about what will happen when the government turns its infallible wisdom against them, looks into their homes or the homes of people they love and decides that the children would do better somewhere else.

Richard Crouch
Arlington, Virginia

CYBERCOPS

Online entrapment frightens me in a way no criminal can ("Uncle Scam Wants You," *The Playboy Forum*, March). The thought that there might be cybercops lurking in the shadows waiting to misinterpret a statement sends chills down my spine. When will the FCC decide that things said online should be recognized as personal and private—much like thoughts? Conspiracy online could be real, or it could be a fantasy generated by some fun-loving people with overactive imaginations. Yet the simple act of fantasizing over the wire could send you to jail for ten years. Think about that the next time you tell your wife, "I wish my boss were dead!" Big Brother may be watching.

Mike Lynch
Alamogordo, New Mexico
snicker@nmsua.nmsu.edu

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com.*

HOW *BILLY* TOOK SUNDANCE

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

In January, judges at the Sundance Film Festival awarded the Playboy Foundation's Freedom of Expression Award to *When Billy Broke His Head and Other Tales of Wonder.* (The foundation sponsors the $5000 award for the documentary that "best investigates, educates and enlightens the public on issues of social concern.")

Co-produced and co-directed by David Simpson and Billy Golfus, *Billy* is a moving, often cuttingly funny documentary about disabled Americans and their fight for civil rights. "This ain't exactly your average inspirational cripple story," says Golfus, a former disc jockey and radio journalist who is the feisty Billy of the title.

More than a decade ago, a drunk driver smashed into his motor scooter. Golfus came out of a coma brain-damaged, hemiplegic and suddenly dependent on society's largesse. Although he "couldn't count change," he went on to study Japanese and earn a master's degree in communications at the University of Minnesota. At school, Golfus took a video class taught by Simpson, an independent filmmaker. Thus began their long, rocky road of feuding and fundraising that led to *Billy*.

The film presents a passionate demonstration by disabled conventioneers in Chicago, and a compelling episode about Denver's militant Gang of 19, whose human blockade forced the city to provide wheelchair-accessible public buses.

Other powerful profiles include Billy's chats with his father, who is critical of his son's aspirations and remarks that he would rather be dead than disabled. There is a provocative interview with Joy Mincy-Powell, a beautiful, articulate paraplegic and graduate student who now performs in her wheelchair with a dance group. Even more dramatic was the case of Ed Roberts, paralyzed and largely confined to an iron lung. Fourteen years ago, Roberts' chances of finding a job were called "infeasible" by California's Department of Rehabilitation Services. Before his death this March, he had become head of that agency and a renowned lecturer who took karate lessons and learned how to use his wheelchair as a weapon.

Of these characters, Golfus (pictured above) notes: "Like everyone, I thought disabled people were supposed to act tragic and brave, or else cute and inspirational. These people weren't sticking to the script."

Indeed not. *When Billy Broke His Head* is thought-provoking but never pitying. The movie will premiere over PBS stations on May 23.

Also of note: The Playboy Foundation is proud to have contributed partial funding to two other films shown at the Sundance festival: *Jupiter's Wife* by Michel Negroponte and *Trevor* by Peggy Rajski.

OVERKILL

when government abuses power, is it an accident or murder?

By JAMES BOVARD

The story has been told in *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post* and *Soldier of Fortune* magazine. Somewhere you've read or heard about the 11-day stakeout that resulted in the death of a 14-year-old boy, a 42-year-old mother, a federal marshal and one yellow Labrador retriever. It is an American tragedy, one that must be retold until some sense of truth or justice emerges.

Randy Weaver lived with his wife and four children in a cabin in the rugged Idaho mountains 40 miles south of the Canadian border. The cabin had no electricity or running water, but the family survived, as had generations of pioneers. According to his lawyer, Weaver was "a little man who wanted to be left alone."

According to the government, he was a heavily armed white supremacist, a former Green Beret, a member of a cult that believed a Jewish-led conspiracy controlled the government. He stood convinced that God had created separate races for a reason, and that the races should remain separate. Weaver was, said one agent, "extremely irritable, and saw people plotting against him."

Weaver had every reason to be paranoid. People were plotting against him. No fewer than three government agencies targeted Randy Weaver.

ENTRAPMENT?

Agents of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms were the first to turn their attention on Weaver. In 1989 Kenneth Fadley, a BATF informant, persuaded Weaver to sell him two sawed-off shotguns, carefully pointing out where he wanted the barrels cut—one-quarter of an inch below the legal length.

Prior to the sting operation, Weaver had no criminal record. The agents had noticed Weaver and members of his family at a meeting of the Aryan Nation, a white supremacist movement based in the panhandle of Idaho. According to Weaver the BATF then threatened him, saying that unless he promised to infiltrate the Aryan Nation and turn informer, they would prosecute. He refused; charges were filed in December 1990.

A court date was set, then changed. A probation officer sent a letter to Weaver with yet another date. When Weaver failed to appear, a warrant was issued.

WYATT EARP MEETS RAMBO

Federal agents launched an elaborate 18-month surveillance of Weaver's cabin and land. The agency this time was the U.S. Marshal Service (headed by former Meese Commission star Henry Hudson), which is responsible for serving high-risk warrants. The service seems to take its cue not from the Constitution but from Hollywood. (As described in "On-Line Pedophiles" in the March *Playboy Forum*, Henry Hudson spent a small fortune trying to entrap two men to make snuff movies.) David Nevin, a lawyer involved in the subsequent court case, noted: "The marshals called in military aerial reconnaissance and had photos studied by the Defense Mapping Agency. They prowled the woods around Weaver's cabin with night-vision equipment. They had psychological profiles performed and installed $130,000 worth of long-range solar-powered spy cameras. They intercepted the Weavers' mail. They even knew the menstrual cycle of Weaver's teenage daughter, and planned an arrest scenario around it. They actually bought a tract of land next to Weaver's where an undercover marshal was to pose as a neighbor and build a cabin in hopes of befriending Weaver and luring him away." All this despite the fact that the BATF had initially served Weaver a warrant without encountering violence (agents faked a car breakdown; when he stopped to help, they arrested him). According to several reports, Hudson's Special Operations Group thought it was up against Rambo. Had the government bothered to look carefully at service records, it would have known better. According to *Soldier of Fortune*, Weaver never completed Special Forces training. He was an engineer in support personnel for the Green Berets.

"Although the marshals knew Weaver's precise location," reports Nevin, "throughout this elaborate investigation, not a single marshal ever met face-to-face with Weaver. Even so, Weaver offered to surrender if conditions were met to guarantee his safety. The marshals drafted a letter of acceptance, but the U.S. attorney for Idaho abruptly ordered the negotiations to cease."

On August 21, 1992 six U.S. marshals outfitted in full camouflage and painted faces entered Weaver's property. They carried automatic weapons. They had been told to avoid contact with the Weavers, but had visited a shooting range the night before to sight in their weapons. The group leader was familiar with the terrain: It was deputy marshal Arthur Roderick's 24th visit to the cabin. One of the Weaver family's dogs, Striker, caught scent of the agents and ran barking down the hill. Weaver's

14-year-old son, Sammy, and Kevin Harris, a 25-year-old family friend who lived with the Weavers in the cabin, followed.

What happened next is a horrible vision of law enforcement agents out of control. Lawyers for the defendants say that Roderick shot the dog, shattering its haunches. Sammy Weaver fired two shots at the man who had just killed his dog. Randy Weaver called out to his son. Sammy yelled, "I'm coming, Dad," then turned to run to safety. A bullet from a U.S. marshal nearly tore off his arm; a second bullet entered his back, killing him.

At some point during the exchange deputy marshal William Degan stood up and yelled "Freeze." Harris fired, killing the marshal. Federal agents testified in court that Degan had been killed by the first shot of the exchange, but were unable to explain how it was that the marshal had fired seven shots from his gun before he was shot.

Who was writing this script?

AMY CREMORE

FBI MUTANT NINJAS

The surviving marshals trooped down the mountain and called for help. As Weaver retrieved his son's body, the FBI's elite paramilitary Hostage Rescue Team boarded a plane in Washington, D.C. Almost 400 state and federal agents surrounded the site of the standoff. Although no shots came from the cabin, FBI team commander Richard Rogers changed the standard rules of engagement. The HRT sharpshooters were told to shoot any armed adult male on sight, whether he posed an immediate threat or not.

The next day, August 22, Randy Weaver—with daughter Sara and Kevin Harris—walked from his cabin to the little shack where his son's body lay. As he lifted the latch on the shack's door, Weaver was shot from behind by FBI sniper Lon Horiuchi. Weaver struggled back to the cabin while his wife, Vicki, stood in the doorway, holding their ten-month-old infant in her arms and calling for her husband to hurry.

Horiuchi testified that after shooting Weaver in the back, he followed Kevin Harris through his telescopic sight, leading slightly. He fired as the man rushed through the door of the cabin. According to *The New York Times*, Horiuchi, who claimed he could hit a target at a distance of 200 meters within a quarter of an inch, said he had "decided to neutralize that male and his rifle." Instead, he hit Vicki Weaver in the temple, killing her. The bullet that passed through Vicki Weaver's skull wounded Harris.

The paramilitary team then switched to psychological warfare. As *The Washington Times*' Jerry Seper reported, "Court records show that while the woman's body lay in the cabin for eight days, the FBI used megaphones to taunt the family. 'Good morning, Mrs. Weaver. We had pancakes for breakfast. What did you have?'"

Weaver surrendered after 11 days.

At the subsequent trial, the government sought to prove that Weaver had conspired for nine years to have an armed confrontation with the government. An Idaho jury found Weaver innocent of almost all charges and ruled that Kevin Harris' shooting of the U.S. marshal had been in self-defense.

Federal Bureau of Investigation Director Louis Freeh justified the FBI shooting of Randy Weaver because sniper Horiuchi saw one of the suspects raise a weapon in the direction of a helicopter carrying other FBI personnel. But other federal officials testified at Weaver's trial that there were no helicopters in the vicinity of the Weavers' cabin at the time of the shooting.

Freeh also said the FBI's next shot—the one that killed Vicki Weaver—was justified and that the killing was accidental. Freeh declared, "The question is whether someone running into a fortified position who is going to shoot at you is as much a threat to you as somebody turning in an open space and pointing a gun at you. I don't distinguish between those." Not even when the fortified position is a cabin filled with children?

Freeh found 12 FBI officials guilty of "inadequate performance, improper judgment, neglect of duty and failure to exert proper managerial oversight." However, the heaviest penalty that Freeh imposed was 15 days unpaid leave, and that for only four agents. As *The New York Times* reported, Freeh has imposed heavier penalties for FBI agents who used their official cars to drive their children to school.

One of the most disturbing aspects of Freeh's actions has been his treatment of Larry Potts, Freeh's pick as acting deputy FBI director. Potts was the senior official in charge of the Idaho operation and defended the shoot-to-kill orders. Despite the finding of a Justice Department confidential report that the orders had violated constitutional rights, Freeh recommended that Potts face only the penalty of a letter of censure. That is the same penalty that Freeh received when he lost an FBI cellular telephone.

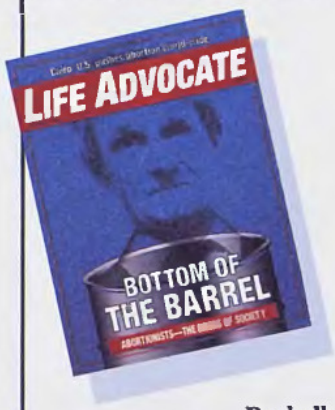
In a letter to Attorney General Janet Reno, Idaho Senator Larry Craig asked: "When does the Department of Justice consider it acceptable to fire on an armed citizen first—even if he or she is not threatening the life of any other person—and ask questions later? I am not alone in believing that firearms restrictions do not prevent violent crime; it is appalling that in this case, the enforcement of such restrictions actually led to the sacrifice of three lives. In this sense comparisons drawn between the north Idaho action and the Waco case are inevitable and deeply troubling."

The Weaver case presents a great challenge to the competency and courage of the congressional leadership now in Washington. If Congress is not willing to look into such misconduct, who will protect the Constitution? Will Congress let the Justice Department and the FBI get away with murder?

James Bovard is author of "Lost Rights: The Destruction of American Liberty."

ABORTION

how pro-life extremists turn



CALENDAR OR CONSPIRACY?

In March 1993 Michael Griffin shot and killed Pensacola, Florida physician David Gunn.

• In August 1993 Rachelle Shannon shot abortion doctor George Tiller in Kansas.

• In September 1993 *Life Advocate* magazine detailed how Paul Hill and others identified Gunn's replacement at the Ladies Center of Pensacola as John Bayard Britton. "As suspected," said the Reverend John Burt, militant anti-abortion leader, "the new killer in Pensacola is another one of those bottom feeders on the food chain."

• On July 29, 1994 Paul Hill walked up to the driver's side of a pickup truck at the Ladies Center and opened fire with a shotgun, killing abortion provider John Britton and his bodyguard, James Barrett.

• In September 1994 *Life Advocate* put Paul Hill on the cover with the headline: HILL SHOOTS! "NOW IS THE TIME."

In the accompanying story, the Defenders of Defenders of Life announced that it would collect money for the support of Paul Hill's family.

• On December 30, 1994 John Salvi allegedly shot and killed two receptionists and wounded five other workers in two abortion clinics in Brookline, Massachusetts.

• On December 31, 1994 police arrested Salvi after he sprayed a clinic with bullets in Norfolk, Virginia.

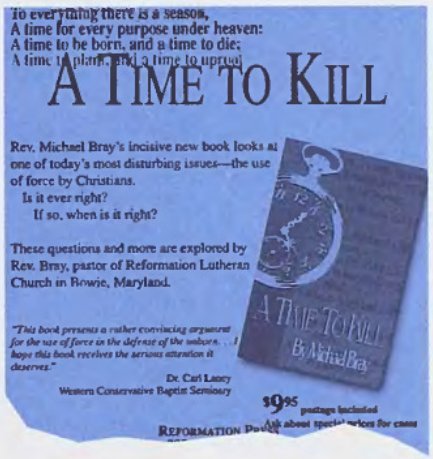
The National Abortion Federation has reports of 38 bombings, 91 arson cases and 66 attempted attacks on abortion clinics in the U.S. since 1977.

GOD'S OWN CHEERLEADER

"Joshua and Caleb were instructed by the Lord to enter Jericho and 'destroy all that was in the city, both man and woman, young and old, the oxen, sheep and donkey with the edge of the sword' (Judges 6:21). The Lord could have rained fire from heaven, opened up the earth and swallowed up the inhabitants or sent a plague to destroy Jericho. Yet he required physical intervention from his people.

"Only Michael Griffin and Paul Hill know for certain whether they heard a voice from heaven directing them to take the lives of Gunn, Britton and Barrett. We who are Christians must stay open to the whole counsel of God. And as we see God's judgments being poured out on this nation, just don't be surprised if God has man execute his judgments for him."

—FULL-TIME HOMEMAKER STEPHANIE HUNLEY'S EDITORIAL RATIONALE FOR MURDER, FROM *Life Advocate*. HUNLEY HAS "BEEN INVOLVED IN RESCUE AND PROPHETIC WITNESSING SINCE 1989"


To everything there is a season,
A time for every purpose under heaven:
A time to be born, and a time to die;
A time to plant, and a time to uproot
A TIME TO KILL
Rev. Michael Bray's incisive new book looks at one of today's most disturbing issues—the use of force by Christians.
Is it ever right?
If so, when is it right?
These questions and more are explored by Rev. Bray, pastor of Reformation Lutheran Church in Bowie, Maryland.
"This book presents a rather convincing argument for the use of force in the defense of the unborn. . . I hope this book receives the serious attention it deserves."
Dr. Carl Lacey
Western Conservative Baptist Seminary
A TIME TO KILL
By Michael Bray
$9.95 postage included
REFORMATION

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO "IN GOD WE TRUST"?

"If you believe abortion is murder, act like it's murder!"

—OPERATION RESCUE SLOGAN

THE ARMY OF GOD MANUAL

The following are excerpts from the third edition of a manual published by anti-abortion militants calling themselves the Army of God. The book provides recipes for explosives "that will make baby killers tremble in their boots" and describes other forms of obstruction, including injecting superglue into locks, using bike locks to keep office doors closed, spreading one-inch roofing nails on a doctor's driveway and shooting out windows.

"This is a manual for those who have come to understand that the battle against abortion is a battle not against flesh and blood but against the devil and all the evil he can muster among flesh and blood to fight at his side. It's a how-to manual of means to disrupt and ultimately destroy Satan's power to kill our children, God's children.

"Passive resistance is woefully inade-

SCRAPBOOK

america into a killing field

quate against mass murder. The use of force is also woefully inadequate against mass murder, unless that force is directed against the perpetrator of the crime."

THE ARMY OF GOD INTERVIEW

A supposed dialogue between the Mad Gluer, an underground leader of the American Holocaust Resistance Movement, and the Army of God itself:

MG: Why an interview, and why now?

AOG: You asked for one, I know I can trust you, and I can't do it alone.

MG: Can't do what alone?

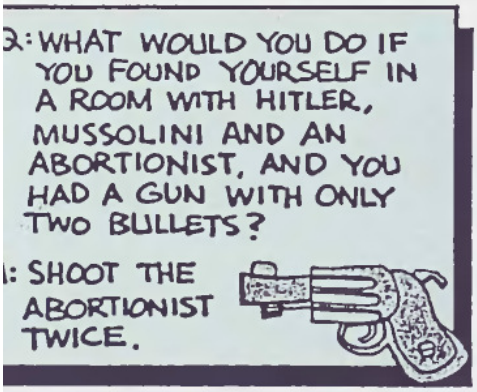
AOG: Drive the abortion industry underground with or without the sanction of government law.

MG: By what method?

AOG: Explosives, predominantly.

MG: Would you care to elaborate?

AOG: Certainly. First by disarming the murder weapons. That is, by destroying the structures where the actual crimes are being committed. Second, by disarming the persons perpetrating the crimes by removing their hands, or at least their thumbs below the second digit.


Q: WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU FOUND YOURSELF IN A ROOM WITH HITLER, MUSSOLINI AND AN ABORTIONIST, AND YOU HAD A GUN WITH ONLY TWO BULLETS?
A: SHOOT THE ABORTIONIST TWICE.

MG: What do you recommend that concerned citizens do at this time?

AOG: Every pro-life person should commit to destroying at least one death camp or disarming at least one baby killer.

THE DECLARATION OF THE ARMY OF GOD

"We, the remnant of God-fearing men and women of the United States of Amerika, do officially declare war on the entire child-killing industry. . . . We quietly accepted the imprisonment and suffering of our passive resistance. Yet, you mocked God and continued the holocaust. No longer. All of the options have expired. Our Most Dread Sovereign Lord God requires that whosoever sheds man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed. Not out of hatred of you but out of love for the persons you exterminate, we are forced to take arms against you. Our life for yours—a simple equation. You shall not be tortured at our hands. Vengeance belongs to God only. However, execution is rarely gentle."

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT

"'Thou shalt not kill' refers to taking innocent human life. An abortionist is not innocent; he knows very well that he is killing human beings because he sees the body parts. In our culture of death, the abortionist is the high priest of human sacrifice. God did not send any of his prophets to defend with their lives, the lives of the Canaanite high priests to whom the Israelites came when they wanted to sacrifice their children to Moloch. Instead, he sent Elijah . . . to cut the throats of 450 prophets of Baal, a Canaanite god of human sacrifice. An abortionist in our culture of death is a hired serial killer protected by the state."

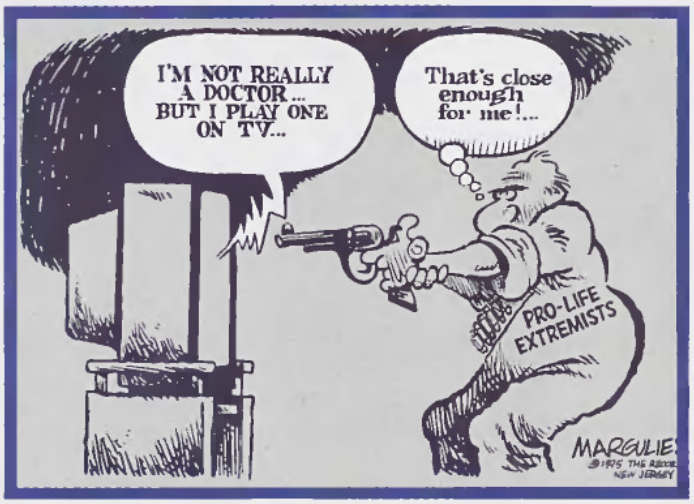
—TERENCE HUGHES, PROFESSOR OF GEOLOGICAL SCIENCES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE, IN *Life Advocate*

WE THE UNDERSIGNED

"We the undersigned declare the justice of taking all godly action necessary to defend innocent human life, including the use of force. We proclaim that whatever force is legitimate to defend the life of a born child is legitimate to defend the life of an unborn child. We assert that if Michael Griffin did in fact kill David Gunn, his use of lethal force was justifiable provided it was carried out for the purpose of defending the lives of unborn children. Therefore he ought to be acquitted of the charges against him."

Among those named in the petition were Paul Hill, later found guilty of killing James Britton; the Reverend Donald Spitz, assistant director of Rescue Virginia, a Norfolk-based group; David Crane, director of Rescue Virginia; and Michael Bray, author of *A Time to Kill*, who was convicted in 1984 for bombing the same Norfolk clinic Salvi allegedly attacked.

When John Salvi was arrested, he had Spitz' name in his possession. Crane led a demonstration in support of Salvi outside the jail. Spitz and Crane deny a connection. Coincidence or conspiracy?


I'M NOT REALLY A DOCTOR... BUT I PLAY ONE ON TV...
That's close enough for me!...
PRO-LIFE EXTREMISTS
MARGULIES
©1995 THE RECORD NEW JERSEY
NORTH AMERICA SYNDICATE

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BENCH PRESS

SAN ANTONIO—*Denied the privilege of exercising, inmates are now replacing barbells with large law books from the prison*

library, then hefting them to get a good workout. The books are provided to help inmates with their appeals. In the interest of fostering weaker, gentler prisoners, officials are considering photocopying the sections relevant to a person's case.

A NEW DRUMMER

BOSTON—*Unable to prohibit homosexuals from joining their St. Patrick's Day parade, the South Boston Allied War Veterans Council canceled the event in 1994. This year, using First Amendment arguments, the veterans came up with a wily solution: Instead of calling the parade a patriotic event or a religious celebration, they billed it as a protest march against the gay lifestyle.*

STEALTH VIRUS

DETROIT—*The human immunodeficiency virus may be most contagious during the first two months of infection, before tests are able to detect it, according to University of Michigan researchers. Their study, published in "The Journal of Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndromes," suggests that infected victims may spread the disease before they test positive for the virus. Other studies support this finding, but the UM research indicates that in its early undetected form, the virus may be 1000 times more contagious than it would be later, when antibodies indirectly reveal its presence.*

LAWYERS IN LOVE: TKO

CHICAGO—*Man meets woman, falls in love, proposes. Man has second thoughts, breaks off engagement. Woman sues. We first reported on this case last August in the "Playboy Forum" article "The Law & Love." The jilted woman originally won $178,000 in a breach-of-promise suit. Her award was whittled to $118,000 by a U.S. district judge. Now the case has been tossed out altogether by an appellate court on a legal technicality: The plaintiff's lawsuit failed to specify the date the couple became engaged.*

IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT

PITTSBURGH—*A 39-year-old McDonald's employee, described as an antiporn crusader, filed suit against the fast-food chain for violating his civil rights with "pornographic music," including selections from 2 Live Crew's "Nasty as They Wanna Be" and Madonna's "Erotica." He also claimed he was fired for filing discrimination charges with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. A federal judge dismissed the case because of insufficient legal merit.*

FINGER FACTORS

LONDON, ONTARIO—*Two Canadian researchers have discovered that homosexual men tend to have more ridges in the fingerprints of their left hands than heterosexual men. (Gays are also more likely to be left-handed.) The report in the journal "Behavioral Neuroscience" noted differences in hearing and brain structure as well. Scientists regard the finding as further evidence that sexual orientation is determined before birth, probably by some combination of biological factors rather than any one gene, hormonal condition or prenatal experience.*

FREEDOM TO FORNICATE

CHICAGO—*A circuit court ruled that antidiscrimination statutes prohibit a landlord's refusal to rent to unmarried couples. The judge found that since the law does not require the landlord to condone fornication and cohabitation, he cannot make his beliefs a condition for renting his property.*

SEPARATE BUT EQUAL

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA—*A federal appellate court revived the Supreme Court's pre-1954 "separate but equal" doctrine to permit publicly funded single-sex schools. The ruling requires institutions to establish equivalent facilities for the other sex, though not necessarily on the same campus. The decision clears the way for the all-male Virginia Military Institute to set up a sister school, the Virginia Women's Institute for Leadership, at the privately funded Mary Baldwin College, 30 miles away. Presumably, South Carolina's The Citadel can use a similar strategy to purge its ranks of Shannon Faulkner, the female "civilian" day student who has sued for full academic status.*

DEEP DISH TO GO

TEHRAN—*Iran's Islamic government is pulling the plug on the country's satellite dishes. The capital city's 11 million resi-*

dents installed some 250,000 of these rooftop antennas before parliament issued a total ban. The response has been to camouflage the dishes, and authorities are threatening helicopter reconnaissance flights to spot the contraband equipment.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

DEATH TRAP

capital punishment is reserved for poor southern blacks—and for states stupid enough to foot the huge bill

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Everybody loves the death penalty. Politicians fall all over themselves in attempts to apply it to an evergrowing list of crimes. Even Bill Clinton pushed through a crime bill last year that added more than 50 new federal crimes carrying the death sentence.

Despite this enthusiasm, few murderers die. Since the Supreme Court declared the death penalty constitutional in 1976, 37 states have applied it to a host of crimes. Yet 13 of those states have failed to execute anyone, and seven others have killed only one or two people. Out of 18,000 arrests for homicide a year, only 300 result in the death sentence, and fewer than 60 of those end in execution.

The truth is that we are serious about imposing the death penalty only when the victim is white, the perpetrator poor and the crime takes place in the South.

We need an equal-opportunity execution program that is open to all, irrespective of race, region or wealth. Right now, 40 percent of the people on death row are black, and most are there for killing white people. Blacks who kill blacks usually face lesser sentences. Although half of the homicide victims in this country are black, 85 percent of the death penalty convictions occur when the victim is white. In the past 18 years, only two white defendants have died for killing nonwhite victims. We have to get over this double standard if the execution numbers are to be increased.

Currently, capital punishment flourishes only in the South, with its noted history of interracial harmony. Of the 266 people executed since 1976, 226 of these deaths occurred in nine Southern states. In the South, liberal politicians are as enthusiastic for the hangman's noose as are their conservative opponents. Remember when Clinton rushed home from campaigning in the New Hampshire primary to preside over the execution of Rickey Ray Rector?

Ann Richards, the former Democratic governor of Texas and the darling of liberals, campaigned as being even more thrilled than her Republican opponent by the prospect of ordering executions. If O.J. Simpson were being tried in Texas instead of California, he probably would have faced a capital charge instead of namby-pamby life in prison.

Not necessarily, though, because even in the death belt of the South, the people executed are mostly indigent. Prosecutors don't go after people who have the money for an expensive defense.

The death sentence, as Yale law professor Stephen Bright explains, is "not for the worst crime but for the worst lawyer." In a recent *Yale Law Journal* article, Bright documents many capital cases in which the lawyers were so drunk that they could barely remember the names of their clients, let alone the facts of the cases. No problem. In many of those cases, the clients' mental capacities were so diminished that they were unlikely to complain about poor representation.

As opposed to the voluminous records compiled in the Simpson and Menendez cases, the records in most death penalty cases are often less than two inches thick. There are no private investigators to challenge the claims of the police, and psychiatrists are not readily available to develop theories of prior abuse. There is little of the brilliant courtroom cross-examination that viewers of Court TV have come to expect from American jurisprudence. Picture instead a desultory rural courthouse in which an intemperate judge and a politically ambitious prosecutor are virtually unchallenged in railroading a prisoner to death row.

But you can't blame the often hapless court-assigned lawyers for shoddy work. In most of the death belt states, less money is allocated for an indigent's defense in a capital case than Simpson's lawyers spend on dinner. In some rural areas in Texas, court-appointed lawyers with capital cases receive no more than $800 to prepare their entire defense. As Bright notes, "In some jurisdictions, the hourly rates in capital cases may be below the minimum wage."

Naturally, the states with the poorest-paid lawyers have the highest execution rates. Texas, for example, leads the nation in executions. Another big executioner is Alabama, where lawyers are paid $20 an hour for out-of-court time with a limit of $2000 for a case.

In Mississippi, lawyers appointed to handle death penalty cases are paid an average of $11.75 an hour. In Kentucky, the cap is $2500 of public funds for a capital crime defense. But even in Philadelphia, the cradle of our democracy, the average is $6399 in public funds. In the Simpson trial the defense is spending upwards of $30,000 a day. Even an indigent prisoner in Los Angeles can be allotted a maximum of $200,000 for his defense.

That's just the beginning of the expense calculation, which has to include the costs of the prosecutor, security, the appeals process and the extra cost of incarceration on death row. A Duke University study concluded that in North Carolina, imposing a capital conviction ends up costing twice as much as imposing a sentence of 20 years to life. The extra cost per prisoner executed was more than $2 million.

Not only is the imposition of the death penalty costly, it is also slow. The average time between sentencing and execution is almost eight years. Those convicted of capital offenses have a constitutional right to appeal the judgment and to question the competency of their legal defense. Almost half of these petitions result in overturned convictions or reversals of the death sentence.

But to hell with the cost and the time. If the murder rate goes down, who cares? The problem is, it doesn't go down. According to the FBI, the states that permit executions have twice the murder rates of those without the death penalty. Countries throughout the world that shun the death penalty have far lower murder rates than we do.

That's because capital punishment is not about cutting crime—it's about revenge. As opposed to every other Western country, we impose this penalty, for the pure joy of retribution. So let's have a national code that matches the penalty to the crime—no matter the color of the victim—and that provides an equal amount of money for the defense.

It is incumbent upon those who believe in and enforce the death penalty to ensure that it is administered fairly. A judicial system that reserves the death penalty for poor Southern blacks sends the message that if you are wealthy or white, you can get away with murder.

SAVE IT FOR THAT SPECIAL OCCASION CALLED NOW.

TONIGHT
LET IT BE
LÖWENBRÄU

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THINK WHEN YOU DRINK

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOYCELYN ELDERS

a candid conversation with the outspoken former surgeon general about sex, drugs, race, the religious right and what she really said about masturbation

To conservatives she's "warped," "dangerous" and "lunatic." To her supporters she's "noble," "heroic" and "gutsy." And to several thousand grateful parents in Little Rock she's simply "Doc." But there's one thing M. Joycelyn Elders, M.D. is not: the surgeon general of the U.S. Not anymore, at least. Not since she had the nerve to suggest that schools teach about masturbation as part of their sex education programs. And she said it out loud at the UN, no less.

As it turns out, the actual words were less dramatic than the hysteria they ultimately wrought: "[Masturbation] is a part of human sexuality, and it's a part of something that perhaps should be taught," she told a gathering at the World AIDS Day conference at the United Nations last December. "But we have not even taught our children the basics. And I feel that we have tried ignorance for a long time and it's time we try education."

That's all it took: Eight days later, and amid extensive media coverage, Elders handed in her resignation—the latest casualty of a faltering Clinton administration, another professional who had unknowingly stepped over the blurry line of political propriety to find herself out of a job.

But in Elders' case, if the final straw hadn't been a remark on masturbation, it might easily have been something else. In more than a decade in public life, Elders has earned her reputation as a walking, talking, blunt instrument. She has tweaked abortion opponents who "love little babies as long as they're in somebody else's uterus," telling them to "get over your love affair with the fetus." She has chided a "celibate and male-dominated" Catholic church for opposing women's reproductive rights. She habitually makes reference to a "religious non-Christian right." And she has urged gay men and women to take on the people "selling out our children in the name of religion."

And, of course, in her brief but controversial stint as surgeon general, she ignited a firestorm by proposing that America study the effects of decriminalizing drugs. If, by conservatives' standards, that wasn't outrageous enough, barely two weeks later her 28-year-old son, Kevin, was arrested for selling an eighth of an ounce of cocaine five months earlier, embarrassing the administration and undermining any serious consideration of Elders' drug plan.

With the masturbation incident, the White House called it a day.

In the wake of her forced exit ("If she had not resigned, she would have been terminated," White House Chief of Staff Leon Panetta told reporters), media commentary ran to the predictable extremes: Some claimed the former surgeon general was a troublemaking loudmouth and that it was about time she got the ax; others praised her for her honesty and vilified the administration for its cowardice, concluding that the good doctor was better off back home in Arkansas, far from the hypocrisy of Washington.

Yet many voices weighed in with a more balanced opinion. In its editorial verdict on the matter, "The New York Times" agreed that Elders was a fearless and honest professional with forward-thinking ideas. Yet, these were rocky times for the Clinton administration, the editorial noted, and despite Elders' good intentions, she had torpedoed herself with her inability to play the politics correctly. "As pedagogy," the "Times" said, "[the masturbation comment] might be defended. As politics, it was a reckless act of indifference to Mr. Clinton's fortunes. . . . This is not a White House that can be passing out ammunition to its critics."

The hot seat in the nation's capital is a long way from the dirt-poor town of Schaal, Arkansas, where Elders entered the world 61 years ago as Minnie Jones. Barely a wide spot on a dusty Arkansas road ("population 99, 98 when I'm away"), Schaal was home to sharecroppers such as the Jones family, a place where such conveniences as indoor

"If the religious right were really serious, it would be fighting for contraceptives, right? If these people really cared, they would be fighting for health education to prevent unplanned pregnancies. But they aren't."

"We weren't talking about teaching the how-to. We were just talking about teaching against the lies—that self-stimulation won't cause you harm. We grow up with these taboos. I say: Teach children the facts."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RIC MOORE

"I'm concerned about what's happening to young black men. They're either in jail or in the graveyards. They're into drugs or they're being killed by guns. If I knew what to do, I'd be out there trying to make it happen."

plumbing were rare. The eldest of eight children, Minnie spent her childhood helping her mother raise seven siblings. She also picked and chopped cotton, baled hay, stripped corn and stretched raccoon skins with her father, who would then sell them to Sears for grocery money.

Along the way, she chose a new name for herself: Joycelyn, taken from the wrapper of a favorite peppermint candy. At 15, she won a church scholarship to Philander Smith College in Little Rock, and for the first time, the future surgeon general visited a doctor.

While in college, Joycelyn worked as a maid ("Scrubbing floors is a whole lot easier than picking cotton"), and eventually crossed paths with a black woman who was attending medical school. Inspired, she decided she could do the same. She graduated and enlisted in the Army, where she became a first lieutenant and trained to be a physical therapist. She enrolled at the University of Arkansas Medical School on the GI Bill as one of three black students—and the only black woman—in her class. It was there that she met and married Oliver Elders, now her husband of 35 years.

For Joycelyn Elders, medical school began a dizzying rise through the ranks of academic medicine: an internship and residency in pediatrics, a postdoctoral fellowship, a master's degree in biochemistry and a series of increasingly lofty educational positions. Ultimately, Elders became a full professor of medicine, teaching pediatric endocrinology. She was also recognized as a national authority on juvenile diabetes and author of some 150 scientific articles.

It was in 1987 that Elders' talent drew the attention of an ambitious young governor who hailed from a place 30 miles from Schaal, a place, as he would often remind us later, called Hope. But no sooner had Bill Clinton named Elders as director of health for the state of Arkansas than she began raising eyebrows: As the governor announced her appointment to the press—Elders standing by his side—a reporter asked her if she planned to provide condoms to Arkansas students. "Well, we won't be putting them on their lunch trays," the new director of health piped up, "but yes." The governor cringed, turned red, gulped several times—then gamely stood by his choice. The public Dr. Elders—corrupter of youth, scourge of the right—was born.

In her new post, Elders was impressively effective. She fought for and won a nationally renowned network of school-based clinics and improved prenatal care and childhood immunization programs in Arkansas. She barnstormed across the state, touting such commonsense public health initiatives as AIDS education, condom availability and age-appropriate sex education. Not surprisingly, abortion foes branded her a "mass murderer" and the "director of the Arkansas holocaust." But they soon learned that Elders (a) does not respond well to being bullied and (b) gives as good as she gets.

In 1993, when Bill Clinton moved to the White House, he brought his favorite health specialist with him. His appointment of Elders as surgeon general prompted a bruising confirmation fight, but once again, the plainspoken Elders prevailed: The Senate confirmed her by a vote of 65 to 34.

Then came her turbulent 15-month run as surgeon general, the ill-fated day at the UN and her one-way ticket back to Little Rock, where she resides today with Oliver (now a retired basketball coach), working as professor of pediatric endocrinology at Arkansas Children's Hospital.

Behind the public storms, the years have brought a more private adversity to the Elders family. She lost a brother and a foster daughter in separate murders. But through it all, Elders has kept her focus on her one true obsession: the children. Her own, her patients', her nation's. Perhaps it's her more than three decades spent in the company of small children and elected officials that have taught her to reduce big ideas to simple words. Take her logical view of sex education: "If we teach kids what to do in the front seat," she says, "we should teach them what to do in the backseat, as well."

Such homespun homilies are a bracing antidote to the hard-core policyspeak in the nation's capital. To capture more of that, we sent New York journalist **David Nimmons,** *whose most recent "Playboy Interview" was with outspoken AIDS activist Larry Kramer, to Arkansas. Here's Nimmons' report:*

Face it: If I had been saying everything they wanted to hear, nobody would know who the surgeon general was.

"I arrived at an utterly humble clapboard house off a freeway in a black neighborhood of Little Rock shortly after dawn. I knocked at the door, curious as to what a fire-breathing, destroyer-of-family-values radical actually looks like. I was met by a short woman wearing a friendly smile and reminding you for all the world of your favorite grandmother. That is, if your grandmother were Harriet Tubman and held a half-dozen advanced medical degrees.

"It took about 30 seconds to figure out that Joycelyn Elders is titanium wrapped in layers of easy Arkansas charm. She manages to be at once funny, warm, unpretentious and totally in command. In one breath, she offers me honey buns ('I like mine heated just a minute in the microwave') and lets me know that I'd better get started, or 'our chat may not last as long as you think it will.'

"Our interview began at her dining room table at 7:00 A.M. and continued in the car on the way to her midday speech at the local Kiwanis Club. Then she headed to the Children's Hospital, where she spent the rest of the day reviewing charts, seeing patients and teaching. Everywhere we went, people recognized her and smiled, welcoming her back to Arkansas. She knew many of the well-wishers by name, and an amazing number of them thanked her for having helped their children.

"Throughout our talks, Elders was enormously likable and disarmingly open. Her words, by turns scalding and introspective, came laced with a razor-sharp sense of humor. Beneath it all, she radiates a supreme self-confidence. I am reminded of the best description of—and highest compliment paid to—Dr. Elders, unwittingly made by arch-conservative congressman Robert Dornan on the House floor: 'It seems she tells the truth on anything and everything. No matter what it is, she lets out her feelings to the detriment of the White House.'

"Well, Dornan got it half right. In a political climate that values mendacity over audacity, it seems the outspoken Dr. Elders simply may have had too much of the right stuff. Judge for yourself."

PLAYBOY: Last year you were reading the medical chart for 250 million Americans. Now you're making the rounds in a Little Rock hospital. How does that feel?

ELDERS: Wonderful. I've enjoyed going to the clinic and seeing patients. I've received boxes of letters, and 99 percent of them are warm and positive and supportive. You know, in Washington we tracked letters to my office, and they were more than 90-to-one positive.

PLAYBOY: So Americans supported the issues you were talking about?

ELDERS: Absolutely. Every study that has been done really supports comprehensive health education programs in our schools, from kindergarten through twelfth grade. So I've not felt in any way that I was talking about things we shouldn't talk about. Nor do I feel that I was not on the same level as the American people.

PLAYBOY: If people liked the message and the messenger, how did you wind up back here?

ELDERS: Well, just because the American people liked the message and the messenger doesn't necessarily say that our politicians were listening to the people. There is a strong, solid 30 percent of the population to the far right. They're very organized and vocal. They write lots and lots of letters, and they never stop.

PLAYBOY: How can you be so sure of your opposition? Maybe people simply didn't like what you had to say.

ELDERS: You have to organize to get people to respond. [My opponents] would advertise—with big advertisements—in their churches. I saw their bulletins. They would send negative advertisements about me to schools and groups, telling people that if they wanted to stop this they had to send money. There were

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money-raising gimmicks.

PLAYBOY: You were raised a Methodist, went to a Methodist school and your brother is a minister. Yet you were hounded out of office by conservative Christian attacks. How do you make sense of that?

ELDERS: Well, see, I never call those people Christians. I call them the very religious non-Christian right. They are not the Christians I know about. They are the Jerry Falwell–Pat Robertson Christians. They pay homage to religious economists.

PLAYBOY: To religious——

ELDERS: Economists. People who use religion to get money from people who don't know better. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Who are you talking about specifically?

ELDERS: The fundamentalist, exclusive people who want to make choices for everybody else, who want everybody to be like them, who put themselves on God's judgment seat. Well, first of all, I don't feel they know enough. I don't feel they're good enough. And I don't feel they love enough.

PLAYBOY: They'd respond to that by saying they are just God-fearing Christians who exercise their constitutional rights.

ELDERS: It's nice to say that, but where was the church during the Holocaust? Where was the church when the Indians were sent off to reservations? Where was the church when black men were held in slavery for 200 years? You know, those God-fearing Christians we're talking about were often the leaders of those kinds of efforts and initiatives.

I am very involved with the church and I support it. But there's an awful lot of difference between being religious and being Christian.

PLAYBOY: Explain the difference.

ELDERS: To me, Christianity is the way we act, what we do. Religion is something we kind of belong to, like a frat. Yet there are religions that are so exclusive—they exclude gays and lesbians, minorities, single mothers. They exclude people if they don't do certain things and act a certain way. Real Christianity—real, true churches—are inclusive. They include all of us with all of our faults. They try to make the church, if you will, a hospital for the sinners rather than a haven for the people who feel they're saints.

PLAYBOY: What is the so-called non-Christian right's vision for America?

ELDERS: To be a dittohead. They're dittoheads. Their parents tell them what they should think, what they should believe, whom they should exclude, whom they should attack. They write one letter and reproduce it a million times so the president gets a million letters against me. They're very well organized and a powerful force. I now understand a lot better how Hitler became so powerful.

PLAYBOY: Do you see parallels between the religious right and the fascist right?

ELDERS: Yes, I do. If you get large groups of people—and they almost have enough—you really take control.

PLAYBOY: In what ways did the religious right target you?

ELDERS: They put out letters. They held seminars. They educated people on how to think, what to say, how to disrupt meetings. It got to the point where I knew who they were at the meetings just by the way they asked me questions. They all asked the same question in the same way. They had no idea what they were asking, and if you followed it up, they didn't know what the next question should be. They were everywhere I went—and I made 308 speeches the first year as surgeon general. Can you imagine a group organized well enough to have somebody picketing everywhere I spoke, all over this country? Even when I gave two or three speeches a day? The only way they got media attention was to carry signs and protest against me.

PLAYBOY: But why were you their target in the first place?

ELDERS: I was only a part of their target. They're really after the presidency, OK? It just happened that I was a target they could use to raise money for their religious economists. Face it: If I had been up there saying everything they wanted to hear, nobody would know who the surgeon general was. So, obviously, the things I was saying must have gotten to them. Otherwise, there would have been no reason to target me. I'm a nobody.

PLAYBOY: You bring to mind another controversial surgeon general. You and Dr. C. Everett Koop both have a bluntness people admire. Where did your outspoken streak come from?

ELDERS: Probably my grandma Minnie, who I was named for. She always said you're supposed to be honest and tell the truth. And if you see something that's not right, you're supposed to say something about it.

PLAYBOY: Some might suppose that the daughter of an African American sharecropper growing up in rural Arkansas in the Forties would have been told to clam up and keep her head low just to get by. Obviously, you weren't.

ELDERS: Our black teachers instilled in us that we were somebody and we could make it. We may not have gotten as much reading, writing and arithmetic, but we were taught a lot about how to be decent human beings. They taught me that I had to have an education—and I had to be better than you—to get even near the same level as you. They taught me not to become upset if an opportunity came up and I didn't get it because I was black, even if I knew I was the best person. They told us, "'Don't be upset' doesn't mean 'don't keep trying.' Be the best you can be." It was almost a ritual.

I was always taught to be honest and truthful. I believed Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. when he said, "The day we see the truth and refuse to speak it is the day

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we begin to die."

PLAYBOY: As surgeon general, you certainly spoke out. Why do you think President Clinton chose you?

ELDERS: He wanted the message that I was putting out. He thought the country wanted that change. He thought America was ready to move forward with educating its children, educating its people—to really talk openly and honestly about sex. To stop the spread of AIDS. To reduce teenage pregnancy. The president thought the country was ready for that message.

PLAYBOY: Was he right?

ELDERS: I think the country is ready. But what we hadn't planned on was the Rush Limbaughs and the dittoheads.

Listen, he's probably the best communicator in America.

PLAYBOY: Rush Limbaugh?

ELDERS: Yeah. I may not like what he says, but he sells. He uses technology in a way that's believable. And that's an art form.

PLAYBOY: When you took the job, did you think your political role might conflict with your outspokenness?

ELDERS: No. I'd never had a problem when the president was governor, so I didn't really foresee it being a problem in Washington.

PLAYBOY: Some suggest that your role was to say things the president couldn't—or wouldn't—say. Do you agree?

ELDERS: That wasn't my role at all. The president wanted and expected me to speak out about the things we needed to do to improve the health of America. He is very committed to that. But when he began to feel that America wasn't ready for that—and he knew that I was probably not going to change—well, then he needed to change surgeon generals.

PLAYBOY: But if President Clinton wasn't comfortable with your message, why did he appoint you? And if he was comfortable with it, why did he fire you?

ELDERS: He was comfortable with my message when he appointed me. But a lot of things were changing in Washington after the November election. When you see something going in a certain direction, you'd be a fool not to respond.

PLAYBOY: The president has known you for more than 15 years. In a relatively short 15 months, what could have changed so dramatically?

ELDERS: Being the president, he may not have wanted to do things the way I was out there talking about doing them. And there's nothing wrong with that.

PLAYBOY: You don't think that reflected his belief—or lack of belief—in your stands or principles?

ELDERS: It doesn't necessarily matter what somebody believes inside. What matters is that you make the correct decision based on good, sound principles and do what's right for the country.

PLAYBOY: Was letting you go right for the country?

ELDERS: It was his version of what was

right for the country. Again, he has that right. That's why he's president, so he can say and do what he feels is right for the country.

PLAYBOY: Even if that means killing the messenger?

ELDERS: If that means Joycelyn Elders has to leave, that's what he has to do. To me, that's a good leader. I've always felt that business is business.

PLAYBOY: At this moment, President Clinton's choice to replace you, Dr. Henry Foster, is having a pretty rough preconfirmation fight of his own. What do you make of that?

ELDERS: Well, he's going through holy hell right now. But he's been a wonderful physician—a real beacon for the poor and powerless—and I think he's an excellent choice for surgeon general.

PLAYBOY: By the time this interview is published, his confirmation could be under way. If you were a betting woman—are you a betting woman?

ELDERS: [*Laughs*] Oh, I've bet on some things in my life.

PLAYBOY: What kind of odds would you give Dr. Foster on his confirmation?

ELDERS: I feel that he will be confirmed. And if he isn't, the women of this country should stand up and make politicians pay in the worst way: by sending them back home.

PLAYBOY: What do you make of the allegations that the issue isn't about Foster performing abortions in his career; it's the fact that the number of those abortions keeps growing, implying that the administration is once again dealing in half-truths?

ELDERS: But it is about the abortions. It's about the politicizing of women's health. And we can no longer allow politicians to use our uteruses that way.

PLAYBOY: And what of the charges that Foster was aware of the Tuskegee experiment in which black patients were permitted to suffer untreated from syphilis as part of medical research?

ELDERS: Impossible. The Tuskegee experiment started in 1932, before Dr. Foster was even born. He had nothing to do with those experiments. We all know they were unacceptable and horrible, but to lay the blame on Dr. Foster is the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard.

PLAYBOY: But, hypothetically, what if it turns up that he did know about——

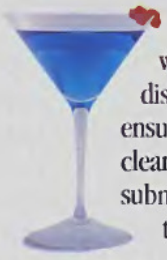
ELDERS: Then that information would be wrong, you know. He just couldn't be a part of it.

PLAYBOY: OK, then let's not put this on Foster specifically. Do you think anybody who was involved in the Tuskegee experiment should be allowed to be surgeon general?

ELDERS: Listen, I've always said that you can never use a single-issue position to make global policy. Anytime you start doing that, you're going to make bad mistakes.

PLAYBOY: Do you talk with Dr. Foster?

Just surfaced.



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ELDERS: Sure. I spoke with him just last week.

PLAYBOY: You're friends?

ELDERS: Yes. We went to medical school together. He was ahead of me. He and my husband played together on the football team.

PLAYBOY: If you could give him one piece of advice right now, what would it be?

ELDERS: I'd tell him to be himself. That's more than good enough to become the surgeon general.

PLAYBOY: Let's return to you. What was your proudest accomplishment as surgeon general?

ELDERS: Increasing Americans' awareness of what is going on with adolescents. I was very pleased with being able to actively and openly talk about AIDS and condoms. I increased the focus on the problem of teen pregnancy. And, yes, Americans probably talked more about masturbation than they ever did in the history of the country.

PLAYBOY: OK, here's your chance to turn history back and tell America exactly what you meant last December at the United Nations. Do you think encouraging masturbation——

ELDERS: Listen, I don't think that anybody is really talking about encouraging masturbation.

PLAYBOY: OK then, what were you thinking when you suggested that masturbation be taught?

ELDERS: We weren't talking about teaching the how-to. We were just talking about teaching against the lies—that if you are doing self-stimulation, it should be done in private and it won't cause you harm. This was at the UN, with a lot of African countries whose HIV rates are, in some places, 50 percent and who are talking about alternative methods of sexual release to prevent the spread of AIDS.

PLAYBOY: Then since you're not surgeon general anymore, tell us: What's the one thing every American male knows about masturbation and isn't saying?

ELDERS: Studies have shown, I think, that 90 percent of the people know masturbation happens and they do it. But they will never admit it—in private, maybe, but not in public.

PLAYBOY: So you're saying, basically, everybody masturbates.

ELDERS: Well, that's what the studies say: 70-plus percent of females and 90 percent of males.

PLAYBOY: Even Newt Gingrich?

ELDERS: Well, they do say 90 percent—he might be in the other ten percent. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Do some people actually believe that if they don't talk about masturbation, teenagers won't do it?

ELDERS: I don't think people are that naive. We've been taught for a long time that you'll go blind, you'll go crazy. Or hair will grow on your hands. We've been taught all these things. We grow up with these taboos and they're hard to get rid of. I say: Teach children the facts and not the lies we've been espousing. Teach them openly and honestly.

PLAYBOY: Dr. Spock recommended that parents openly discuss masturbation with their kids, and during the Reagan years, Surgeon General Koop advocated using condoms. Why can they talk about these things, and you can't?

ELDERS: I think this was about far more than masturbation. This was just another tool that the religious right put in its arsenal to help destroy Joycelyn Elders. You know, it probably would have gotten down to this sooner or later.

PLAYBOY: So the issue here is something bigger than masturbation?

ELDERS: Yes. Yes. I hope so. Please. Let's get real.

PLAYBOY: The media reported that you had been given at least three warnings at various times, including one by White House Chief of Staff Leon Panetta.

ELDERS: I never talked with Mr. Panetta but once in my life: when he called and asked me to resign. There was this idea that I had been taken to the woodshed and been warned. But he never talked with me.

PLAYBOY: Had others?

ELDERS: Donna Shalala talked with me the December before, when I said we

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by William R. Rassman, M.D.

Patient PH before and 7 months after 1 session of 1745 grafts

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"A person may start and complete a hair restoration in just one session."

At the fall meeting I presented two patients, first through their pictures, and then in person. Doctors have learned that photographs often show what the photographer wants. The "after" photographs were criticized from a qualitative point of view by a prominent photographer and critic in the audience. When I offered him the opportunity to view the patients in person, the audience rolled out with a round of applause. My purpose was to show that such results are real and not a trick of the camera.

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William Rassman, M.D.
Founder, New Hair Institute
using his patented
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should study drugs.

PLAYBOY: So you received one warning?

ELDERS: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Period? That's all?

ELDERS: Donna Shalala and her chief of staff talked with me, saying, "We all have to be on the same team and be careful about what we say." They said they were talking to everybody—but to me first. This was after the November election.

PLAYBOY: So there wasn't a history of "Curb your tongue, don't go so far out"?

ELDERS: No. Maybe they talked, but they didn't talk to me.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about Washington. What's the one thing you saw there that would appall ordinary Americans?

ELDERS: The way elected officials behave—the bickering and infighting and partisan politics. They really aren't concerned about what's right and good and best for the people of America. Their concerns are "Get my bill passed" or "Get my amendment passed." It's political posturing. They behave like adolescent boys. Mostly, our politicians exist because people are ignorant and don't know what's going on. I'm amazed at what we put up with. You can't have a democracy and an illiterate society at the same time.

PLAYBOY: Having spent most of your life as one of a few black females in a white male system, what have you learned?

ELDERS: It's all about power. It's not about people. It's not about blacks or whites. It's not about women. White men like being in control. They like the power, and as long as they keep everybody submerged, they will be in power.

PLAYBOY: Are white men different from anybody else in that way?

ELDERS: Probably not, except that they have the power, and the rest of us are trying to get a piece of it.

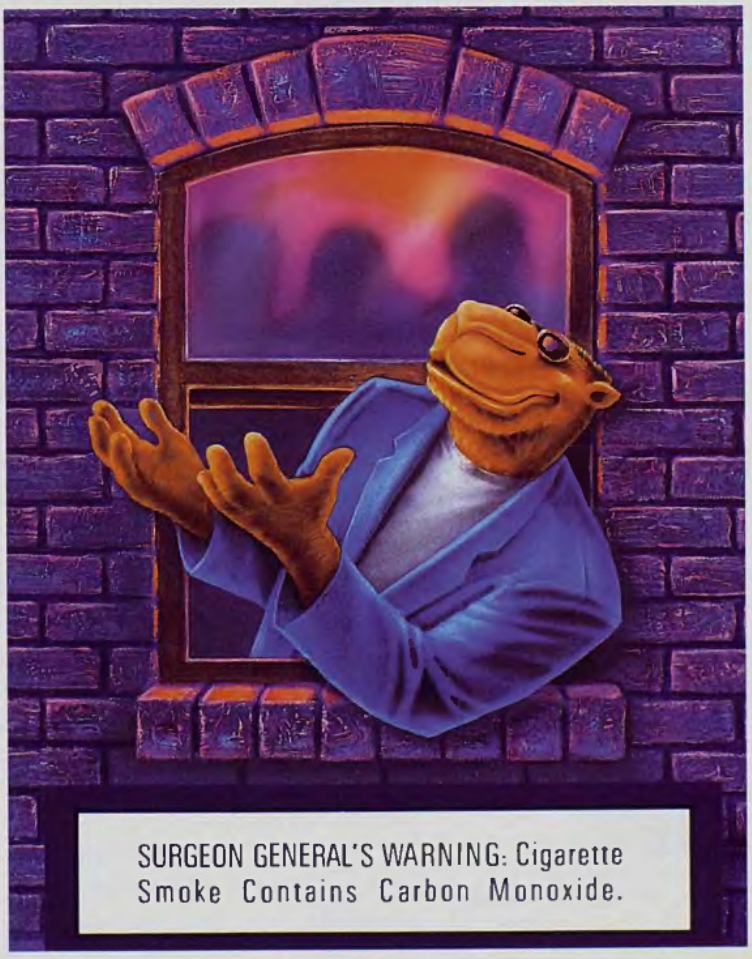
PLAYBOY: Over the past few years we've learned some sobering lessons about black women and power. Do you see any similarities among you, Lani Guinier and Anita Hill?

ELDERS: Again, it's that need for power. The white male structure will fight and oppose any female it sees rising in power. We're easier targets to knock off. We don't have a strong power base.

PLAYBOY: As women?

ELDERS: As African Americans first, as women second. Maybe some of both. Go back through the civil rights movement. Every black man—or anybody, for that matter—who was trying to speak out and move forward, something happened to them. All these scare tactics were used against them.

In the old days, many of these people rode around and hid behind sheets. We called them the Ku Klux Klan. Then, all of a sudden, you couldn't really do that anymore—it wasn't fashionable. So they became the right-to-life movement and they hid behind women's uteruses. Now, all of a sudden, they're the Christian Coalition. And they're trying to hide behind God. You know, it's repulsive



to me, because I've seen them before. They're the same people. They haven't changed. They simply changed what they're about.

PLAYBOY: Are you their worst nightmare?

ELDERS: Probably. You know, they can't stand that I'm not afraid; fear is a powerful weapon. But that sends a message to the rest of us: We've got to organize our coalitions and become just as powerful as they are.

PLAYBOY: Would things be different if we had a Senate full of women?

ELDERS: Women, for the most part, use their power, prestige and position to try to make a difference in the lives of people, to make the world a better place. Men, on the other hand, look at power more in terms of money and control.

PLAYBOY: So if the scales were tipped in the other direction and women were in charge, what difference would we see?

ELDERS: We'd see a great shift in how we treat our children. We wouldn't have one in four children being poor. We would have more early childhood education centers, more good day care, better schools. We'd have universal health care. Women would consider it most important that we have healthy, educated, motivated children with hope. They would know that that's the best way to prevent violence in our streets, to prevent crime and teenage pregnancies. And we would get off this big fight over sexuality.

PLAYBOY: Thousands of Republican women might not agree. They would argue for a radically different vision of society.

ELDERS: True, but many of those women have learned from Republican men that you get in power by making people think you're going to get crime off the streets and put welfare mothers to work. But down through the years in Washington, people have said these things and nothing has changed.

PLAYBOY: Let's get your quick opinion on a few of the players in Washington, starting with the most visible woman in the cabinet, Attorney General Janet Reno.

ELDERS: I have an awful lot of respect and admiration for Attorney General Reno.

PLAYBOY: Based on what?

ELDERS: Based on her outspokenness and her programs. She's concerned about children, and she's fighting to get the right things in place to make a difference. She's being fought hard, but she's still there, still fighting.

PLAYBOY: What about Hillary Clinton?

ELDERS: Hillary is the best facilitator I've ever known. She can get a group to come into a room, really work together and arrive at a major decision. I have a lot of admiration and respect for Hillary.

PLAYBOY: Newt Gingrich.

ELDERS: I think. . . . [*Long pause*]

PLAYBOY: Now, don't get political on us.

ELDERS: No, no, I'm not going to get political on you. I'm just trying to decide how to say what I want to say. I think Newt Gingrich is a very smooth politician. His interest is with himself. He's not concerned about children or America or the people. He's only concerned about building him. And he will use any means possible to do it.

PLAYBOY: What is your professional opinion of his Contract With America? Miracle cure, placebo or snake oil?

ELDERS: Snake oil.

PLAYBOY: What about the specific ideas embodied in the contract?

ELDERS: Most are ideas they are trying to sell to Rush Limbaugh and to other men.

PLAYBOY: Will they succeed?

ELDERS: There is that possibility. But sometimes you can succeed only to discover that what you get may not be what you want. The only way you can have people who are big and at the top is by having people at the bottom. If you destroy all of middle America, then you've really destroyed the top, too.

PLAYBOY: And the Contract With America will destroy middle America?

ELDERS: I think the Contract With America very much hurts all of America.

PLAYBOY: Moving on: What is your opinion of Secretary of Health and Human Services Donna Shalala?

ELDERS: Umm. . . .

PLAYBOY: She was your boss.

ELDERS: Yes.

PLAYBOY: What is she like?

ELDERS: No comment.

PLAYBOY: No comment?

ELDERS: I think Donna Shalala is—— Well, she has a Ph.D. in political science. I think she used her political science.

PLAYBOY: What about Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas?

ELDERS: I think Clarence Thomas is an Uncle Tom.

[*Silence*]

PLAYBOY: No more on that for us?

[*Elders remains silent.*]

PLAYBOY: OK. Last on the list: Senator Jesse Helms.

ELDERS: Mr. Helms is the typical white, Southern, male bigot, who uses his power and his bigotry to try to destroy people. I've never known anything he has done that's positive.

PLAYBOY: So who in Washington do you find most worthy of respect?

ELDERS: Other than the president, the person I probably have the most respect for is Ted Kennedy. He's the Washington person I would most want to be like.

PLAYBOY: Why?

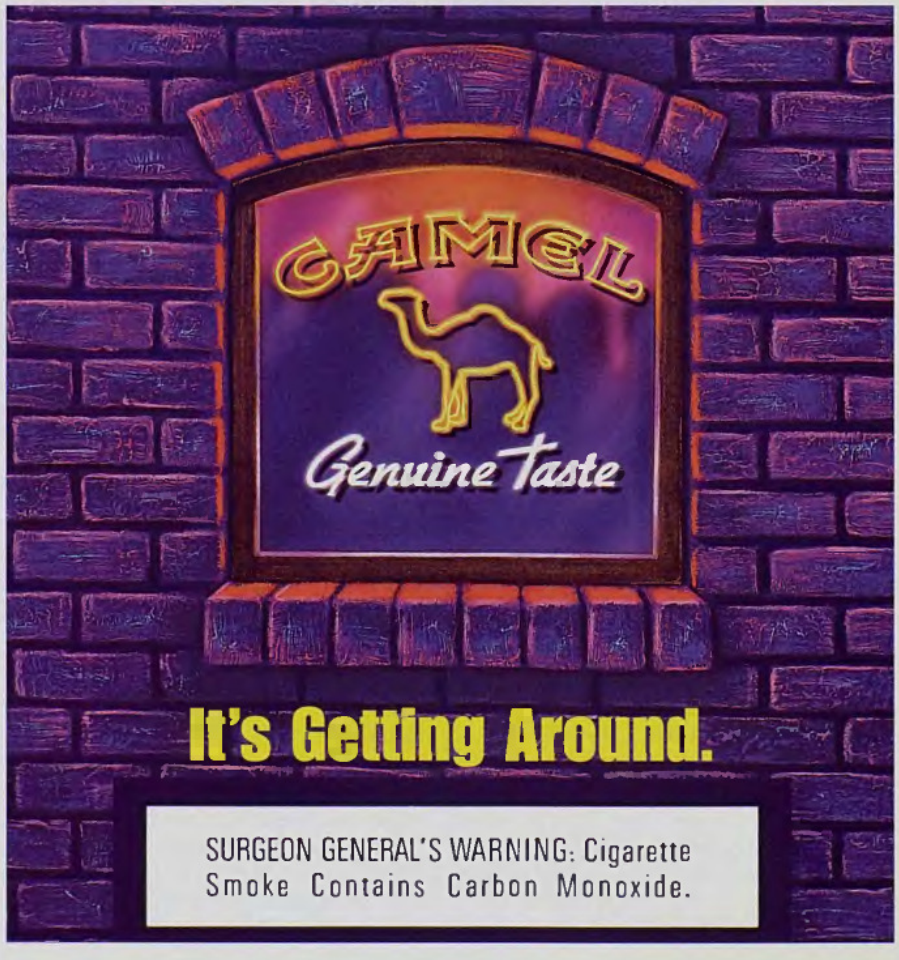
ELDERS: He knows where he is and his values are in the right place. He has a super style. And he goes all out to sell a proposition. He cares about kids, and he's willing to stand up and say it.

PLAYBOY: Let's back up: You praise the president, whom you have known for years. Right now, a lot of Americans feel that they don't know him. Fair?

ELDERS: I think that's fair, yes.

PLAYBOY: So tell us: Who is this guy?

ELDERS: He's a brilliant, well-motivated man who cares deeply about this country and wants to do something that's really outstanding as a leader. He wants to



make a difference for all Americans.

PLAYBOY: So why do voters have such a hard time understanding what he actually stands for?

ELDERS: Sometimes we want to do something that's right and good—to do everything, for everybody. And sometimes. . . . It's painful for him to hurt anybody, you know. Very painful.

PLAYBOY: You're describing a man with the best intentions, but one who finds it difficult to make hard choices. Isn't leadership all about making tough calls?

ELDERS: But we want people to find it difficult to make the hard choices. We want those kinds of people as our leaders, people who have compassion and who feel. I think it was harder for President Clinton to let me go than it was for me. We don't want people who have no feeling, who don't care, who just brush people aside. Because if we have those kinds of people, then we have a callous, noncaring society. I don't think that's what we want.

PLAYBOY: So help us understand Bill Clinton's core values. What does he really stand for?

ELDERS: He absolutely believes in what is good and right, and he wants to do what's best for this country.

PLAYBOY: But what specifically will he go to the mat for?

ELDERS: He'll go to the mat for anything he feels violates the basic principles of American society.

PLAYBOY: You are painting a picture at odds with what a lot of America sees.

ELDERS: If we didn't have all these people throwing darts at him all the time. . . . You know, I thought darts were thrown at me, but never the kinds of darts they're throwing at the president. We should be thinking that he is the most wonderful president we've ever had. Instead, the religious non-Christian right and the Republicans are working their way into office, and we are standing on the sidelines allowing a good, honest, bright, hardworking man to be beat up. Somehow, the American people won't stand up to the dittoheads.

PLAYBOY: What do you see as the administration's key accomplishments so far?

ELDERS: I think this president has gotten far more done than many we've had in the past. Certainly he's turned the country around in terms of the sliding unemployment—that's much less. Our economy is really doing better. Part of that is NAFTA and the other agreements that came about. Family leave was important and made a difference. The president fought to get rid of the gag rule, which said we can't tell poor women about pregnancy options. Now you can get all the information you want and do what you want. That's important. He has almost doubled the funding for early childhood education in the Head Start program. We never hear about those things. All we hear about is the junk that nobody cares about. The other side only uses it to beat up the president.

PLAYBOY: So even after what happened to you, you have great faith in the man?

ELDERS: Yes, I do. It's much more important for him to be president for another four years—to carry out his plan—than for me to be the surgeon general.

PLAYBOY: When you took the job, did you anticipate that so much of it would be spent talking about sex?

ELDERS: No. We have this society in which you can't talk about sex—this puritan, Victorian kind of society. Sex has been taboo forever. Still, we have the highest teenage pregnancy rate in the industrialized world, AIDS is rising rapidly among our teenagers, more than 3 million teens contract syphilis or gonorrhea every year. Yet we deny that our children have sex—even though 75 percent of them tell us that they do.

PLAYBOY: Let's explore that further: What are the big lies America tells itself about sex?

ELDERS: The big lies? That we should abstain until marriage. I think that's a big lie. We have proof that it's a lie.

PLAYBOY: With all due respect, as surgeon general you preached that doctrine.

ELDERS: That's true. But when you talk about it to five- to 15-year-olds, everybody promotes that. Past the age of 15, we know that children are likely to be sexually active, so we want them to have the information to make decisions. The time to teach abstinence is when they aren't dealing with those problems. If we wait until their hormones are raging, we're doing too little, too late.

PLAYBOY: Was abstinence the message you got when you were growing up?

ELDERS: We were taught abstinence in our town, in our school, in our church. We got the idea that you shouldn't engage in sex until you are married. If somebody got pregnant, it was a big hushed-up thing, or they moved out of the community. They did teach us: "Good girls don't do it until they get married." Anybody who did it was no longer good.

PLAYBOY: So there was a lot of shame attached?

ELDERS: Yes. A lot of shame. A lot of shame.

You know, people talk about going back to the good old days. That's just a lie. Teenage pregnancy was higher then than it is now. There were fewer unmarried pregnant teens back then, but more shotgun weddings. There were more "eight-month" babies that weighed eight pounds. The sex and the hormones and the people have not changed.

PLAYBOY: Is there any evidence that counseling abstinence works?

ELDERS: Lots of studies show that children who have comprehensive sex education are more likely to delay sex for nine months. That may not seem like a long time, but it's longer than for those who've not had any education. We need to teach responsibility so kids can make

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responsible decisions. Some will choose to abstain; we should support that choice. Some will not, and we need to support that choice, too.

PLAYBOY: How?

ELDERS: By educating them, making sure they know about condoms and other contraceptives, and how to protect themselves. We can't make that happen by trying to legislate morals.

PLAYBOY: How do you respond to those who say that encouraging condom use ostensibly encourages kids to have sex?

ELDERS: I say to those people: You have insurance on your house and car, but you don't go out and burn down your house and wreck your car just because you have the insurance, do you?

PLAYBOY: So abstinence is big lie number one. Any others?

ELDERS: That our children know nothing about sex—that we need to have this conference the day they get married.

We don't give them the facts. We seem to want our children to be ignorant. We don't want them to have the knowledge to make decisions. They see pictures all day on TV, and hear very sexually explicit songs. Yet we feel that when we tell them "no," we've done our job.

PLAYBOY: After 30 years of studying the development of children, what can you conclude about childhood sexuality?

ELDERS: That our children—that we—are human beings. Sexual beings. And that we all need this love. The more our young people know and understand about sexuality, the less they'll feel the need to experiment. The how-tos of sex—nobody needs to teach anybody how to. God taught us how to.

PLAYBOY: So God was really the first sex educator?

ELDERS: That's right. He endowed us with all the things we need to know. We don't need any lessons.

PLAYBOY: What would Dr. Elders' sex education program look like?

ELDERS: I'm not a sex educator, but I know you have to teach children to feel good about themselves. You have to teach them that there are certain places no [other person] should touch. If that happens, they need to tell somebody. Twenty-plus percent of young women and 13 percent of young men have been sexually abused before the age of 18. More children are abused in our country than in almost any other country.

PLAYBOY: What else would you teach?

ELDERS: We need to teach our young people that sexuality is normal. It's wonderful. It should be between consenting adults, and you have to take on certain responsibilities. Protect yourself and your significant other. If you aren't ready to have children and you don't want to risk AIDS, you should know about contraceptives and condoms so you can protect yourself.

PLAYBOY: You talk about sex being something wonderful, something to celebrate, something God-given. So why would people want to delay that?

ELDERS: There's a heavy responsibility that goes with it. Sometimes our children don't understand and appreciate the consequences—of sexually transmitted diseases, of AIDS, of unplanned, unwanted pregnancies.

PLAYBOY: Is there a big lie we tell about women's sexuality?

ELDERS: Yes—that women are not supposed to enjoy sex and that they're here to serve men. And that the way for men to have power is to keep women barefoot, pregnant and in the kitchen.

PLAYBOY: What do men need to know about women's sexuality?

ELDERS: That women don't really want to be sexual objects. They want to be human beings. Women get a lot of sexual pleasure out of things that aren't just the physical act of sex. Women enjoy a lot of the other things that are part of the buildup, not just the act.

PLAYBOY: Explain something to us. You grew up in an era and in a part of the country that did not celebrate sexuality—in a traditional home and church.

ELDERS: That's right.

PLAYBOY: So how did you get so comfortable with sex?

ELDERS: Well, I'm not sure. I don't remember getting many messages at

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home, either positive or negative. We had lots of dogs and cats and cows and pigs, so I learned some of this related to animal sexuality.

PLAYBOY: But what made this girl from rural Arkansas grow up to so easily say things that make Republicans blush?

ELDERS: Because our teachers taught sexuality in school, I never felt uncomfortable with it. Later, as an endocrinologist, I saw children with ambiguous genitalia and abnormalities of sexual differentiation. I saw little girls who went into puberty early—at three or four. The great risk was that they would be abused, so I had to talk to moms about protecting their daughters. With mom and dad sitting right there, we'd talk hard and heavy about it.

I also talked to young men. It got so that whenever they came in, they expected me to ask them to pull down their pants so I could see how they were developing. What upsets dad most is thinking his son is not developing into a young man. Dealing with these things for 20-plus years, you had to get comfortable with yourself so you could get comfortable with the parents.

PLAYBOY: At this point, does anything about sex make Joycelyn Elders blush?

ELDERS: There are probably lots of things that make me blush. I used to give lectures about sex to the high schoolers at my husband's school. Well, they knew more about sex than I did. [*Laughs*] They had a lot of misinformation, too.

PLAYBOY: What misinformation do you think America has about AIDS?

ELDERS: That "it doesn't affect me, my family, my neighborhood or my school." Well, it affects all of us. We're all vulnerable. It can touch each and every one of our families, any time.

PLAYBOY: How do we fight that?

ELDERS: Education, education, education. It's all we've got. It's amazing that we don't use all our available resources for that. We could use our churches, our schools, our communities. We could use the most powerful medium we have—television. But we don't.

PLAYBOY: Since you brought up church: You're a 61-year-old, churchgoing woman. You've been happily married for 35 years, you've raised your family. How do you answer those people who say that you lack Christian family values?

ELDERS: I say: Whose family values are they talking about? Family values, to me, is caring about others. Family values, to me, is having a supportive, extended, nuclear family. I don't feel that everybody's family has to be like my family. We can have single-parent families, we can have same-sex-parent families. Who are we to decide? God decides what real family values are.

PLAYBOY: You talk about same-sex-parent families. In the past, you have blamed much of this country's antigay bigotry on what you've called an irrational fear of sexuality. Can you explain?

ELDERS: I think our churches sometimes promote these irrational feelings and behaviors. Like the idea that gay or lesbian people can't take good care of children. Or that they'll like anybody of the same sex—that gay men will go after any man walking down the street. Well, those are lies. Their feelings are related to emotional bonding. I don't feel like going out with any man who walks down the street. Well, gay relationships are just like heterosexual relationships. Sometimes they may be even more warm and loving and caring than these so-called great families who talk about it.

PLAYBOY: You said earlier if women were in control, there would be fewer fights about sexuality. Can you explain?

ELDERS: Men are far more uptight about sex than women are—unless it involves them. Women are far more likely to be rational and open and to discuss things. Most rape, really, and child abuse is committed by men; most abnormal sexual behaviors involve men. Yet men are the ones who appear to be most bent out of shape about sex. Just take the abortion issue. Look who's always out there pontificating. But when you ask them about things we can do to make a difference, they spin out onto these crazy issues.

PLAYBOY: Crazy issues?

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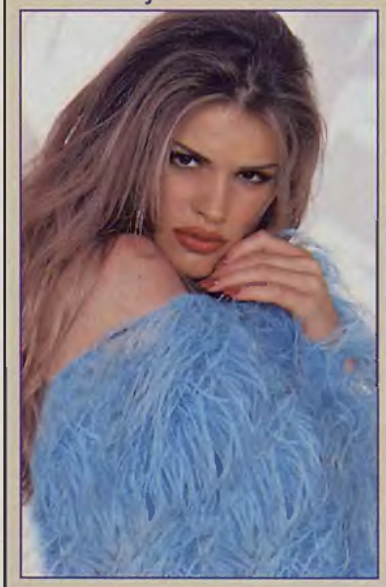

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ELDERS: Let's say I was talking about comprehensive health education, grades K through 12. They're out there saying I'm teaching five-year-olds how to use condoms. Only a man with a warped sense of his own sexuality would even think that.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything you know about abortion that you couldn't say as surgeon general?

ELDERS: No. I said the things I wanted to say: Abortion should be safe and available and legal. We should hope to get to the point that it would be unnecessary; if we had planned, wanted pregnancies, abortion would be totally unnecessary. I've never known a woman to need an abortion who was not already pregnant. Also, people use the abortion issue.

PLAYBOY: How?

ELDERS: Many politicians run on just the abortion issue. The people fighting abortions are primarily men. They've never been pregnant, certainly not had an abortion. They go out and fight against abortion, but they don't think they need to fight for the health and welfare of children. That makes no sense to me. These people fight contraceptives. They're outside abortion clinics, fighting. But if the religious right were really serious, it would be out fighting for contraceptives, right? If these people really cared, they would be fighting for health education to prevent unplanned pregnancies. And to make sure that we had early childhood education and food stamps and all of that.

But they aren't.

You never see these people carrying signs supporting the health and welfare of children.

PLAYBOY: What are you saying?

ELDERS: That I don't see any of this love being demonstrated. That's why I call it a love affair with the fetus. See, a marriage, or a child—that's for a lifetime. But a fetus is a term-limited affair.

PLAYBOY: So you don't think these people are sincere?

ELDERS: No. I don't think they have as many feelings about the unborn as they say they do. You can't be that much in love with the fetus and not love children. There is no demonstration of their love for children, except with their own children. They're carrying banners to save a child who is unwanted, but they aren't willing to take that child into their home. They're fighting Medicaid and other things that support children.

PLAYBOY: What is the greatest threat to reproductive freedom?

ELDERS: For American women to allow men to take control of their uteruses. It's time for women to stand up.

PLAYBOY: How?

ELDERS: Any politicians who vote against abortion—well, vote them out. I mean, just line up and vote them out. They aren't good enough, they don't know enough and they don't love enough to make those kinds of decisions for women. We've let male physicians and celibate churches dictate our reproductive choices. It's time we make the decisions about those choices so we can have planned, wanted children. That's what America is about to me.

PLAYBOY: You have said that politicians should stay out of women's uteruses. But in Arkansas, you also spearheaded efforts to increase men's accountability for the children they father, correct?

ELDERS: To increase male responsibility, yes. We enacted some early laws to make men put their Social Security numbers on the birth certificates to make sure they pay for their children.

PLAYBOY: So you believe the state should stay out of women's sexuality but regulate men's sexuality?

ELDERS: If you have a child whom you both created, shouldn't you both be responsible? Why should it be just the woman's responsibility? Don't you feel that the man has a responsibility?

PLAYBOY: You're comfortable compelling that responsibility through the state?

ELDERS: Yes, I am. I feel if more men were responsible, then obviously far more contraceptives would be used.

PLAYBOY: Halfway through the second decade of AIDS, how would you grade America's response to the epidemic?

ELDERS: Well, the only thing we've got against this disease is education—we do not have a drug or a vaccine. AIDS is making us talk about sex more than we might have. But we've not really educated our young people about that yet.

PLAYBOY: Are you basically saying America's been asleep at the switch?

ELDERS: We've been asleep at the switch as well as behind many European countries on sexuality and health education issues. They really started in the Seventies, when we were still feeling that ignorance was bliss.

PLAYBOY: What do you see as the top public health concerns in the U.S.?

ELDERS: AIDS and family planning are two things that we could help to solve if we just worked at them. We preach all these morals that our children know we don't follow. We try to legislate morals rather than teach responsibility. The European countries don't do that.

PLAYBOY: We seem to have a Congress full of folks who think it's their job to legislate morals. Why is that?

ELDERS: When people over the age of 60 or 65 start making decisions for the rest of us, they've forgotten that they've already done everything under the sun, and all of a sudden they're totally reformed. They tell us all these things we shouldn't do, and legislate all these things that shouldn't go on. Well, I feel we should have a mandatory retirement age of 65 for all political offices. Just like in schools, we need mandatory retirement for our elected officials. I don't feel we should allow anybody to be elected to a public office who's more than 65.

PLAYBOY: Those are pretty strong words coming from a 61-year-old woman.

ELDERS: That's right, absolutely.

PLAYBOY: You don't see any value to accumulated wisdom?

ELDERS: That depends on whether they accumulated wisdom or not. If they did, we could still use their wisdom. But they don't have to be in power to give it to us.

PLAYBOY: The elderly are the fastest growing group in America. Don't they deserve politicians who represent them?

ELDERS: If you've had the opportunity to make laws and decisions for the country until you're 65, then it's time to move over and let somebody else do that. We need some new blood, new thinking, new ideas.

PLAYBOY: Where do you see this new thinking coming from?

ELDERS: We have to admit: Newt Gingrich. We may not like his ideas, but at least he has put something out there. He's willing to stir things up and make people think. That's not bad—you can't be too mad about that. You still don't have to agree with him.

PLAYBOY: Let's move closer to home. Your son, Kevin, was sentenced to ten years for selling an eighth of an ounce of cocaine. Would that have happened if his last name weren't Elders?

ELDERS: Of course not. Nobody would have known that it had happened. He probably wouldn't even have been picked up. The person who was really turned in was never even locked up. I feel that my son was entrapped because of me. But if he hadn't been involved in drugs, it wouldn't have happened.

PLAYBOY: This occurred shortly after your statement about legalizing drugs?

ELDERS: Yes.

PLAYBOY: That's a pretty hard thing for a mother to carry around.

ELDERS: Well, because of that, my son got into treatment, and he's much better off now. If it had not happened, he might be dead today.

PLAYBOY: So what would a rational drug policy look like?

ELDERS: Our current drug policy doesn't appear to be working very well. We have too many young people being locked up and not getting treatment. We are not doing enough to prevent the problem in the first place. We're just filling up our prison cells and wasting our bright young people.

PLAYBOY: So what are our options?

ELDERS: If we're willing to put people in prison for drugs, we should at least provide treatment. We don't. Instead, we waste all our money making other people rich off the drug trade. The greatest growth industry in our country has been prisons: prison cells, the people building prisons, staffing prisons, lawyers. We're talking about money now, and money is power in our society. To me, those are real issues. We're not talking about how

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to help people.

PLAYBOY: In the past you've called for legalizing marijuana.

ELDERS: No, I never called for legalization. I called for studying the legalization of drugs—looking at what would make sense.

PLAYBOY: Any specifics?

ELDERS: I don't know enough. If I knew enough of what would make sense, I wouldn't be asking for a study, I'd be out there saying: "Now this is what we should do, you idiots." But I haven't studied that enough.

I know we certainly need to get counselors involved, even if we decriminalize drugs. When I say I would make drugs available for the drug users, I'm not talking about putting them on the shelf. The users would go to a hospital or a clinic, sign their name and pick up the drugs. This way we would get rid of all the sellers and dealers—and 60 percent of crime in the U.S. is, in some way, drug related. Then the counselors could get these people into treatment programs, reduce their doses and get them off the drugs. Most important, we could educate our young people in school about drugs, which we don't.

PLAYBOY: OK, we've covered sex and drugs. Any thoughts on rock and roll?

ELDERS: Well, some of our gangsta raps have just gone too far out.

PLAYBOY: Any in particular?

ELDERS: You know, calling women whores? It makes many young people totally disrespect women. It puts women down, portrays them as sex objects just to be used and abused.

PLAYBOY: Yet rap is an indigenous voice coming from a disenfranchised community. Does that give it any legitimacy?

ELDERS: I don't know. But I'm really concerned about what's happening to young black men. They're disappearing. They're either in jail or dead in the graveyards. They're on probation or into drugs or they're being killed by guns. Very few go to college. That, to me, is a real problem. If I knew what to do, I'd be out there trying to make it happen.

PLAYBOY: You sound as if you think the young black male is endangered.

ELDERS: Yes, I do. We have to start early. We've got to find mentors to keep them on track. Locking them up and throwing away the key or letting them revolve in and out of jail is not the way to go.

PLAYBOY: What is the way to go?

ELDERS: First, move them out of poverty. Second, educate them—start with early childhood education. Eighty-five percent of middle-income children have early childhood education. Yet only 18 percent of children on Medicaid—the poorest of the poor—have any early education. So they start behind, they stay behind and they never catch up. Then we complain because they don't do well. We're teaching our young black kids: "You're nobody, you're a second-class citizen, you can't make it. You're just going to get pregnant or kill somebody or be an addict." We've programmed these kids to be what we see.

I don't know any way you can get these kids out of poverty—and keep them out—without an education.

PLAYBOY: That's a pretty sobering vision for the future of African Americans.

ELDERS: Yes, we've got to do more. Our black churches have to do more. We were so busy—when I say we, I'm a part of that—surviving and trying to get up out of the barrel, so glad to have made it ourselves, that we weren't really that concerned about those we left behind.

PLAYBOY: If you were to distill these issues into a list like the Contract With America, what would a prescription for a healthier country include?

ELDERS: That we provide universal health care for all Americans.

That we make a heavy investment in children.

That we do whatever is needed to make sure that every child born in America is a planned and wanted child.

That we have early childhood education for all children, and health education programs in our schools.

That our young men begin to feel male responsibility.

That we provide primary preventive health services in schools.

And that all bright young people who want to go to college—who are decent human beings and have a B or above average—should have that opportunity.

PLAYBOY: As you look back over the past two years, how do you feel you were treated by the press?

ELDERS: The good press—the best, most respectable press—was really very fair to me. And the people who wanted to get things wrong and twist things and distort things did.

PLAYBOY: What was the biggest example of twisting things?

ELDERS: When I supposedly said I wanted to legalize drugs. Thank God for videotape. What if it hadn't been on video? Then I never could have proved what I said.

PLAYBOY: Was that calculated, or just sloppiness by the press?

ELDERS: It was very calculated in some parts of the press. When I made the comment on masturbation, all the media were there at the UN. All the major TV stations. We even had a press conference afterward. But not one blip about it. It was only when people decided to distort it that it got to be such big news.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that what happened to you was part of a plan?

ELDERS: Right. If you read all of their literature, you'll see that the religious non-Christian right has a very orchestrated plan. They plan to be in 60,000 churches on the Tuesday before the next election, handing out information on who to vote for. It's powerful. They were out there at the midterm elections.

PLAYBOY: Does America realize that?

ELDERS: No. *I* didn't realize it until about a year or two ago. Then I started seeing their literature, seeing their organization, and knowing they were holding all these meetings on how to win school board elections and that sort of thing.

What's scary about all this is that they're doing it; it's getting done. They said: "We'll start where there's low voter turnout and take over the school boards. We will send our children to private Christian schools. We will control what the children are taught, and we will fight against public schools and destroy them, and we'll take away all their power"—because if you keep people poor and ignorant, they have no power. And they're doing all that very effectively, all across this country. I thought it was just happening in Arkansas, but that's not true. We are putting our heads in the sand, ignoring the problem, pretending it doesn't exist and hoping that it will go away. We've allowed political satire to become our reality. I hope the American people begin to wise up.

PLAYBOY: And if we don't?

ELDERS: Sooner or later, a nation that does not take care of its youngest, eldest and weakest will truly self-destruct. We are always working in this country to prevent things from happening to us from the outside. But I don't think we have to worry about anything happening to the U.S. from the outside. We're going to self-destruct from the inside. Look at Russia. Nobody dropped a bomb on Russia. But it would have been better off, probably, if somebody had. What I mean by that is that the Russian people are suffering from the inside by self-destruction. I feel that if a country allows this to happen, its citizens are saying that this is what they really want.

PLAYBOY: Is that what America wants?

ELDERS: Well, it's not what the people I'm out there seeing and meeting on the street want. It bothers me that we're sitting back and allowing this group to take over. Yet it *is* happening and I'm not even sure that people are noticing.

PLAYBOY: Any advice?

ELDERS: It's time that we wake up and decide if we want to keep control and keep America inclusive—with room for all of us, the kind of country that we want it to be, the land of the free and home of the brave. Or do we want to turn it over to these self-righteous, self-appointed people who have so little room for anybody different? They go out and get the whole world to fight, and we're sitting here swallowing it, not saying anything.

PLAYBOY: Any parting words for them?

ELDERS: [*Laughs*] Yes. I would suggest that they really pray for themselves. And make sure that they don't try to sit in God's place.

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

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ARTICLE BY CHIP ROWE

THE SAFE GENERATION

PLAYBOY CONDUCTED A WIDE-RANGING CAMPUS SURVEY THAT EXPOSES A FEARFUL STUDENT BODY BLINDLY MARCHING UNDER THE BANNER OF PC

SHORTLY BEFORE 7:30 A.M. on a chilly April morning in 1993, drivers began delivering bundles of student newspapers around the campus of the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. When *The Daily Pennsylvanian* hit the pavement, six dozen members of the Black Student League were waiting. The paper had carried columns by a white student who questioned, among other things, the heroism of Martin Luther King Jr., and labeled Malcolm X a hatemonger. Before classes began that day, angry BSL members had dumped nearly all 14,000 copies of the paper in the trash. The empty racks carried a sign: "Sometimes inconvenience is worth the price. Think about it."

Fortunately, people on campus did just that. Another group of students dug through the garbage to save as many copies of the paper as they could and distributed 6000 freshly printed copies. The black students, who were scolded but not disciplined, claimed their rogue action was justified by—are you listening, George Orwell?—the First Amendment.

Penn is not the only university where the sometimes uncomfortable principle of free speech has been trampled by campus groups. Student newspapers that contained controversial material have been stolen at Penn State, Clemson, Duke, Maryland, Rochester and at least 50 other schools during the past two years. It's the latest campus craze.

The larceny of "dangerous thoughts" and the publications that carry them is part of a decade-long retreat on campus from the principle of free speech. Propelled by the desire to protect vulnerable groups, elements of the political left have launched an assault on the open expression of unpopular ideas through hate-speech codes, peer pressure and censorship.

To understand the significance of political correctness and its effects on college students, the editors of PLAYBOY commissioned a wide-ranging opinion poll directed at the heart of the academic community. We sent representatives from a major national polling organization—Maritz Research—to 50 campuses across the U.S. The schools we chose were a mix of public and private, urban and rural, two-year and four-year. By the time the researchers had finished their survey, they had visited schools as small and varied as Avila College in Kansas City, Missouri and the University of St. Thomas in St. Paul, Minnesota, as large as the University of Arizona and Florida State University, and

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE BENNY

as venerable as Princeton and Stanford.

At each campus, the researchers randomly recruited 15 students to provide an even mix of class year and gender. The racial split was 75 percent white and 25 percent minority. Half of the total of 749 students surveyed described themselves as moderates, a quarter as conservatives and a quarter as liberals. The students were not told that PLAYBOY was sponsoring the survey, which touched on everything from hate speech to censorship to date rape and sexual etiquette.

To add perspective to the numbers, PLAYBOY later sent reporters to speak with dozens more college students in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. With the raw data in hand and pages of field notes and observations, we sat down to look over the results. What we found startled and disturbed us.

SAY THE RIGHT THING

Political correctness—or, as writer Saul Bellow calls it, "free speech without debate"—seems to have infringed on one of the fundamental dynamics of college learning: Students arrive unworldly, dissect as many ideas as they can, shoot off their mouths a bit, then leave four years later embracing the theories, lessons and arguments that best fit their experiences.

But according to our poll results, as the diversity of the student body increases, so does the pressure to limit discussion of controversial subjects. Hundreds of students that PLAYBOY surveyed and interviewed accepted the idea that they are obliged to keep everyone happy, even if this means sacrificing free speech. Nearly half supported banning the expression of racist ideas—an attitude that justifies actions such as those taken by the Black Student League at Penn. Two thirds of students said that words such as ugly, black, Miss or Oriental should not be uttered in groups because of the risk that someone might be offended. A quarter favored restrictions on slurs against homosexuals, and 18 percent would support rules to ban hurting anyone's feelings. And in a finding that would make Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman spin in their graves, ten percent said they would censor anything that contradicted the school's stated political positions and five percent said they would censor anything that contradicted professors' beliefs. (The latter group, no doubt, gets really good grades.)

Perhaps emboldened by such an obedient student body, the fear of lawsuits and a belief that certain groups must be sheltered from abuse, many schools have attempted to regulate what is said on campus. For all their good intentions, it's not clear that hate-speech codes are even needed: Students appear to be self-regulating. While seven in ten of those we surveyed weren't sure if their schools even had rules against hate speech, almost the same number—six in ten—said they adjusted their behavior or censored their speech anyway.

"I analyze who I'm talking to and make an attempt, in effect, to stereotype them so that I don't offend them," admits Lawrence David Parker, a sophomore at Columbia College in Chicago. "For instance, we have a dance group coming in that features people in wheelchairs. How do you portray that without saying, 'This is unique'? It's confusing sometimes, because I don't come from a very politically correct environment. People didn't nitpick what I said."

Students aren't the only members of the campus community whose work and lives have been affected. Professors and others whose insensitivity once only sparked debate are now also accused of violating rights. Because our nation and our college campuses have become so diverse, and because nearly everyone—including white males—has shown an eagerness to stand and fight (and hire lawyers) over perceived insults, how can anyone guess what will offend someone pulled out of a crowd?

"I have eliminated some material from my courses. I tape all my lectures so there can be no question of what I actually said. I never tell jokes in class and I try to restrain my sense of humor," Charles Crawford, a psychology professor at a small Canadian university, wrote recently. "I encourage my women graduate students to give the lectures on the more controversial material on rape, incest and war."

Students find themselves on similar tightropes, struggling for a balance between expressing their frustrations about the society they've inherited and stifling any outbursts that might get them labeled as bigots. "Almost every student has an opinion about everything," says Arpana Gupta, a senior at UCLA. "It's just a matter of how willing you are to voice them openly, given that things probably aren't going to change and you're going to wind up getting a lot of criticism." Add another plank to the Bill of Rights: the right not to be offended.

(Apparently even being asked for an opinion is offensive to some people. Fourteen percent of the surveyed students said our anonymous written questionnaire was irrelevant, nine percent said it was too personal and four percent were outright offended—although no one was indignant enough to refuse the five bucks they were offered for their trouble after they completed the survey.)

Attempts to curtail hate speech, and to talk around ethnic, racial, sexual and gender differences, are bundled under the concept of political correctness. But even with all of the bashing that PC has received in recent years, 73 percent of students identified themselves as being politically correct. And if anyone thinks the trend is passing, it is interesting to note that more freshmen than seniors adhere to the PC doctrine. Sixty-two percent of the students polled agreed that they sometimes censored their language or adjusted their behavior because of political correctness, and slightly less than half think it has been a constructive force on their campuses.

At the same time, almost two thirds say it is all right to laugh at gender, racial or ethnic jokes. Given the high number of PC students, we can only assume they're laughing up their sleeves. The numbers of politically incorrect jokers reflect how difficult it is to live the PC lifestyle without stirring up the very conflicts PC tries to smooth over. Liberals feel the brunt of this paradox, since they invented PC and certainly face great pressure to make it work. The Maritz researchers summed it up nicely: Left-leaning students "are torn because their liberal attitude leads them to allow anything, but by being politically correct, they do not want to hurt anyone."

College students—liberal, moderate and conservative alike—probably want more than anything to be accepted, and liked, and part of the crowd, and many were changing their behavior to achieve that end. So PC may simply be a facade to avoid criticism. Seventy-four percent of respondents said that being popular was more important than being politically correct. And they were suspicious of the PC doctrine and what it has done to their campuses. Almost four in ten students said fear of appearing politically incorrect makes college life less spontaneous and fun.

MARCHING TO AN INDIFFERENT DRUMMER

Whether because of the lack of mobilizing issues or a lack of spirit or from fear of offending someone who disagrees, three of every four students we asked had not attended a march or rally for any cause during the past year. Our finding was matched in an annual survey by UCLA's Higher Education Research Institute, which found this year's entering class the least politically involved since the institute began its

"It's amazing how you anticipated my every move."

surveys 29 years ago. Only 32 percent of 240,000 respondents thought that "keeping up with political affairs" was an important goal in life, and a mere 16 percent frequently discussed politics; both figures were all-time lows. All is quiet on the Western campus front.

Many of those who spoke with our interviewers suggested their seeming passivity should be seen as tolerance. Others questioned that explanation. "So often people are more concerned with using the right PC label rather than with doing anything to address larger problems," such as racial and gender tensions, suggests USC senior Michelle Baker.

Few issues seem to incite much passion among many students. Only civil rights, the pro-choice movement and environmental causes managed to scrape together the support of half the surveyed students, with women more likely to be involved than men. The remaining issues we brought up, including gay rights, animal rights and feminist and religious issues, were of less concern.

"The political climate has changed for people in their early 20s," says Tim Beasley, a graduate student at UCLA. "Where it used to be OK for everyone to speak out, now it's OK for only certain people. More of the 18- to 22-year-olds tend to be sensitized automatically. It's not that they're afraid to speak out. It's just that they don't want to."

There are activists on any campus, of course. A few students insist that many young people are politically aware, but just don't take to the streets as their parents did. "I'm not indifferent," says Jana Kalensky, a sophomore at Hunter College in New York. "But I'm not into the whole political-rally, mob-mentality scene." Instead, students say they or others organize performances, print zines, send e-mail or write letters. "I'm not all that confrontational," adds Greg Wegweiser, a senior drama major at New York University. "I deal with things through the plays I write and direct and what I put on the stage for people to see. That's my way of making people aware of the issues and how I feel about them. People are a little more receptive that way." Unless, of course, someone takes offense at a performance, protests his choice of topics or confiscates his writings.

For that reason, it was perplexing to find that such a large number of students—four in ten—support the banning of controversial material from their campus bookstore. We provided each student with a list of material that has caused public debate: compact discs or tapes with violent or sexist lyrics, magazines with male or female nudity and videos with violence or nudity, and asked which, if any, they would ban from the campus bookstore. Music fared relatively well, with only 20 percent of the students saying they would restrict access among students to violent or sexist lyrics. But almost a third of the students were willing to ban any or all of the other controversial items, with women notably more willing to do so than men.

Again, students seemed conflicted. The music performed by bands such as Guns n' Roses may be sexist and violent—but what if their roommate listens to it? It becomes a battle of preferences: Do you prefer to let others make decisions about what they hear and see, or do you force them to make the "right" decisions, in order to keep everyone happy? This conflict was reflected in other survey findings. Nearly a third of the students who said they opposed any campus restrictions on free speech also said they would support banning at least one of the items from the bookstore.

In a similar example of the difficulty students have with the awkward principles of free speech, 62 percent of those same respondents who earlier said they opposed any restrictions on free speech were unwilling to allow extremist groups to meet on campus. (To add to the confusion, the 25 percent who would allow such groups were split equally among liberals and conservatives.)

Consider what happened to David Irving, a British historian who has been accused of being a Nazi sympathizer. Early this year he was invited by a student group, the Free Speech Coalition, to present his views at the University of California at Berkeley, the same school where the Free Speech Movement began three decades ago. Protesters forced Irving to flee before he could utter a word, and they beat and spit on people who tried to enter the building. A college staff member who had to be rescued by campus police said that although he considered Irving a "scumbag," he still felt compelled to "confront those who would deny others free speech."

The beliefs of a majority of college students seem to run counter to that philosophy. About half the students polled thought that universities should have rules against hate speech, and only 27 percent were against such rules. A full 67 percent were ready to limit free speech in certain situations, such as if the words were used to incite violence or express homophobic ideas, or if the words ridiculed a specific member of the student body. "I don't think free speech is an issue on campus," concludes Randall Lynch, a freshman at the University of Chicago. "If it were, I probably would have heard of it."

DON'T TOUCH, DON'T TELL

Not surprisingly, the college students we surveyed appeared even more cautious about saying or doing the wrong thing in their sexual relations than they were among their peers on campus. Students seemed eager to have someone in authority spell out acceptable rules of engagement. Four in ten students felt that universities should have sexual conduct rules or guidelines beyond city and state laws, and this was one of the few responses agreed on across demographic and political lines. Among the students who said that their schools had a policy on sexual encounters, almost seven out of ten said they were comfortable with this. Again, the freshmen (78 percent) were the most accepting of such rules.

Since January 1993, when Antioch University implemented its sexual conduct code requiring students to get verbal consent from their partners at each level of intimacy, enrollment applications and inquiries have increased at the Yellow Springs, Ohio campus. "We've talked to students who have applied and said, 'We've heard about it and think it's neat,'" the dean of students has said.

Unless colleges go to the extreme that Antioch did, where every sexual encounter is subject to school policy, students are on their own trying to figure out what's OK. Nearly half the male students we surveyed (and almost 40 percent of the female students) expressed concern that something they might say or do would be misinterpreted. Nearly 40 percent felt that sexual behavior has become more of a political than a personal issue on campus. This is true especially among men. Says Michael Meiners, a junior at Northwestern University, "There is a feeling of powerlessness on campus" when it comes to relationships and sex.

Many students have eliminated casual sex from their lives. Forty-five percent (notably women and those under age 21) insisted they do not have intercourse without an emotional commitment. "Everybody seems to be into having very serious relationships," says Marjorie Jones, a freshman at Northwestern. "The guys don't want to date around. Maybe it's because the people I know want a long-term commitment that they're not having casual sex."

That's probably a matter of age. Junior and senior men and women still have a shot at getting lucky at a party: A lusty 61 percent of those 21 and older were ready to take a tumble without commitment. And great numbers of

(concluded on page 153)

BEAUTIFUL SCREAMERS

five fast-lane fliers for those with the guts and the bucks

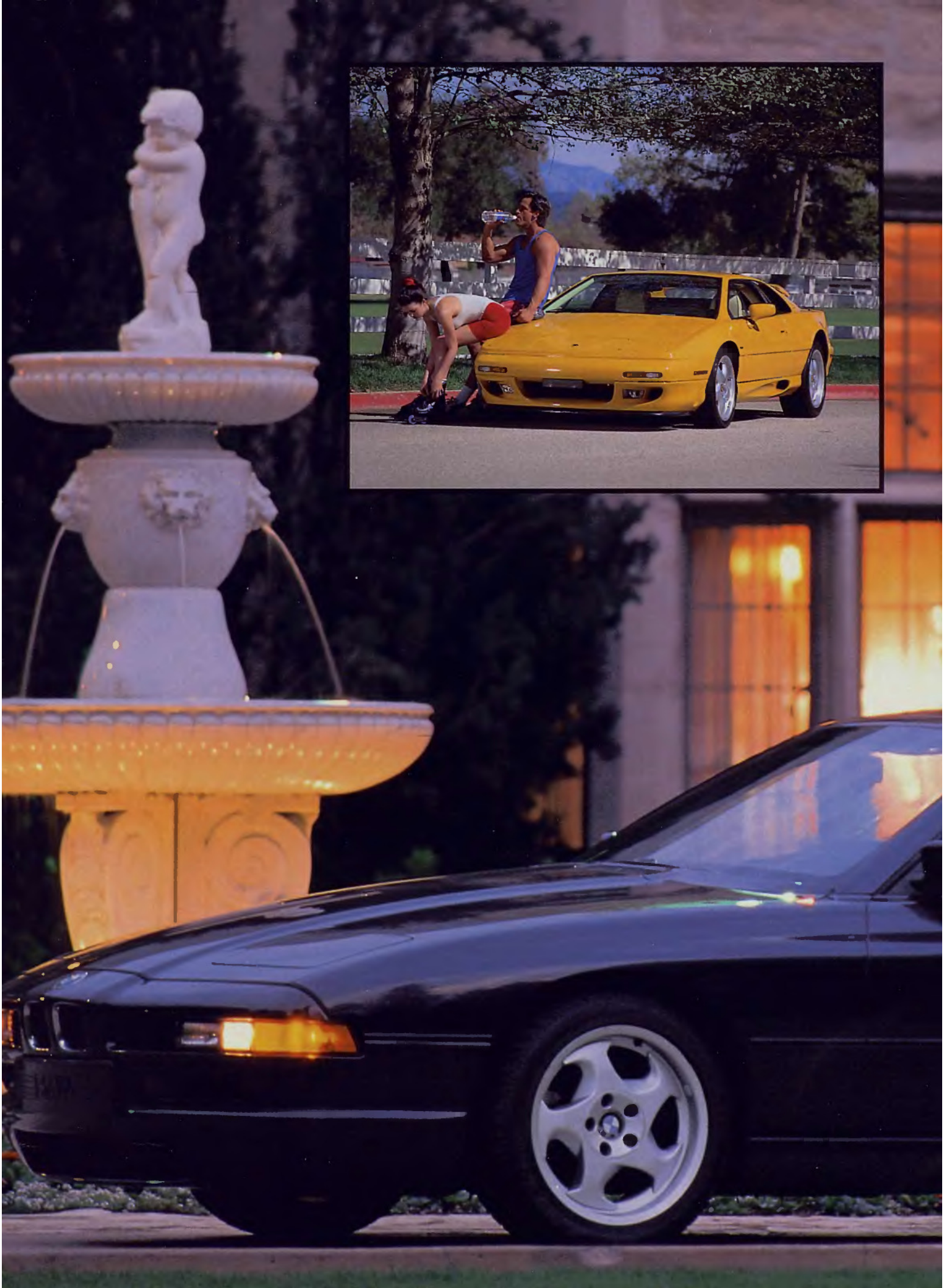
MODERN LIVING

BY KEN GROSS

PICTURED ON these pages are five coupes that defy the social order, thumb their alloy noses at environmental concerns and exist solely to thrill a few lucky owners. The BMW 850CSi, slowest of our picks, tops out at 155 miles per hour, and that's only because it has a rev limiter. The fastest of the wild bunch, the 186-mph Ferrari 456GT 2+2 and the 202-mph Lamborghini Diablo VT, can blur the scenery in split seconds when you drop the hammer—and the Ferrari can do it with four adults aboard. The Acura NSX-T and the Lotus Esprit S4S get 17 to 19 miles per gallon around town, but the remaining three are lucky to see ten to 12 miles per gallon, and that's only if they're driven on tiptoes. All but the Diablo offer dual air bags. The Lamborghini has none (their next model will) but counters with a sophisticated all-wheel-drive system. On the street, our selections range from tractable to mind-boggling. The *(text concluded on page 156)*

FERRARI 456GT 2+2

Ferrari's 456GT 2+2 is a grand tourer that offers the kind of blinding performance sports car manufacturers only dreamed about a decade ago. Subtle but classic styling, a comfortable leather-trimmed interior and room for four adults set new Ferrari standards. Zero-to-60 time is about five seconds. Top speed is a mere 186 mph. Price: $207,000.



LOTUS ESPRIT S4S

Far left: Although Lotus has restyled its latest S4S inside and out, the car's $71,840 price isn't stratospheric. For the money, you get a sexy-looking machine that is extraordinarily quick, powered by a 264-hp four-cylinder engine midmounted for superb handling. Sixty comes up in about five seconds; 165 mph is the top end. That's fast enough for us.

ACURA NSX-T

Left: Acura's $81,000 NSX-T is a targa-topped version of the two-seater that shook up European car manufacturers when it burst onto the automotive scene five years ago. The NSX-T also features a new transmission that can be operated in automatic or shifted with the flip of a lever. Zero-to-60 time and top speed are similar to the Esprit's.

BMW 850CSi

The flagship of BMW's 8-Series, the 850CSi sports coupe is the only production car to combine a six-speed manual transmission with a 5.6-liter V12 engine. Punch it and pray. You'll hit 60 mph in 5.3 seconds and top out at 155 mph about 35 seconds later. Think of it as a high-speed men's club, all napa leather and rich burnished wood. Price: $100,950.

LOTUS ESPRIT S4S AND LAMBORGHINI VT COURTESY OF ROLLS-ROYCE/LOTUS/LAMBORGHINI OF BEVERLY HILLS
FERRARI 456GT COURTESY OF FERRARI OF BEVERLY HILLS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

LAMBORGHINI DIABLO VT

Low, fast and intimidating, the $239,000 12-cylinder Lamborghini Diablo has been every man's automotive Holy Grail since the model was introduced in 1990. With all-wheel drive, traction has been improved and the car's intimidation factor is up another notch. The Diablo's stats are impressive. Zero to 60: four seconds. Top speed: 202 mph.

NOW THAT THE EX-CHAMP IS AN EX-CON, CAN HE SAVE BOXING—AND HIMSELF?

ARTICLE BY VIC ZIEGEL

COME OUT SWINGING

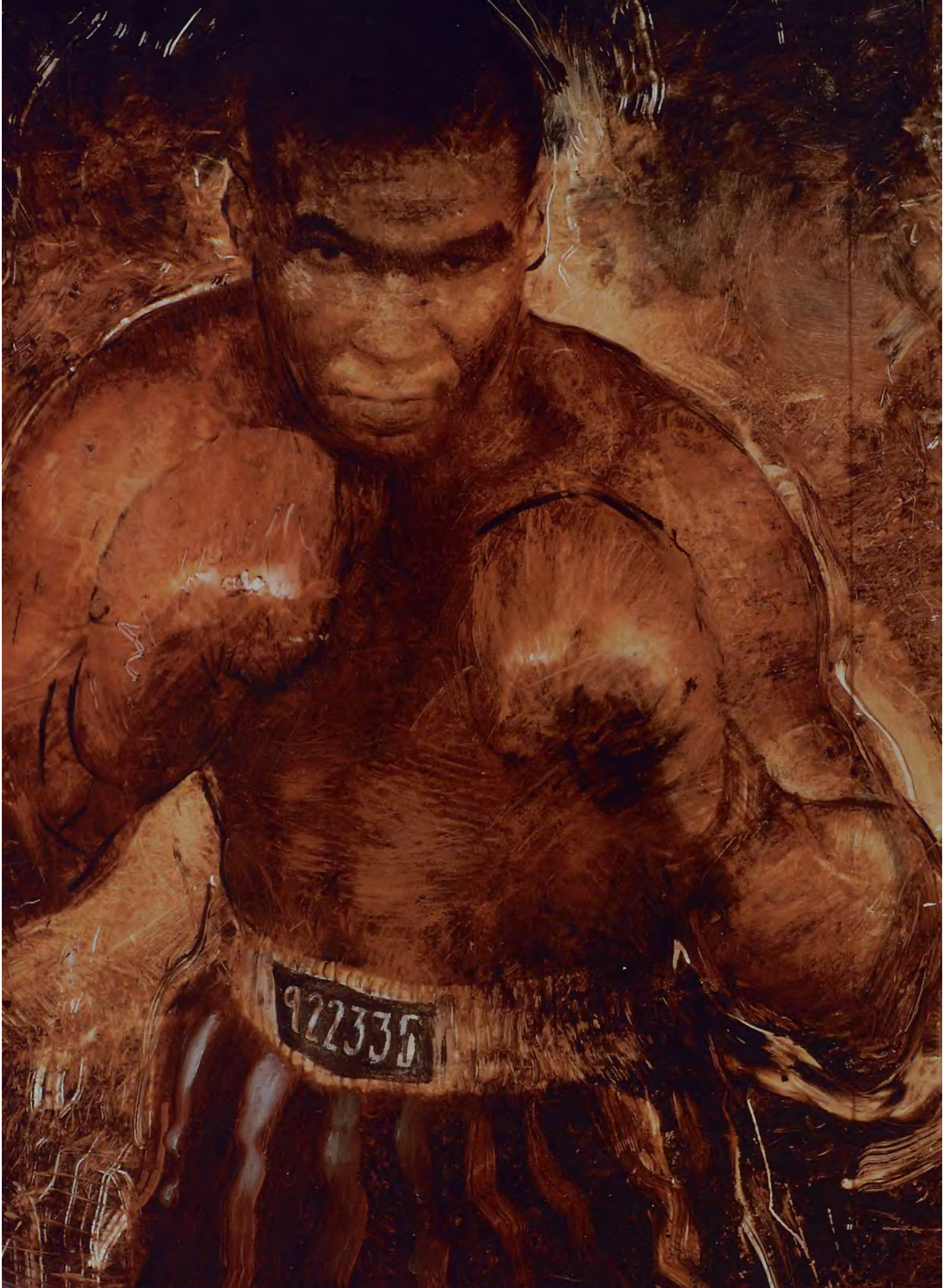
FOR THREE YEARS, Mike Tyson stayed in the same Indiana zip code, behind the same walls, while we followed the bouncing heavyweight crown from the man with the heart problem to the man who wanted to put a kitchen in his bedroom to the man who couldn't decide if he wanted to beat up cops or become one, and finally to the old cheeseburger-eater who could make Mike Tyson rich enough to buy his own prison.

They weren't a terrific three years for the heavyweight division, but at least they're over. Now Tyson, the former champ, the former 922335, is finally back in a gym, punching and being punched. Ready to do for boxing what his stay in the Indiana Youth Center was supposed to do for his life: Make it better.

He was a few months away from his 26th birthday, convicted of raping an 18-year-old contestant in the Miss Black America pageant, when an Indianapolis judge gave the boxer a chance to address the court. The judge would listen and pass sentence and maybe if Tyson said all the right things, and apologized, and sounded as if he meant it, and—forget it. He spoke for 11 minutes, rambled mostly, but there was nothing close to an apology. "I don't come here begging for mercy," he said. "I've been crucified, humiliated worldwide," he said. "My conduct was kind of crass. I have not raped anyone. I'm sure she knows that," he said.

It was a walkover for the judge. She sentenced him to ten

ILLUSTRATION BY GREG SPALENKA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years and suspended the last four. With time off for good behavior, which seemed like a long shot, he would be free in three years. He handed his watch and tiepin to an attorney and hugged Camille Ewald, the woman who helped raise him after he came out of reform school at the age of 13. The next day's headline was: WHICH TYSON WILL EMERGE FROM BEHIND BARS?

Tyson the fighter, they meant. And that's still a question worth asking. The Indiana Youth Center is a no-boxing prison. No gloves, no ring, no ring announcer telling the crowd to drive home safely. Nobody for Tyson to box but his own shadow. He went in angry, and it cost him. Three weeks after his arrival, he exchanged words with a guard. Words, it turns out, are condoned; words that come across as threats are rule breakers. And these were threats from Mike Tyson, who once said he would punch an opponent's nosebone back into his brain. The new kid on the cell block was banished to a lockdown unit and six weeks were added to his sentence. He had learned a lesson every bit as useful as "Tuck in your chin."

The people who made the 15-minute drive on U.S. 40 from the Indianapolis airport to visit Tyson—turning at the signs for company picnics and hayrides—came back with uniformly cheerful descriptions. "He was at peace with himself mentally," says Stan Hoffman, a fight manager whose niece once dated Tyson. He says Tyson calls him Uncle Stan. "Mike's had plenty of time to heal. He wasn't running with women, wasn't drinking, wasn't doing drugs. I think he'll be murderous. A destruction machine. A monster," says Uncle Stan.

The prison is a medium-security facility, and Tyson lived behind a steel door, in a room that he shared with another inmate. Several times a day, Tyson used the phone in the hall, but not to make collect calls, as other prisoners did. Tyson preferred dialing Jay Bright, one of his cornermen, and Bright would then conference in the caller Tyson wanted.

"He would ask after Camille and the birds," Bright says. The birds are 200 pigeons, homers, tumblers, fancies, highfliers, who live in a two-story coop, complete with balcony, not far from Ewald's house in Catskill, New York. "He loves the leaders, the birds who make the others work," Bright says. "The leaders take the other birds so high in the sky you almost can't see them."

It's hard to tell how much money Tyson has left—Don King's ledgers are said to be kept on the head of a match—but there's certainly enough to handle the bird-talk phone bills that were charged and sent to Ewald's Victorian home. Fourteen years ago Camille's brother-in-law, Cus D'Amato, the brilliant and iconoclastic trainer who guided Floyd Patterson to the heavyweight title, became Tyson's legal guardian. He was convinced that the kid from Brooklyn would be his last champion. The old man was right. When the 20-year-old Tyson won the title, becoming the youngest heavyweight champ in history, he returned to Catskill and poured champagne over Cus' grave.

Last fall, not too many minutes after Oliver McCall's shocking second-round knockout of WBC champion Lennox Lewis, the phone rang in my home. Bright was on the line, saying, "Somebody wants to talk with you." It was Tyson, eager to hear about his old sparring partner's success. It didn't bother him a bit that if Lewis had kept his share of the title, he and Tyson might have been an important match. "He never struck me as a guy who really wanted to fight," Tyson said. "He wasn't good for the division, wasn't exciting. McCall will talk some trash. There's a chance to bring some excitement into the division."

The truth is, Tyson himself is the best chance for excitement, not the parade of champions who tripped over themselves while Tyson was in storage. "The champs and the contenders, they should thank God I'm in here," Tyson said that night. "They wouldn't have a career otherwise. I'm not saying that to be arrogant. It's the truth. It's a blessing for them that I came to this place."

He was talking about Evander Holyfield, who later discovered he had a hole in his heart; Riddick Bowe, a gentle champ from Tyson's old neighborhood, Brownsville, who announced he was building a mansion with a kitchen in the master bedroom; Michael Moorer, once arrested for breaking a cop's jaw and more excited about a career in law enforcement than keeping his title; and 46-year-old George Foreman, who withstood a beating into the tenth round of his bout last year, losing every minute, before knocking out Moorer with one perfect prayer of a punch.

Where was Mr. Excitement? Sitting in a prison library, reading *Cyrano de Bergerac*. "The guy with the big nose," Tyson told me. "He was a soldier, and they said to him, 'If you're such a great soldier, where are your medals?' And Cyrano said to them, 'I don't need medals. I wear my adornments on my soul.' I read that and I went, 'Wow! That's me.'"

He told Pete Hamill, another visitor, that he had read Machiavelli. "He wrote about the world we live in. The way it really is, without all the bullshit. Not just in *The Prince* but also in *The Art of War*, *Discourses*. He saw how important it is to find out what someone's motivation is. What do they want? What do they want, man?"

Tyson went to class and learned about decimals. The next time he fights for millions will be the first time he'll be able to figure out his share. He read Shakespeare and Hemingway, and about how Hemingway said he didn't ever want to go ten rounds with Tolstoy. So Tyson took on this Tolstoy guy.

He had a prison artist tattoo a likeness of Arthur Ashe on one bicep, Mao on the other. He became a Muslim. For the first time in years, nobody was pushing him or pulling him. In years past, pushing and pulling were his life. Once, he threw punches at a heavyweight named Mitch "Blood" Green on a Harlem street at four A.M. Tyson was in the neighborhood to pick up a white leather jacket at an after-hours clothing store called Dapper Dan's. The words on the jacket were DON'T BELIEVE THE HYPE.

He was the champ, 22 years old, knocking everybody out, running wild. Two weeks later, he drove his BMW into a tree and knocked himself out. *The New York Daily News* called it a suicide attempt caused by a chemical imbalance. Another three weeks passed and his wife, actress Robin Givens, told Barbara Walters on camera that their marriage was "torture, pure hell." She called him a manic-depressive. Tyson sat at her feet, losing every round. Tyson's response came 72 hours later; he threw furniture through their mansion windows.

Prison cuts down on those kinds of headline opportunities. At the Indiana Youth Center, he ran many miles and counted thousands of sit-ups and push-ups and leg lifts. He went in weighing close to 250 pounds and lost about 30. He lifted some weights, because they were there, but that isn't what boxers should be doing to their bodies. And there was no doubt in his mind that he would box again. ("What else am I going to do, man, be a nuclear scientist?") More important, he said, "I'm rested. I'm getting the best rest of my life."

Eddie Mustafa Muhammad, a former light-heavyweight champion, now a trainer, was another visitor who came away impressed. "He embraced Islam and he's changed," Muhammad said. "We spoke the Arabic prayer, in Arabic, and he led it. He's been taught well. He'll be different."

Different?

(continued on page 154)

"I've just experienced real state-of-the-art dexterity."

The recent revival of *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* has put Russ Meyer in the spotlight once again, with legions of moviegoers—including some feminist critics—reevaluating his work. One writer opined, "He's an editing genius with a gift for surrealistic narrative." And that doesn't even touch his uncanny ability to cast provocatively named women who have large breasts. The filmmaker's oeuvre has never been far from the public eye, with film festivals and even scholarly treatises devoted to his work. Here he poses with Pandora Peaks (also seen below and at right), star of Meyer's forthcoming *Her Life and Times*.

The Immoral Mr. Meyer

an appreciation of an erotic auteur who remains abreast of his time

BY ROGER EBERT

EVERY YEAR at Christmas, Russ Meyer visits his mother's grave. On trips around the country, he often visits the gravesides of old Army buddies, and those who are still living can count on tickets from him if they can't afford the fare to the Signal Corps reunion he hosts every year. Meyer, whose popular image as king of the skin flicks suggests a leering bra-chaser, is in private intensely loyal to friends and family, and he would as soon have dinner with his ancient ex-sergeant as with a buxom starlet.

Search through the credits of his 23 films, from 1959's *The Immoral Mr. Teas* through 1979's *Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens*, and you will find the same crew names over and over: Ryan, Owens and the rest. He met some of them when they were in the Signal Corps, carrying 16mm newsreel cameras into battle. While some X-rated filmmakers might consider their productions to be invitations to an orgy, a Meyer shoot is conducted more like an Army long march, and the last activity you will find on his locations is sex.

Haji, an exotic dancer who has worked on many Meyer films both in front of and behind the cameras, remembers the director's invariable warning to cast members on the first day of shooting: No sex! "He didn't want us looking tired and depleted in the morning," she says. When Meyer was making *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!*, he heard that Tura Satana might have slipped out of her motel for a midnight rendezvous, so he nailed her room windows shut. He told me: "The picture would be destroyed if the star went out into the desert one night and got bitten on the ass by a rattlesnake."

Meyer uses his productions, I believe, to recapture the joy he felt during the formative and most enjoyable period of his life—the war. It was then that he formed lifelong friendships, discovered his skill as a cameraman and experienced, in a French bordello, his sexual awakening with a buxom partner who became the archetype of the R.M. woman.

Meyer is, of course, the most famous breast man of his generation, maybe of any generation. When I met him, in 1968, he was casting for *Cherry, Harry & Raquel*, and his ad in *Daily Variety* mentioned only one prerequisite for female applicants: BUILT! Asked once where he finds the amazingly contoured women in his movies, he replied, "After they get above a certain cup size, they find me."

In an unexpected way, Meyer's love of breasts has been his fortune. His films have never expressed much interest in what goes on below the belt, and when hard-core porno came along, he included himself out. Like all artists who idealize the human body, he is more interested in form than in function.

Although Meyer was for many years the target of feminists, in

The Immoral Mr. Teas, Meyer's 1959 breakthrough movie, features W. Ellis Teas in the title role as a man who sees all women without their clothes. Below, he discusses the problem with his psychiatrist, played by Michele Roberts.

A Frenchy Comedy for Unashamed Adults!
LIKE "A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO PLAYBOY MAGAZINE!"
A RIBALD FILM CLASSIC!
The IMMORAL MR. TEAS

The 1965 Meyer movie *Motorpsycho!* (starring Holle K. Winters, above), about war vets who oct out their angst on motorcycles, is credited with launching the Sixties wave of outlaw biker movies. Three years later, Meyer released *Finders Keepers, Lovers Weepers!* in which adulterous lovers Anne Chapman and Gordon Wescourt (below) have an aquatic ossignation.

Babette Bardot (above), Russ Meyer's girlfriend in the late Sixties, took a lead role in *Common-Law Cabin*, released in 1967. Below, Darlene Grey cavorts with her transistor radio in *Mondo Topless*, Meyer's 1966 quasidocumentary homage to go-go-girl culture and, according to the film's ad copy, "unrestrained female anatomy."

Director John Waters once referred to Meyer's 1966 film *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* as the greatest movie ever made. Lori Williams, Haji and Tura Satana (right) play a trio of dominant women who love to hurt men.

recent times revisionist critics have argued that his films are, in fact, pro-woman. Even such a committed feminist as B. Ruby Rich, writing recently in the *Village Voice*, devoted a full page to a reevaluation of *Pussycat*, a film she once despised but now values because of its images of strong women who exercise their wills.

If there are mindless sex objects in an R.M. film, they are invariably his male leads, who are tantalized, tempted, dominated, thrown around, tortured, used, abused, cast aside or simply smothered by powerful women. Consider the insecure rock-group manager in *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* and the husbands in *Lorna* and *Ultravixens* who fail to respond to the hungry invitations of their oversexed wives. The hero of *Ultravixens* is so witless he doesn't even recognize his own wife when he encounters her working as a nightclub stripper.

So consistent is this pattern of powerful—if half-naked—women that in *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, the male villain, before he

Eve Meyer (above) was the director's second wife and the lead in *Eve and the Handyman*. Her husband, working as a photographer, introduced her in PLAYBOY as Miss June 1955.

Kitten Natividad (below left) was an exotic dancer whom Russ Meyer elevated to star status in 1979 through her appearance in the dual roles of Lavania and Lola Langusta in *Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens*. *Lorna*, made in 1964, told the tale of a sexually repressed country girl. Its star, Lorna Maitland (below right), was pregnant during the filming, which enhanced her bustline.

Cynthia Myers (above), the December 1968 PLAYBOY Playmate, appeared in *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. Russ Meyer's work continues with the forthcoming *The Bra of God*, featuring Staci Keith (below) as the deity's well-endowed wife. Roger Ebert claims credit for inventing the catchy title.

Edy Williams (above), Meyer's third wife, was pregnant during the filming of *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. Roger Ebert co-scripted the movie, which was released in 1970. (Meyer says that his *Motorpsycho!* star Holle K. Winters was also with child during filming, as was Darlene Grey in *Mondo Topless*. No one needed to tell Russ Meyer that pregnant women are sexy.) Below, Uschi Digard is one of the man-dominating femmes in 1975's *Supervixens*.

Another example of Meyer's eorly genre busting was the 1961 movie *Wild Gals of the Naked West!* with Julie Williams (right) cost in the role of "the Bosom." Miss May 1966, Dolly Read (far right), oppeared in *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, olong with fellow Ploymote Cynthia Myers.

goes on a killing rampage, reveals himself to have been a woman all along. Meyer is almost unique in the world of popular eroticism in seeing women not as passive victims but as aggressive sexual beings who demand that their needs be met.

One of the reasons *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* is having such a surprising box office revival around the world is that it argues for those images in such a dramatic way. Audiences cheer as the heroine attempts to crush the hapless hero against a wall with her Porsche, her stiletto heel jamming down on the accelerator as the hero's muscles bulge in an attempt to save himself. Meyer builds the climax with quick cuts between the gas pedal, the muscles, the car wheels spinning, the hero's desperate face and Satana's fierce, dark eyes.

Meyer holds all rights to his films, and they have made him very rich. He does not offer discounts to video stores, nor does he *(text concluded on page 150)*

The 1963 movie *Heavenly Bodies* (above) hit close to PLAYBOY's home: how glomour photographers work with gorgeous nude models. The poster's lower-right-hond corner corries o rendering of Meyer's second wife, Eve. He photographed his latest discovery, Pandoro Peoks (right), for the Germon edition of PLAYBOY.

SKEEKS

as a nation mourns its favorite TV star, boy cartwright, ace reporter for the world's trashiest tabloid, gets the real story behind a mysterious death

fiction by DONALD E. WESTLAKE

THE JANGLE of the telephone eventually dragged the miserable Boy Cartwright up to the surface of the planet earth from his drug-induced sleep—the only kind of sleep he ever got—to find himself in his own rumpled bed in his own unspeakable room, with Florida sunlight like radiation poisoning at the edges of the thick, dark window shades. To one side of him sprawled in wanton stupor a reporter named Trixie, or so she claimed, while on the other side stood a half-empty—nothing in Boy's life was half-full—bottle of flat champagne and the squawking telephone. The phone could wait. First, Boy finished the champagne.

This must be a Saturday or a Sunday. Otherwise, he would have awakened at work with the sudden twitch-jump that told his co-workers at the world's most successful (and therefore most reprehensible) supermarket tabloid that the decayed Boy Cartwright brain had yet again chosen to rejoin the decaying Boy Cartwright body. So if this was a weekend, and if the telephone would not stop that noise, the *Weekly Galaxy* itself must be calling with news of the world. A task. Another opportunity for Boy Cartwright, maggot-infested Englishman, to prove himself the star on the *Galaxy* staff.

Champagne ingested, Boy at last picked up the phone: "Are

ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL TORRES

you there?"

"Are you awake?"

"Ah, Mr. Scarpnafe," Boy said. "Delightful to hear your voice."

"Skeeks is dead," Scarpnafe announced. He had, in fact, a voice like a ferret with a hernia.

"Ah," said Boy, knowing that sooner or later someone would tell him what that sentence meant.

"In Los Angeles."

That was no help. "Ah," Boy said.

"We'll want the whole thing. Get there before the cremation."

"Yes, of course."

"And we'll definitely want the body in the box."

"Consider the matter done," Boy said and reached out to tug at Trixie's nether hair. "I'm assembling my team already."

"Good Boy," Scarpnafe said, and hung up the phone.

Trixie grumbled. She said, "Are you ever going to do anything pleasant with that hand?"

"Of course. Who is Skeeks?"

"A dog. A German shepherd. With a great big tongue, like yours."

•

The *Galaxy* stringer who met Boy and his team of four reporters at LAX was a personal trainer named Jim Jemmy, who would have been much more successful at his chosen career were it not for his insuppressible body odor, a personal tragedy that forced him to supplement his income with other less savory tasks, such as working for the *Galaxy*. "I got us a house in Venice," he announced as Boy and the team approached him and then stepped back. "Less than two miles from Skeeks' place in Santa Monica."

"Wonderful," said Boy. "Lead on."

On the plane coming out, Boy had been brought up to speed on the late Skeeks, who had been, it seemed, a lovable German shepherd, as if there could be such a thing. For three years Skeeks had portrayed the adorable pooch on an extremely successful sitcom, and when the human male lead of that show decided to throw it all in for the glories of failure as a motion picture star, the mail bemoaning the disappearance of Skeeks from the nation's screens (they're that stupid, and yet they can read and write, marveled Boy) was so overwhelming (the word avalanche was used in all press releases on the subject) that the network brought Skeeks back the next season with his very own sitcom, called *Skeeks*, in which he portrayed the dog in a man-and-dog vaudeville act. The idea at the heart of this series—that there is, at this moment, in the secondary cities of America, a thriving circuit of vaudeville theaters—was not the most outlandish suggestion ever made on television, and it was accepted without a murmur, as was Skeeks' partner on *Skeeks*, a comedian named Bill Terry, who when sober could juggle, sing, ride a unicycle and remember jokes.

Skeeks was now in its fifth year, its popularity through the roof and still climbing. Just this year a third regular had been added, little Tommy Little, a winsome child, already another audience darling. Skeeks himself was a robust nine-year-old with his own production company to handle the details of endorsements and other residual income. Away from the set, he lived quietly on an estate in Santa Monica just a few blocks from the sea. He was said to be the cast favorite among the writers.

And now Skeeks was dead, unexpectedly, calamitously. A stunned nation mourned the dog it had taken to its heart. The president had been quoted on the morning news shows as saying, "Thank God my mom passed away before this happened. It would have killed her."

Celebrity deaths, along with celebrity weddings, celebrity hanky-panky, improbable diets, visits from outer space and dubious arthritis cures, were the bread and butter of the *Galaxy*. When a celeb went down, the entire career could be rehashed just one more time. Earlier sins and scandals could be evoked in order to express forgiveness at this time of grief, and a final photo of the departed, lying in a casket, would be featured on the front page of the next issue: seven days of waxy dead flesh, in color, next to the cough drops at the cash register.

Frequently, the selfish and narrow-minded friends and relatives of the deceased didn't want that particular picture taken and might even take steps to prevent it. The pic of the body in the box was thus often a difficult and expensive proposition, with bribes to pay, bones to set, reporters to be bailed out of the slammer. Of all the *Galaxy*'s talented and unscrupulous staff, Boy Cartwright was the most consistently successful in getting the body in the box. This time would be no exception.

A dog would be different. There would be no list of marriages to go through, no extramarital affairs or history of support for wimpy environmental causes, no statements on record to demonstrate the decedent's nobility or earthiness or Americanism. No stock photos of this celeb playing golf with Glen Campbell.

Nevertheless, Boy now understood that Skeeks was (a) beloved and (b) a star. The funeral, in Forest Lawn's Wee Kirk o' the Heather, would be the largest send-off there since that tramp what's-her-name. There would be a full day of viewing the body—what a challenge for the hairdresser that would be!—and then the flames. This was a major celebrity death, no matter the species of the celebrity, and Boy intended to give it the full treatment.

Beginning with the house. Whenever there was a top-of-the-line story like this, the *Galaxy*'s first move was to send a local stringer out to rent a house, a modest, plain, ordinary house in a modest, plain, ordinary neighborhood. Eight to 12 phone lines would be put in, most of the furniture taken out, the local authorities reassured that this was not a bookie's office, and then the regular *Galaxy* staffers would fly in from Florida, ready to do battle: The morons of the world deserve the facts!

Why a house? Why not rooms in some hotel or motel? The *Galaxy* needs privacy, and the *Galaxy* well knows how easy hotel staffers are to bribe. *Galaxy* phone calls should not go through a hotel switchboard, the people the *Galaxy* interviews should not be seen in a hotel lobby. Believing in privacy for no one else, the *Galaxy* absolutely requires it for itself.

The house for the Skeeks offensive was a flea-bitten one-story stucco cottage near one of the nonexistent canals that give Venice, California its name. Occupied by an ever-shifting bevy of flight attendants, the house was always available for profitable short-term rental, since these young women never lacked entirely for alternate accommodations. Normally, the house looked exactly like a den of iniquity, but with its beds replaced by phones, fax machines and long tables bearing rows of telephones and notebook computers, with its largest bathroom converted to a darkroom, the place looked like no fun at all.

Here Boy assembled his team: Trixie and three other staffers, Jim Jemmy, three local photographers who often did piecework for the *Galaxy*, plus two more longtime stringers, one a bartender and the other a famous limousine driver. "At ease, ladies and gentlemen," Boy said unnecessarily. Gazing around with the slow insolent smile of command he said, "You are in good hands now. Boy will lead you. Trixie, did Skeeks ever father a child?"

"No idea." She appeared to be a bit hungover.

"Learn, dear," Boy said and went on to give the other peons their initial assignments: cause of death, disposition of the estate, friends and enemies, rivals (if any), ownership of the animal (even millionaire dogs, like senators, belong to somebody), future of the

(continued on page 122)

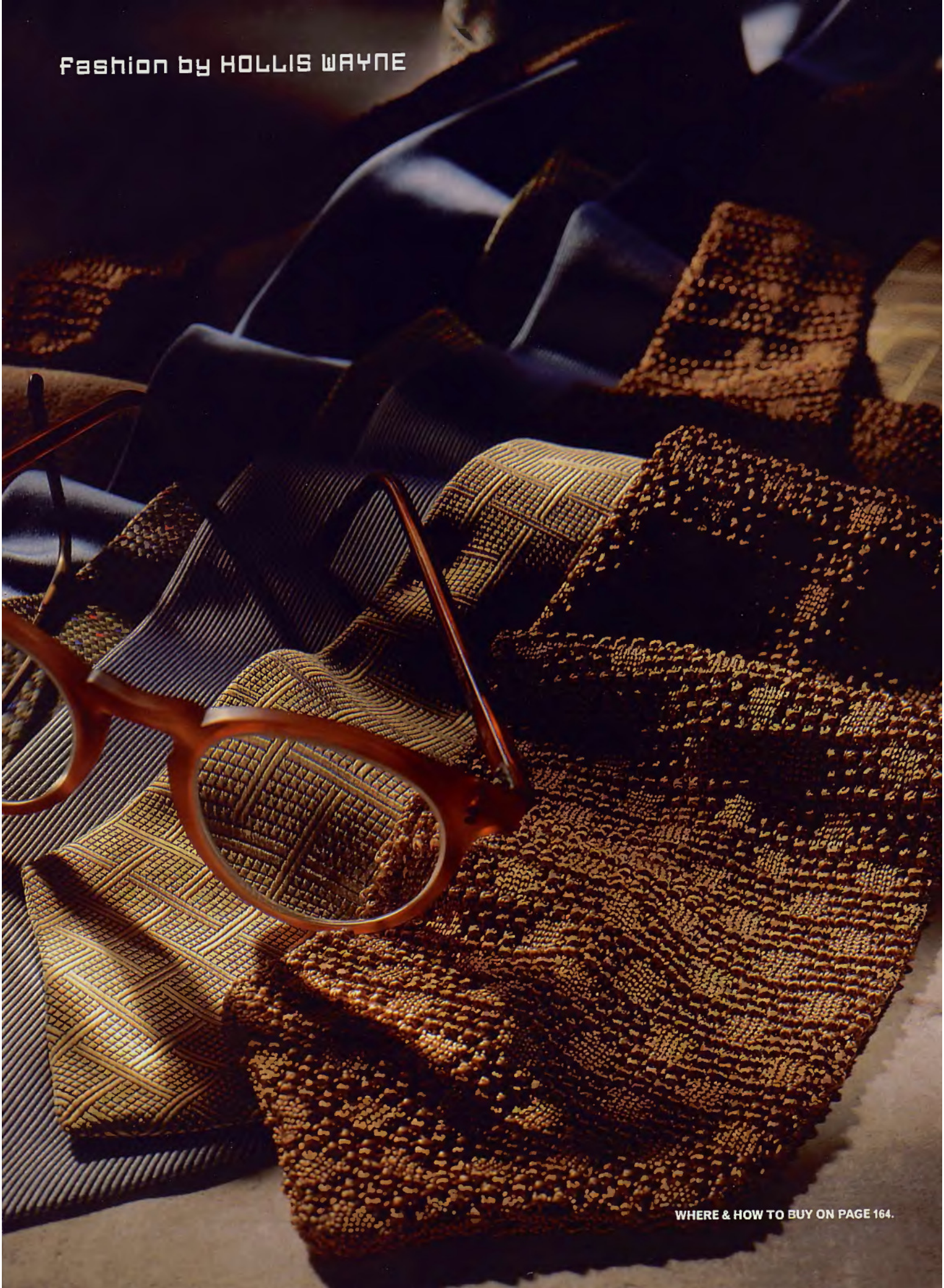
George Hurrell (1904–1992) was called "the Rembrandt of photography" for his classic, glamorous portraits of the stars of Hollywood's golden era, from Jean Harlow to Humphrey Bogart. He brought his magic to PLAYBOY during the Eighties, photographing celebrities and pictorials. In our January 1983 issue the Hurrell treatment was lavished on Shannon Tweed, the 1982 Playmate of the Year. Her appearances in PLAYBOY have led to a thriving career in television and films.

TACTILE TIES

MONOCHROME NECKWEAR IS THE FEEL-GOOD WAY TO BE COOL THIS SUMMER

YOUR TIES won't start a conversation this season, but they may inspire an occasional caress. That's because texture is the key characteristic of summer neckwear. Ties made of solid colors and feel-good fabrics, such as raw and woven silk, bring a rich, tactile quality to lightweight suits and sports jackets. Pictured here are six of the best. Tie one on. Left to right: Raw silk tie from Loosen Up by Superba, $27.50. Silk satin tie from Polo by Ralph Lauren, $78. Silk-woven pin-dot tie by Audrey Buckner, about $75. Striped jacquard silk tie by Tino Cosma, $85. Jacquard box-checked silk tie by Villa Bugatti, $42.50. Parquet-patterned silk knit tie by Nick Hilton Collection, about $60. (The rimless specs with an etched nose bridge and temples, about $230, and the amber frame retro-look style, about $150, are both by Calvin Klein Eyewear.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO



WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 164.

PLAYBOY PROFILE

BY ROBERT GOLDBERG
AND
GERALD JAY GOLDBERG

CITIZEN TURNER

HOW CAPTAIN TED SNATCHED VICTORY—AND UNTOLD MILLIONS—FROM THE WORST DEAL OF HIS LIFE

TED TURNER'S fist slammed down on the lectern, startling the noontime crowd that had gathered to hear him late last year at Washington's National Press Club. "They're holding me back!" he exclaimed. Turner looked out over the audience, his blue eyes narrowing. "I'll tell you one thing: We ran a story on clitorectomies. Most people don't know about it, but millions of women have their clitorises cut off before they are ten or 12 years old, so they can't have fun in sex. Between 50 percent and 80 percent of Egyptian girls have had their clits cut off. You talk about barbaric mutilation. . . ." He leaned toward his audience as if sharing a confidence. "Well, I'm angry. I'm being clitorized by Time Warner."

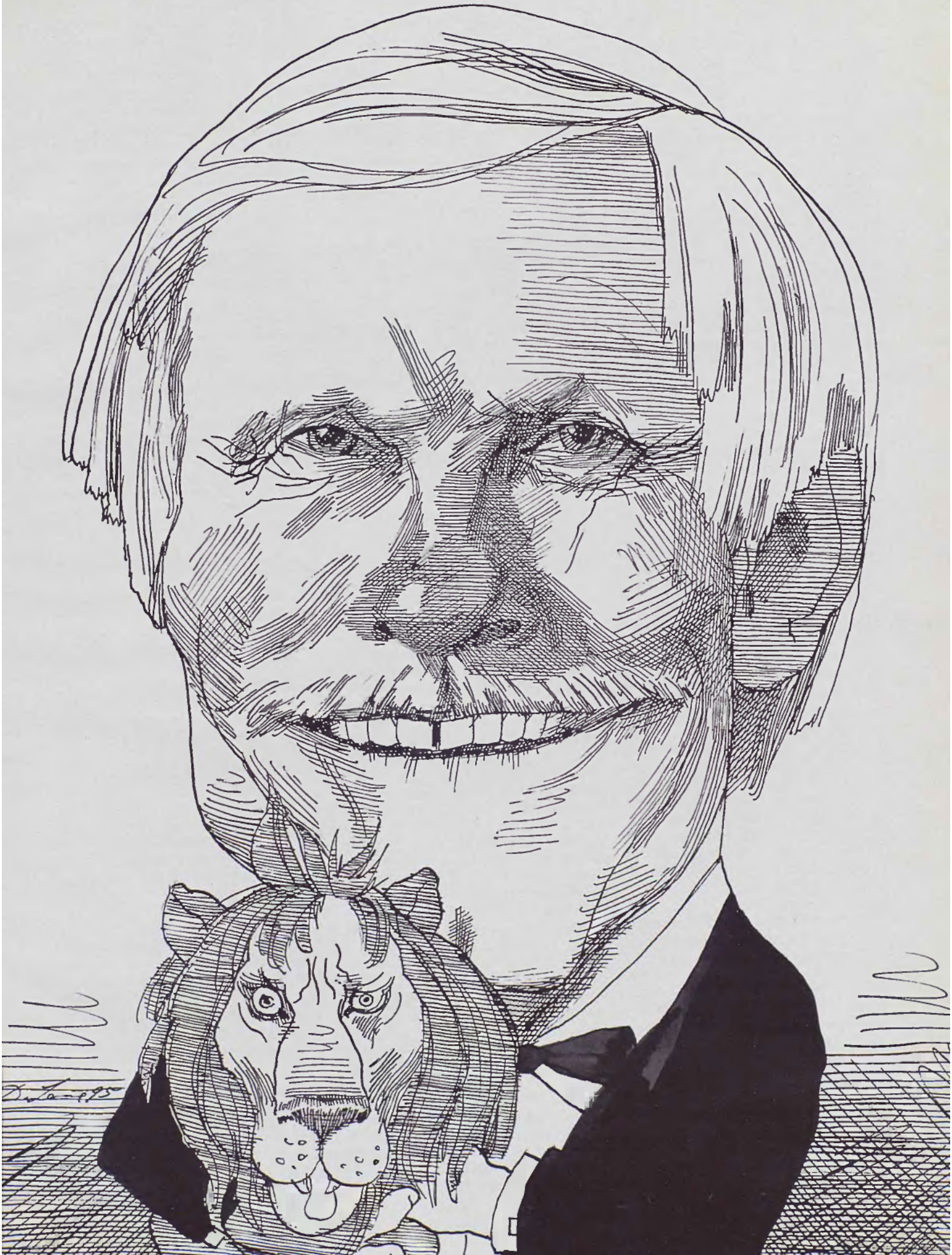
The crowd laughed in disbelief.

"That's exactly right," Turner plunged on, "and I don't like it any more than those women do. If Egyptians think it's bad for women to want sex, then why don't they cut off the heads of the little whackers of the ten-year-old boys over there, too, and make it an even-steven deal? . . . I want to play in the big game. I don't want to be pushed around anymore."

You'd think that Ted Turner—who already has seven networks, three movie companies, a dozen homes, a huge chunk of Montana, a warehouse full of sailing trophies and an aerobically toned cinema goddess for a wife—has just about everything a man might want to make him happy. But here he is at 56, his hair now silver, his face craggy, ready to embark on yet another battle. It's the latest in a war Ted Turner has been waging for more than a decade—a war to gain control of a major Hollywood studio and a major broadcast network. And make no mistake about it, Ted Turner is never happier than when he is at war.

Half visionary, half crackpot, Turner is an all-American character. Entrepreneur, risk-taker, thrill-seeker, hard-charging winner, lover of fast

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE



boats, fast deals and even faster women—tabloid Ted Turner is all of these. He's the wild man of American business. But he is also something more.

Like Carnegie and Rockefeller, the robber barons of the 19th century, or Ford and the other assembly-line princes of the early 20th century, Turner is a magnate for his time—a media tycoon for a media age. He has been called one of the three most important men in the history of television. Muscling his way into our living rooms with his Cable News Network, he has changed the way we look at the world. From the war in Iraq to the O.J. Simpson trial, people everywhere—secretaries and secretaries of state—are watching history as it unfolds through the eyes of CNN. And Ted Turner owns those eyes.

His story, filled with ups and downs, is a tale of sailing triumphs and marital failures, of bold and outrageous deals, each one riskier than the last. It's the story of a man who took a small UHF station in Georgia and—using the business precepts his father had instilled in him at the end of a coat hanger—built it into an $8 billion global media conglomerate.

Behind the rise of this American tycoon is a simple motto, a business goal he can state in six words: "I would like to own everything." What he needs today are the same things he has needed since the early Eighties—a bigger supply of shows to put on the air and a bigger audience for those shows. In other words, a major studio and a broadcast network. That's why he's been talking mergers and acquisitions for almost 15 years. That's why he tried to buy out CBS in his famous hostile takeover bid in 1985. And that's why, after the spectacular failure of the CBS attempt, MGM/UA owner Kirk Kerkorian knew the time was ripe to give him a call. He knew that Ted Turner wasn't about to pass up another opportunity to expand his empire.

The MGM deal, as it unfolded, was a classic example of the Ted Turner way of doing business, the style that has marked his career from the earliest days—a style of high-profile megadeals, of quick-draw decisions and intense battles, big wagers and big mistakes that, more often than not, somehow turn out OK in the end. In its successes and in its failures, Turner's purchase of MGM would lay the foundation for the shape of Ted Turner's empire today.

Only a few days after the CBS deal collapsed, Kerkorian was on the phone with Turner. A quiet, low-key financier, Kerkorian had made a fortune in the airplane business, and he understood timing. Turner was still smarting from his CBS loss, so much that he wouldn't even admit that he had lost. He was still talking about proxy fights.

"Ted," Kerkorian said, "I admire what you've tried to accomplish with CBS. Let's see what we can do with MGM." Kerkorian had owned the old Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film studio since the late Sixties. Through the early Eighties, he and Turner had been meeting about four times a year, trying to form a strategic partnership or a united company. On one September evening in 1982, Kerkorian and three of his senior executives went to Manhattan for an early dinner with Turner at the New York Yacht Club. In fine form, Ted—a successful defender of the America's Cup in 1977—showed the group around the club (the same club that had once blackballed him), regaling them with stories of the great regattas.

When the group finally settled down at a table in the darkened dining room, Turner, as always, was full of ideas: "Could we carve out two hours each night at TBS and just run MGM films? Could we carve out the weekends for MGM?"

While no immediate plan came out of this dinner, Turner was clearly captivated by the notion of teaming up with MGM. His father had taught him that, in America, certain names stood for quality: in magazines, *National Geographic*; in TV, CBS; in movies, MGM.

So in July 1985, when Kerkorian spoke again with Turner on the phone, he knew he had an interested buyer, even if, on paper, MGM was no winner. In fact, the company had just posted a $66 million loss. As wily a deal maker as Kerkorian was, his movie track record had been poor. Through the early Eighties, the studio had run off a string of box-office flops. On July 25, Kerkorian told Turner that if he acted quickly, he could have MGM/UA for $1.5 billion. "But," he added, "I don't want to sit here forever and not know whether I have a deal or not." In fact, he didn't even want to wait two weeks. Putting the screws on, Kerkorian declared he would give Turner until August 6 to decide. After that, he was selling MGM at auction.

With only two weeks to make a decision on the biggest deal of his life, Ted sent Turner Broadcasting into a maelstrom of activity. Forty lawyers and accountants, under chief financial officer Bill Bevins, were dispatched to MGM headquarters in Hollywood to examine the company's financial records.

At the same time, Turner called a directors' meeting to sell the MGM deal to his board. But even this essentially rubber-stamp group of Turner's friends and employees had serious reservations. They wondered if their chairman was overreaching, and feared he was being led astray. "The directors' meeting at which MGM came up was like a baited trap," one director recalls. It was a question of ego. After losing CBS, there was no way Turner could turn down the challenge. "He couldn't avoid it. He had to go for that goddamn deal."

Turner had plenty to say that day in Atlanta, and he spoke with passion. He didn't like TBS' strategic position. To be a long-term player in this business, he said, you either had to grow in viewership (the CBS deal) or in the programs you owned (the MGM deal). And TBS wasn't strong enough in either: "It's essential to have this additional programming to make TBS competitive," he said. "We gotta do this to survive."

He described just how valuable the MGM movie library would be to superstation WTBS, his core business. "Movie fees are rising," he said. "Every time we sign a new contract to air films, it's more, more, more." Profits would keep shrinking. But imagine owning all of those classic films. "How can you go broke buying the Rembrandts of the programming business when you are a programmer?" he asked.

Turner was determined to step up to the big league. "It's a business where the big are getting bigger and the small are disappearing," he would say later. "I want to be one of the survivors. We need to do this," he said. "Let's get on it." And the board anxiously went along.

On August 7, 1985 Turner signed a purchase agreement with Kerkorian to buy MGM/UA for the asking price of $1.5 billion, or $29 a share. The deal would include the MGM studio, the fabled MGM lot in Culver City, California and, most important, a library of more than 3500 MGM films, including 1450 films from the old Warner and RKO studios—such classics as *Gone With the Wind*, *The Maltese Falcon* and *Citizen Kane*. Turner called the package a tremendous business opportunity and an "exceptional fit with the group's long-term business plan."

Others were less generous. On both coasts, in Hollywood and on Wall Street, at Ma Maison and at the Four Seasons, guffaws could be heard. The way show-business executives figured it, Turner, the overly eager naïf, was going to have his pockets emptied on

(continued on page 130)

"I am a time traveler. I come from the future. I have much to tell you regarding earth and the fate of mankind. But first, where can I buy a lottery ticket?"

west palm beach girl
rhonda adams could help you get
anyone outta your heart

HELP US, *Rhonda*

WHEN THE kids in Rhonda Adams' West Palm Beach neighborhood went looking for style, they found it on her front porch. That's where an eight-year-old Rhonda was giving free haircuts to anyone willing to sit for one. All comers got the same treatment—long in back, short on the sides. "My mother remarked how strange it was that everybody had the same haircut," Rhonda says with a mischievous grin.

Rhonda still loves making herself and others look good. (Her work here proves that point.) And although her mother has reclaimed her sewing scissors, Rhonda has kept her adventurous streak. "I'm willing to try anything once," she says, a result of her mother's habit of volunteering her daughter for almost every activity. Accordingly, Rhonda has dabbled in flute, baseball, dance, ballet, baton and cheerleading.

She tells me this as she sips a soda at a restaurant on the 95th

Rhonda tells us that her cocker spaniel, Chelsea, is good compony. "On rainy doys, I wotch movies with her," she soys. (Lucky dog.) The weother cooperated when Rhonda took a biplone ride. "I liked the open air, ond you could see everything," she says. "But it was bumpy."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

floor of the John Hancock Building in Chicago. The view up here has never been better, and I'm not even looking out the window. Rhonda continues chatting, oblivious to the attention she has been receiving from busboys and waiters and bartenders. Born in Georgia, Rhonda moved south with her mother when she was two. As soon as she was able, she began to master all things Floridian: bike riding, aerobics, jet skiing, Rollerblading and wearing a swimsuit. And she has made her mother proud. "Someone I've never met will come up to me and say, 'Your mom showed me your modeling pictures,'" Rhonda says. "That happens all the time."

Despite her reckless streak—days after getting her RX7, she struck a car driven by a teacher at her high school—Rhonda insists she's now more safety conscious, at least some of the time. "I used to do front flips on the trampoline, but not anymore," she says. She'll leave the flips to the rest of us.

—CHIP ROWE

MISS JUNE
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Rhonda Adams

BUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5-7 WEIGHT: 106

BIRTH DATE: 11-27-71 BIRTHPLACE: Columbus, Ga.

AMBITIONS: To be a great Mother & wife — and have a live-in Sushi Chef.

TURN-ONS: Green eyes - Great food - Going to Plays - Men who show their Soft Sides

TURNOFFS: Greasy food (esp. hamburgers) - pumping my own gas - penny pinchers

IF I COULD: I would make sure every child had plenty of food & lots of ♡.

HOW TO IMPRESS ME: Let me know that you notice the little things - like remembering the dress I wore on our 1st date, or that I got my nails done.

MY PHOBIAS ARE: Rats Bats, Frogs.

I JUDGE A MAN BY HIS: Shoes - it says a lot about his taste.

My 1st Modeling Gig —

Smells Good

"Sweet 15"

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"Hello?" Hearing only heavy breathing on the line, the woman repeated, "Hello?"

"I'll bet you want me to come into your bedroom," a male voice whispered, "undress you, lick you from head to toe and make love to you until morning."

"Geez," the woman replied, "you can tell all that from two hellos?"

What do you call a clairvoyant's lover? A seersucker.

The department's new boss was a beautiful, Harvard-educated young woman. Well into the festivities celebrating her promotion, McPherson strutted over to her with bloodshot eyes. "Boss or no boss," he slurred, raising his glass, "I want to get into your pants."

She glared into his bleary eyes. "If you do, McPherson, and I ever hear about it, you're fired."

A man wanted to determine if both his wife and mistress were loyal to him. He decided to send them on the same cruise, then question each about the other's behavior.

When his wife returned, he asked her about the people on the trip in general, then casually asked about the specific behavior of the passenger he knew to be his mistress. "She slept with every man on the ship," his wife reported.

The disheartened fellow then rendezvoused with his cheating mistress to ask her the same questions about his wife. "She was a real lady," the mistress said.

"How so?" the encouraged man asked.

"She came on board with her husband and never left his side."

The old Jewish man stopped before a blind fellow begging for handouts. "I won't give you money, but I'll give you this," he said, handing the sightless man a piece of matzoh.

The beggar ran his hands over the surface and frowned. "Who," he exclaimed, "wrote this shit?"

Wanna buy a ticket for the warden's ball?" one prisoner asked another.

"Sure," the second replied. "Are there going to be any babes at the dance?"

"It's not a dance, dickhead. It's a raffle."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Two nuns were riding their bicycles down an old Paris street when one remarked, "I've never come this way before."

"Maybe," the other nun suggested, "it's the cobblestones."

Swimming to the surface after a spectacular dive, Roger realized he had lost his trunks. Despite a determined search, he was unable to find them. He huddled in a corner of the pool trying to figure out how to exit with dignity. Finally, shivering with cold, he cupped his hands over his privates, hopped out of the water and headed for the locker room, shouting, "Mad dog, mad dog!"

Just as his escape was almost complete, a beautiful blonde jumped in front of him and blocked his way. "Why don't you come back to my place," she whispered, tugging playfully at the bottom of her bikini, "and we'll muzzle the son of a bitch."

On a beautiful, sunny Saturday afternoon, Kurt stood on the first tee at his country club. He had just pulled out his driver when a young woman in a wedding gown came running up to him. "You bastard!" she screamed. "You stinking, no-good bastard!"

"What's the problem?" he asked. "I told you, only if it rains."

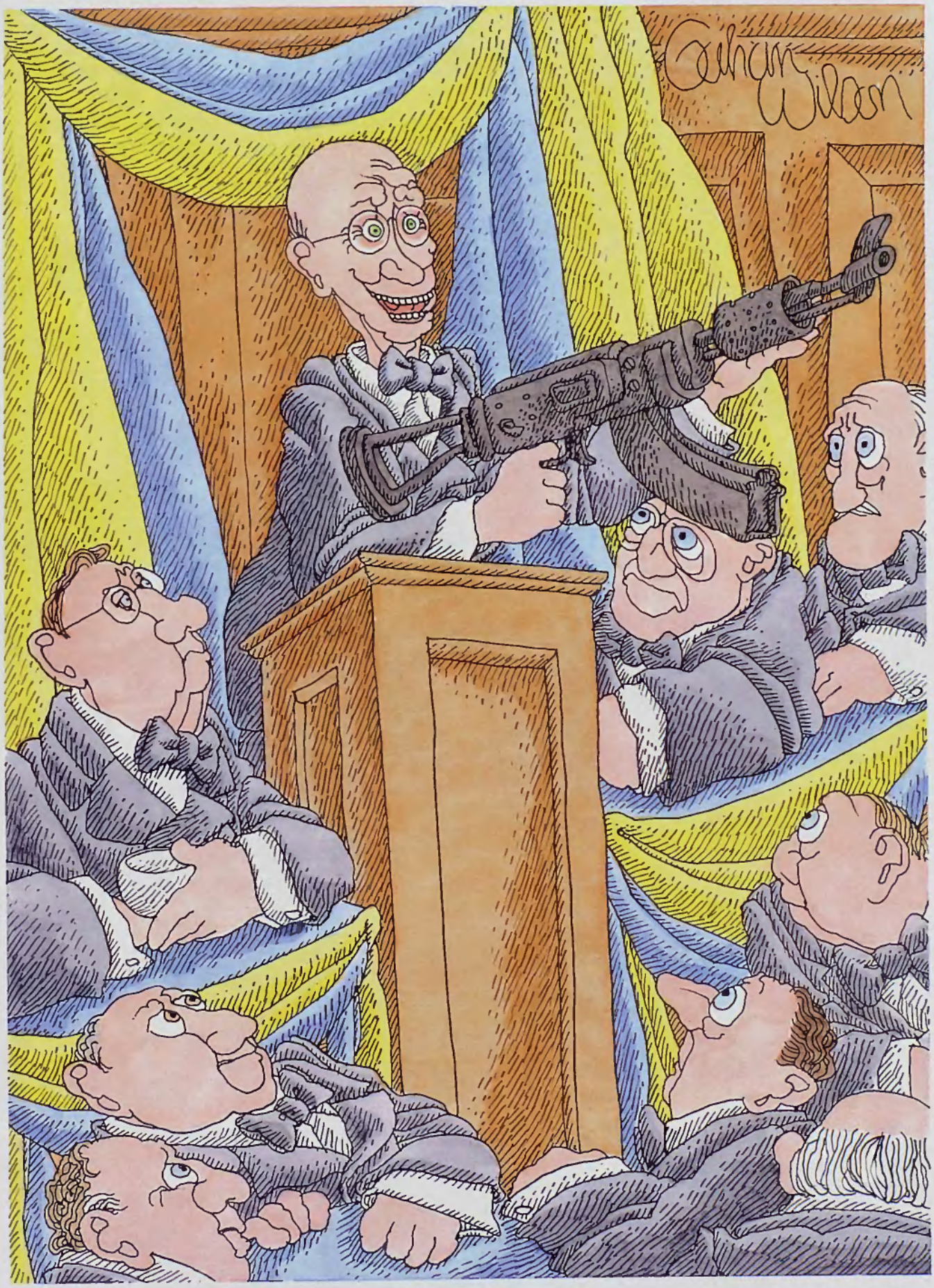
THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Heard about the new blonde paint color? It's cheap, not too bright and spreads easy.

Billy Bob needed help on the farm, so he hired a big, strapping local boy to tend to the chores. John Roy wasn't much of a talker, but he was strong and reliable.

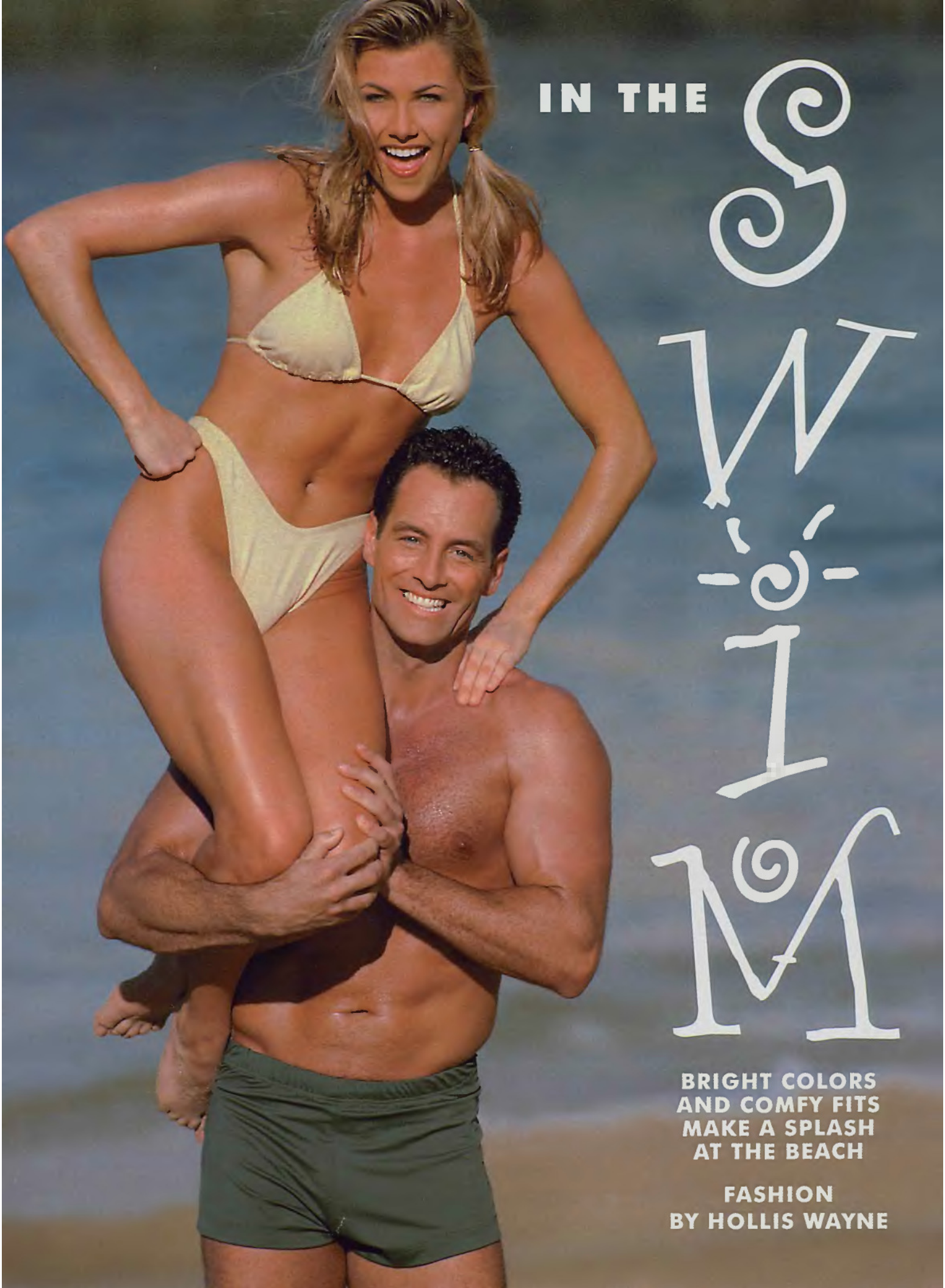
Several weeks into the job, Billy Bob found his farmhand lazing about the barn at ten o'clock in the morning. "What the hell are you doin' on your ass this early, boy?" he asked.

"Cows milked. Chickens fed. Hogs slopped. Alfalfa gathered. Daughter fucked," John Roy drawled. "Nothin' else to do."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



"And now, if you wouldn't mind, I'd like to fulfill a little dream which has been growing in me since I first came to work for this corporation."


IN THE
SWIM
BRIGHT COLORS AND COMFY FITS MAKE A SPLASH AT THE BEACH
FASHION BY HOLLIS WAYNE

Opposite: You'll need o buff bod to carry this weight on your shoulders—ond to corry off these square-cut nylon-and-Lycra swim trunks with bock flap pocket, by Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni, $85. (Her string bikini by J. Crew.) Above: Two sunsational suits: His yellow Tactel nylon boxer-style swim trunks by Tommy Hilfiger, $42, are trimmed with metollic reflective strips. The thong neckloce with sterling silver bead is by Alissa Neglia, $50. (Her suit and mesh shirt are by Mossimo Swim.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

CHANGES IN men's swimsuit styles are never dramatic, but that doesn't stop us from jetting off to exotic locales to bring you the best and brightest of the new season. This year, we headed to the Hotel Twin Dolphins in Cabo San Lucas, Mexico. Situated at the tip of Baja California, this laid-back vacation spot provided the perfect backdrop for the nautical colors and comfortable cuts that characterize 1995 swimwear. Here's the scoop: If you worked out all winter, you might want to flaunt your physique in this summer's hottest look—sexy, square-cut boxer trunks as pictured on page 116 and below. Body-hugging with a short leg length, this style is equally flattering in solids or bold-colored prints. Otherwise, go for traditional boxer cuts or surfer-type trunks featuring just-above-the-knee lengths, quick-drying fabrics such as Supplex nylon, and Velcro and zipper details. You may want to wear a shorter pair of trunks under the surfers for serious swimming. As for beach accessories, don't leave home without sunglasses (100 percent ultraviolet protection is a must), sunscreen and rubber thongs to keep the hot sand from toasting your feet.

Right: It's siesta time on the Sea of Cortés and this twosome catches rays in the warm Cabo sun. He sports Tactel nylon boxer-style trunks with a contrasting drawstring waist and a single back pocket with a button closure, by Nautica ($38), plus sunglasses with plastic frames and ultraviolet-shielding lenses, from Paul Smith Spectacles by Oliver Peoples, $220. (Her silver bikini is by Anne Cole.) We're not sure what's hotter, the sun or the couple below. His floral-printed cotton square-cut swim trunks with nylon mesh lining, button fly and drawstring waist are by Gianni Versace, $220. (Her sexy velvet bikini is by Emporio Armani.)

Above: For land or sea, these Supplex nylon surfer trunks with racing stripes, by GM Surf, $45, are worn over a cotton-and-Lycra suit by Paul Smith Accessories, $45, with e-Wire sport sunglasses by Oakley, $130, a leather bracelet by Alissa Neglia, $50, and rubber thongs by J. Crew, $12. (Her bikini is by Keiko.) Opposite: His nylon trunks by Ocean Pacific, $20, have a Velcro back pocket. (Her suit is by Malia and her sunglasses are from Paul Smith Spectacles by Oliver Peoples, $260.)

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 164.

SKEEKS *(continued from page 96)*

Boy, with a cap pulled over his brow, remembered what it was he hated about Los Angeles: everything.

program, future of Bill Terry.

When the reporters had scattered, leaving Boy with Jim Jemmy and the photographers, Boy rubbed his hands together in expectant satisfaction and said, "And now, the body in the box."

Jim came closer, lowering his voice. "There's a fellow at the vet, he's——"

"Tell you what, dear. Let's chat on the porch."

"Oh. OK."

Out on the tiny sagging porch, with its unimpeded view of the canal, Boy sat on the untrustworthy railing, some distance from Jim, and said, "Tell me about it, dear."

"I have a contact at the vet, but he's being a little funny. He wants money."

"They all do, dear, and that's why we're here. To provide money."

"I think he's got something else. He wants more, he wouldn't talk to me. He seems to want, you know, more money."

The body in the box was always a delicate task. Boy had sent photographers into funeral homes disguised as priests, as nuns, as firemen, as long-lost offspring of the deceased and, on one memorable occasion, as a process server determined to press divorce papers on the corpse. Each case was different, and to each case Boy responded with his usual grimy savoir faire.

The simplest way, in the present instance, would be to insert a photographer into the veterinary hospital after the late Skeeks had been arranged in his coffin, but before the dog and coffin had been transported to Forest Lawn. That would require no more than the suborning of one employee. Jim Jemmy had clearly done the first part of the job in finding a bribable employee, but now there was going to be some sort of problem.

Sighing, Boy saw he would have to deal with this veterinary lowlife himself. "How do I make contact?"

"I can call his home and leave him a message."

"Do, dear boy. And don't look so worried. Boy is here, and joy shall prevail."

•

They met at a small outdoor restaurant on the Malibu coast. Driftwood had been imported from as far away as Tierra del Fuego to construct this restaurant in which you were guaranteed to get splinters. Boy, with clip-on sunglasses clipped on his sunglasses and a dark blue Moon Mission cap pulled low over his pasty brow, remembered again just what it was he hated about Los Angeles: everything.

The outdoorness of the restaurant was necessary, given the redolence of both his companions. Jim Jemmy continued to smell like Jim Jemmy, and Carlo, the squat Incan from the vet, smelled like the vet. He was a janitor, a man who knew every scrubbed inch of the place as well as he knew his own toilet, and his news was not good. "Sports department," he announced, hunched over the hamburger with sprouts the *Galaxy* was buying him.

"Ah," said Boy, squinting behind all his dark glass.

"Dey got dese jackets, you know what I mean? Color like a raspberry. On da pocket, by da heart, dey got dis network sign——"

"Logo," Boy edited.

Carlo crumpled his face like a fender. "Huh? No, man, a logo's a wolf. Dis on da jacket, dis what you see on da TV."

"Understood," Boy assured him.

"Dey all useta be football players, now dey work da sports department at da network. Dey on guard, man."

"Guarding Skeeks?"

"For da pikchas, man. Dey know about you guys and your papers, dat you do da pikchas. Dey say, 'No way.'"

"*You* could slip past——"

But Carlo was shaking his woolly head, sending clouds of formaldehyde to compete across the table with essence of Jemmy. "Dey search me, man. Dey find da camera, dey dropkick my ass back to Peru."

Boy sighed. While he loved a challenge, of course, he preferred his challenges to be easier than they looked. He said, "Carlo, one understood you had something to sell, something more than the picture, not something less."

"Dis *is* more. But you gotta pay, man."

"We'll pay what it's worth," Boy assured him.

Carlo thought about that, then decided to risk it. Whispering so low that Boy could barely hear him, he said, "Somebody offed da dog."

More gibberish. But then Jim Jemmy, utterly shocked, cried, "Skeeks was *murdered*?" and all became clear.

To the entire restaurant. Bouncing in his chair, Carlo cried, "Cool it, man! *Jesucristo!*"

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" Jim covered his mouth with both hands.

Boy said, "Class. Students. Let us have order here. Carlo, what do you mean? Do you have proof?"

"I done da cleanup, man. I know what I'm cleanin'. Dat dog got poisoned. I heard da doctors, dey don't wanna tell nobody."

"Why not?"

"Couple scandals last year, man. Dat place, movie stars keep deir dogs and cats and gerbils and all deir pets dere while dey go away, make a movie, come back, it's dead, man, wrong food, wrong medicine. Dey afraid dey gonna get blamed."

"So no one knows this interesting news," Boy concluded, "except the veterinarians, and you, and us."

Carlo looked sullen. "And all dose people at d'udder tables."

"I *am* sorry," Jim said.

"I think we can ignore that," Boy decided. "This is a restaurant in Los Angeles, after all." Reaching into a side pocket, he brought out a wad of bills folded in half and held with a red rubber band. Removing the rubber band, he peeled off five $100 bills and handed them to Carlo. "This is for our exclusive use of your information."

"That's OK," Carlo agreed. The money disappeared.

Boy took a tiny camera that looked like a cigarette lighter from his other pocket. "If by chance you do happen to get Skeeks' final photo, there'll be another $1000 in it for you."

But Carlo wouldn't touch the camera. "Dem sports guys from da network, man," he said, "in dem raspberry coats, man, dey big. Big and mean."

Sneering, Boy said, "You're afraid of men in raspberry coats?"

"You look at 'em, man," Carlo said. "You'll never eat a raspberry again."

•

Back at the *Galaxy* nest in Venice, Boy debriefed his team, standing to demonstrate the quality of command and also because he had a long splinter in his bum. Trixie's news was that Skeeks had been rendered unfit for fatherhood as a youth, before his fame could protect him from such indignities; ergo, no progeny. The others had also been busy gleaning data, and this is what Boy learned:

Skeeks did have an owner, a holding company in Houston called Shunbec International. Several of the Shunbec principals were deeply involved in the S&L mess, and Skeeks had been just about their last viable asset. On the

(continued on page 162)

PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT
FOR MEN
JULY 50 cents
BEACH SKETCHES BY COLE

MISS JULY 1955, the first girl-next-door Playmate, was PLAYBOY Subscription Manager Janet Pilgrim. She agreed to pose if the boss would buy a new Addressograph machine needed by PLAYBOY's overworked Circulation Department. Reader response to Janet was overwhelming, and she was photographed as a Playmate two more times, in December 1955 and October 1956. The date in formal attire visible in the background of the photograph is Hugh M. Hefner.

"All right already, we're consummated. Now can we hit the surf?"

LT-1
OFF
ON
OLYMPUS LENS

PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS & GRADS

PERFECT PRESENTS FOR POMP AND POP

Goodies Dad will dig. Far left to right: Crystal decanter with a silver-plated stopper, from Christofle, about $320. A retro-look Olympus LT-1 35mm automatic camera with a burnished-silver finish and a faux leather lens cover, about $270. Marantz model LCD-410 TV, featuring the same type of four-inch screen used on notebook computers, about $800. The Data Link watch receives and stores appointments, phone numbers and addresses from Windows-compatible PCs simply by having its face held up to the computer screen, by Timex, $130. The Simon, Bellsouth Cellular's pint-size personal communicator, can send and receive calls, e-mail, faxes, pager messages and more, $900. Style 02 tortoise-frame sunglasses, by Porsche Design, $310. (Dad's silver-plated picture frame from Christofle, $160.)

Great stuff for grads. Below, left to right: Canon's waterproof Sure Shot A-1 Panorama Data camera can take photos on a standard or extra-wide scale, $345. Rectangular pewter flask from Motif, $75. IBM's Thinkpad 755CD color notebook computer weighs about seven pounds and comes with a built-in double-speed CD-ROM drive, about $7000. (That's the Women of Playboy multimedia screen saver on the display, about $40.) Metal frame e-Wire sunglasses fitted with Plutonite lenses that block 100 percent of UV rays, by Oakley, $130. Navitimer 92 chronograph with a circular slide rule and variable tachymeter, by Breitling, $2925. Casio's AV-100 portable audio-video system with a TV, an AM/FM radio and an on-screen calendar, about $300. (Grad's wooden picture frame from Gucci, $230.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

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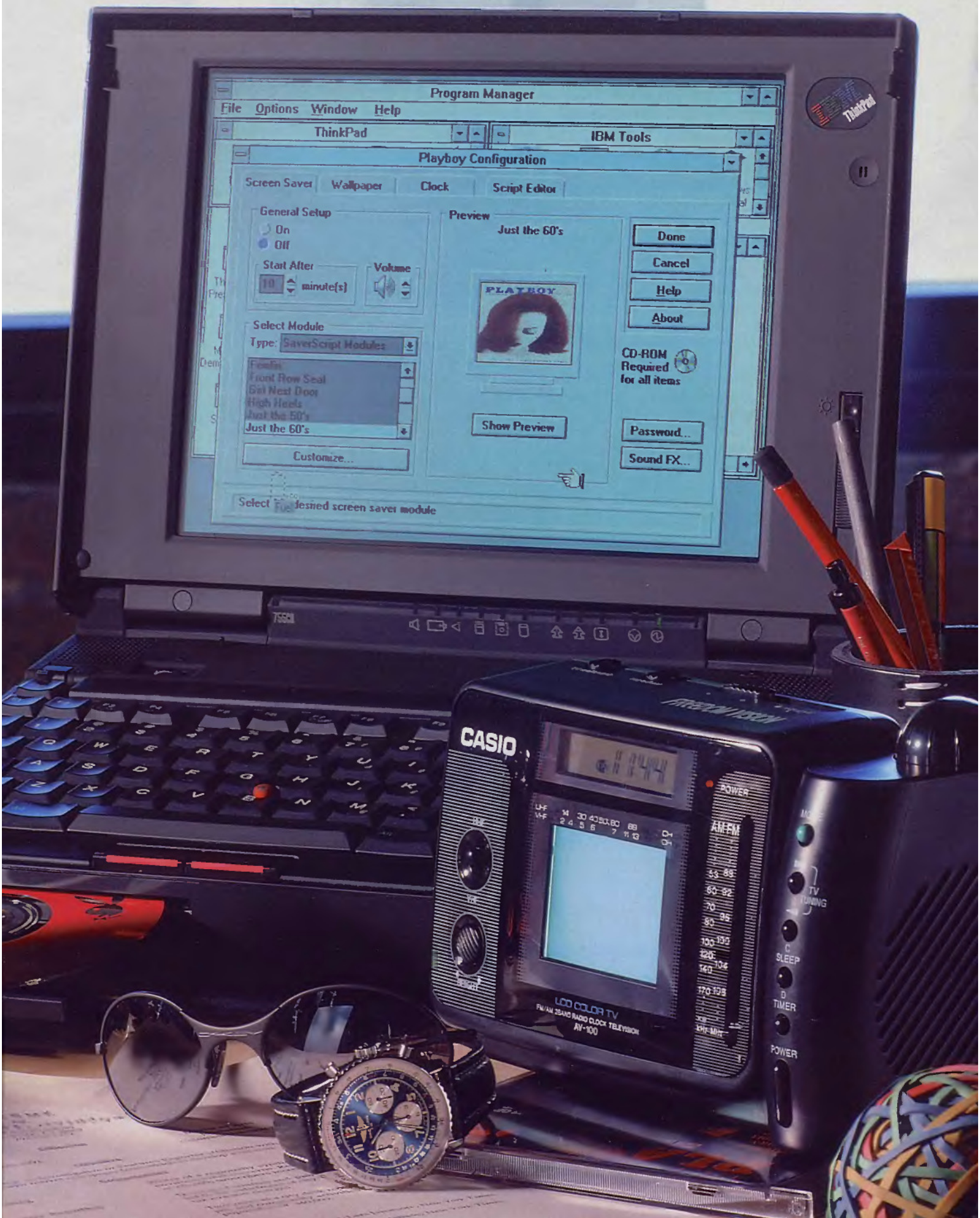


TED TURNER (continued from page 102)

Two days after the MGM deal was put in motion, Turner suddenly took off with his family to fly-fish.

this one by the shrewd Kerkorian. The price of $1.5 billion was $200 million to $300 million too high. *Newsweek* reported that in Hollywood, "Turner is almost universally regarded as 'a pigeon.'" One film-business analyst declared that the movie studio was only worth that much if "Turner has found oil on the MGM back lot."

After the signing, some members of the TBS board started to worry. Mike Gearon says, "I felt that all of a sudden Ted had gotten in over his head. We weren't being properly informed. We had inadvertently given Ted too much authority—we had said he had the right to negotiate with a lot of latitude. But we were responsible for whatever the hell he did. And the price seemed to exceed the representations that had been made to us on the board. I thought there was a lot of directors' liability at that point—the company could be destroyed."

According to Gearon, Turner was concerned too. "I just think that he was prepared to take the risk, and I probably wouldn't have been prepared. It was a lot to lose."

If the board was anxious, and if Hollywood was amused, that Ted was paying the asking price without even haggling, it was not an unusual move for him. An optimist, he always seems to imagine that what he's purchasing may actually be worth the price he pays. "Because he believes he sees hidden values, he pays more," former CNN president Reese Schonfeld says.

"Ted used to say his father had told him that if he really wanted something, if he had to have it, it didn't matter what he had to pay," recalls former TBS entertainment president Gerry Hogan. "In that context, Ted would spend huge amounts of money, more than was necessary. But on a day-to-day basis, he was very cost conscious." That was Turner's pattern—pay whatever the cost, then wring every nickel out of the purchase.

Two days after the MGM deal was put in motion, as his board fretted and his aides tried to hammer out the details, Turner suddenly took off with his family to fly-fish on a north-country river in Alaska. It was standard operating procedure for Ted: As soon as a plan was laid out, he would lose interest and move on to the next thing. The currents surging past his legs, the line singing through the morning sky, the fish rising to the lure, Turner concentrated on rainbow trout and Alaskan sockeye and let others worry about taking care of his business.

At the core of the MGM deal was the king of junk bonds, Michael Milken of Drexel Burnham Lambert. If Drexel executives were "highly confident" that they could arrange the billion and a half dollars in financing for Turner's purchase, theirs was not a totally disinterested opinion. They had a huge stake in the proceedings. Because of the speed of the deal, Turner had been forced to retain Milken, Kerkorian's own moneyman. Milken was working both sides of the street—getting paid as MGM's banker and as TBS' financier. It was a highly unusual setup, and it raised conflict-of-interest questions. Ironically, though, if it hadn't been for Milken's stake in the sale, the buyout probably would never have happened, for Drexel Burnham was one of the few firms able to raise money for such a speculative transaction. In retrospect, the MGM/TBS deal—from the players to the financing—would come to be emblematic of the high-risk, high-flying Eighties.

But first the buyout had to happen, and as *Variety* would later say, "The deal began unraveling before the ink was even dry." Between mid-August and late November, four new MGM films bombed. In fact, two of the four lost almost $29 million of a $30 million investment. Bevins returned to Atlanta shaking his head and, face-to-face with his boss, declared, "Look, we've got a problem here." It came to be a recurring refrain. Later he said, "When you suffer the kinds of losses we suffered at the studio, the financing becomes a virtual nightmare."

On October 31, 1985 *The Wall Street Journal* reported that "there seems to be an atmosphere of urgency, if not panic" at TBS. Turner, never a recluse, began to talk with anyone who could give him a desperately needed infusion of cash. Time Warner, ABC, Gannett, Viacom and others met with him over the next year, all trying to bite off pieces of TBS and MGM. Italian media tycoon Silvio Berlusconi, Time Warner's Nick Nicholas Jr. and HBO's Michael Fuchs also talked with Turner.

Rupert Murdoch was among the most eager to cut a deal. If there was anyone on the media scene whose ambitions paralleled Ted Turner's, it was probably the Australian magnate. In the same year that Turner had gone after CBS and MGM, Murdoch and partner Martin Davis had acquired 20th Century Fox and a mininetwork of six Metromedia stations. However, unlike Turner, Murdoch impressed investors with how efficiently and cheaply he did it. Murdoch and Turner met early in 1986, when Murdoch tried to hire Gerry Hogan. Hogan decided not to leave Ted, but he introduced the two men, and they met again three or four times over the following months.

On one of these occasions, Murdoch traveled to Turner's office in Atlanta. Adjourning downstairs for dinner at Bugatti, Turner, Murdoch, Turner executive Robert Wussler, Bevins and Barry Diller (then head of Fox) tried to find a sensible way to blend Fox and MGM/TBS. Quiet and understated, Murdoch kept his focus on the numbers: "What if we sell off this piece of MGM?" he'd ask. Turner, meanwhile, was talking about the big picture, the big ideas: "We could be the biggest thing in Hollywood," he would say. "We could build more networks. If we put your library and our library together. . . ."

Cordial and intensely deal-oriented, Turner and Murdoch nonetheless attacked the same problem from very different angles. "Ted was this wild idea guy," Gerry Hogan recalls. "Rupert is a tremendous financial guy. He understood numbers and the ways to get things done financially far better than Ted. Ted doesn't have many strengths in that area. He relied on Bevins to make those things happen. What Ted had was vision—how powerful the combination could be, how important."

But on this particular evening the conversation fell apart because of Barry Diller. According to Hogan, the chemistry between Diller and Turner was terrible. "I don't think Diller wanted any part of Turner," says Hogan. "I think the merger would have been a direct assault on Diller's position. If Turner and Murdoch had merged, it would have cut into Diller's area."

That night after the meeting, Hogan flew back to New York with Murdoch, who was still trying to sort out the finances. According to Hogan: "Murdoch was intently serious in trying to make the numbers work, but he was having a tough time because both companies had so much debt that it was as if two punch-drunk fighters were trying to hold each other up. In the end, it just couldn't be done."

(continued on page 156)

AN INTERVIEW WITH POPE JOHN PAUL II

comedy's infamous fallen catholic goes one-on-one with the cat in the vatican **Satire by Denis Leary**

AFTER A HIP operation caused him to cancel his trip to the U.S. last fall—a global jaunt that would have coincided with the publication of his book, *Crossing the Threshold of Hope*, thereby christening the first-ever papal press tour—his high holiness Pope John Paul II decided to let the book speak for itself. Amid the resulting clamor for satellite press conferences, e-mail interviews and other such modern-day encounters, the pontiff settled on doing a single Q and A session—face-to-face with a lone journalist, and for only 15 minutes.

Speculation immediately settled on such journalistic luminaries as Barbara Walters, Connie Chung and Walter Cronkite. But on the afternoon of December 15, 1994 my telephone rang. It was Ray Flynn, ambassador to the Vatican, informing me that a plane was waiting to fly me to Rome to meet his high holiness. (Ray Flynn used to be the mayor of Boston, where I grew up. One night a few years back I talked Ray out of lambasting a Boston University sophomore who had called Larry Bird "an overrated, overweight mick" in McSweeney's pub. I suppose this anecdote—combined with my credentials as an ex–altar boy and spokesman for the MTV generation—had now led to a little payback.)

I arrived in Rome on December 16 and the next morning was given a tour of the Vatican. Then the guidelines of my interview with the Pope were spelled out to me in detail: The entire conversation had to be printed verbatim, and the Pope would have ultimate approval of its contents. I agreed to the terms, and at noon I was ushered into the papal suite, where his high holiness sat in a red velvet chair, resplendent in his white satin robes. I kissed his ring and we began.

•

POPE: Sit, my son. Sit.
ME: Here, sir?
POPE: Yes. Yes.
ME: I, uh. . . . How's your leg, your high holiness?
POPE: It's sore. But in view of the troubles on the planet, alas, it is nothing.
ME: Um, yeah. Well, uh, your, uh, high holiness——
POPE: Call me Jack.
ME: Oh, no. No, I couldn't.
POPE: I'm kidding. Your holiness is fine. Have you read my book?
ME: Yes. Yes, your holiness.
POPE: Good. Good. Ray Flynn tells me you're in the movies.
ME: Well, I——
POPE: I see a lot of movies.
ME: Really?
POPE: What would I have seen you in?
ME: Well, uh, lemme see. Did you see *The Ref*?
POPE: *The Ref*? No, no, no, no. I heard it was very vulgar.
ME: You heard?
POPE: Yeah. My staff sees everything. As does my boss, if you know what I mean. I saw *The Mask*.
ME: You did?
POPE: Yes. And *Ace Ventura: Pet Detective*. Very funny. Very, very funny. Do you know Jim Carrey?
ME: Well, we've met. We're not, like——
POPE: He is a terribly talented young man.
ME: Yes. Well——
POPE: Is he Catholic, do you know?
ME: I, uh, I think so. You know, we should——
POPE: Those are the kinds of movies we need more of. Good, clean fun. For the whole family.
ME: Right. So. . . .
POPE: I mean, I'm not against a good laugh every once in a while.
ME: No?
POPE: No. For instance, how many Polacks does it take to screw in a lightbulb?
ME: I wouldn't know.
POPE: Twelve.
ME: Twelve?
POPE: Eleven to hold the ladder and one to stand off to the side and say, "You know what? I think we need another guy." Ha, ha!

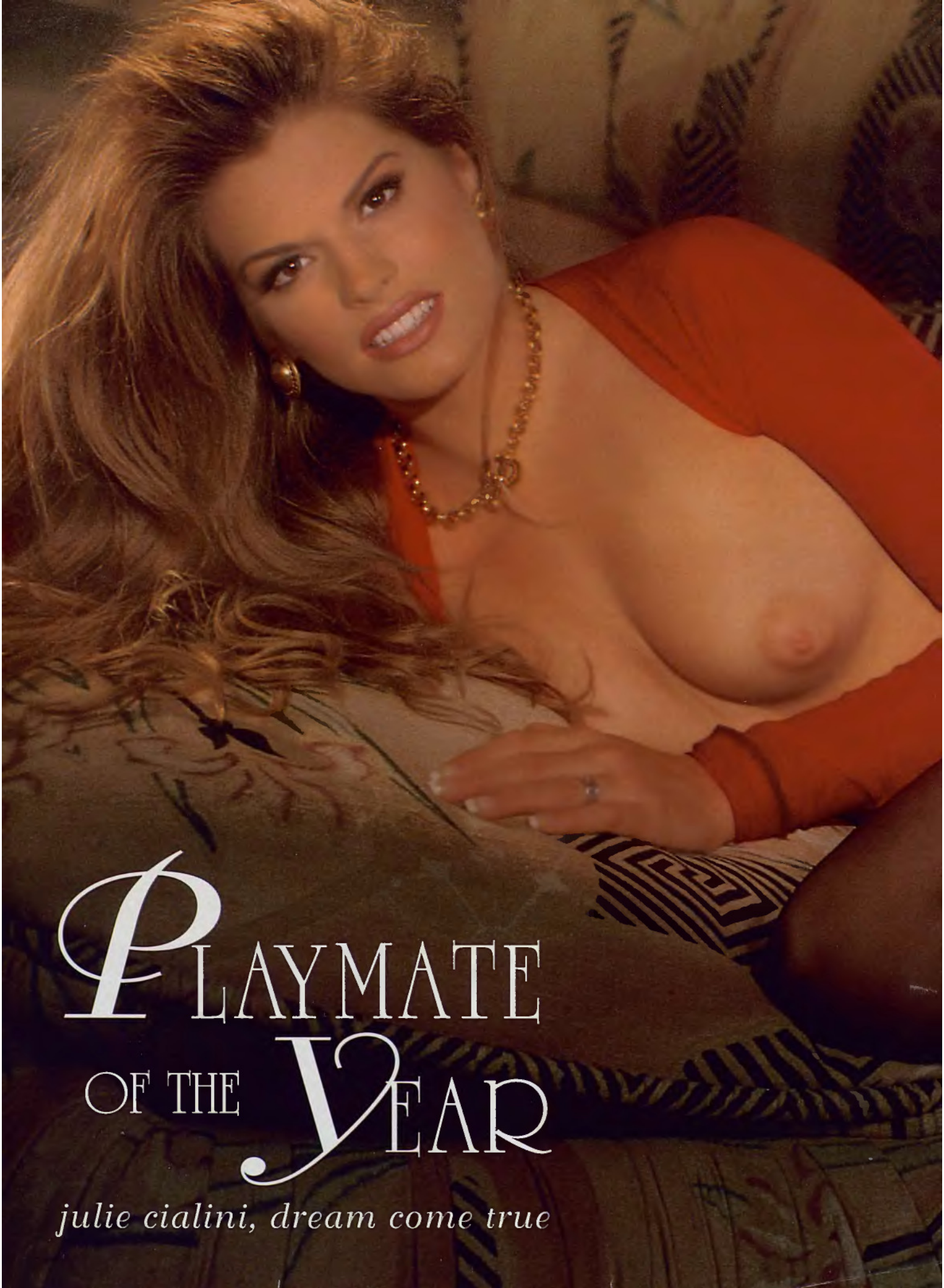
[*The pontiff convulses in laughter, almost falling out of his chair twice. It takes several minutes for him to catch his breath.*]

POPE: [*Drying his eyes*] You don't like that one?
ME: No, I do. It's—funny.
POPE: Hoo, boy. Hey, would you like something to eat?
ME: Uh, well, I——
POPE: Angelo!

[*A rotund man wearing a black tuxedo enters the room.*]

ANGELO: Yes, your holiness?
POPE: Two pastramis on rye. Very hot. You like pastrami?
ME: Uh, yes.
POPE: Good! *(continued on page 142)*

ILLUSTRATION BY BLAIR DRAWSON


PLAYMATE
OF THE YEAR
julie cialini, dream come true

"Black is exhilarating," says Julie, who chose that color for her Eagle Talon TSi All-Wheel Drive. PLAYBOY presented that top-of-the-line Eagle, and $100,000, to Julie with her PMOY crown. "I love fast cars. I'm a good driver, but I'll admit there have been times when my love for speed has scared the wits out of my passengers."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA

A high-energy day in the life of the Playmate of the Year: A nightclub in Julie Cialini's hometown of Rochester, New York was sponsoring a bungee-jumping event, and with no rocky gorges available to plummet into, the club's owners strapped the big rubber band to a 150-foot-tall crane. But the event needed something special, something irresistible, something . . . someone like Julie Cialini. So they invited Miss February 1994 to take the plunge, and she did so with her impeccable sense of style and athleticism. She selected a string bikini to wear during her fall from the heavens, and she leapt not once but three times.

"I was a little scared," she recalls, "but not as scared as I thought I'd be. It felt like I was flying."

Although Julie kept her cool, not everyone present that day did: "The guys were all screaming." It's not too surprising, really. A lot of people might react that way if they saw a heavenly body falling from the sky.

This wasn't a typical event in Julie's life, of course. She is more used to surprisingly rapid ascents. The first one came with her adolescent growth spurt. "Ever since I was a teenager I've dreamed of being a Playmate," says Julie. "But I was 5'11" and

We shot with the statues all day," says Julie, "and it was a real workout. I had the idea to hang upside down between them, and I definitely used my gymnastic ability in that shot. I used muscles that I haven't in a long time." As for her statuesque partners, Julie says, "When we kissed, they were a little stiff."

gawky, so I couldn't imagine that it would ever really happen."

Back then, Julie's natural gifts made her a coach's dream in gymnastics, basketball and volleyball. Then, as her lanky frame filled out, she found that all her gifts combined to make her a natural in the world of modeling.

"I've always loved the camera," she says, flashing the wide smile that is among the many reasons the camera loves her right back. "I've always felt free and easy having my picture taken. It's not like I have to do any prepping or psyching up for a shoot. I just take a shower and show up clean, and then I let it all happen."

What's happened for Julie since her first modeling job—for a department store catalog when she was 18 years old—has transported her to Europe as a runway model, into her teenage dream of becoming a Playmate, onto television as a presenter on the nighttime *Price Is Right* and now—"something that I never could have dreamed"—to Playmate of the Year.

Julie makes her movie debut in the recently completed *Beach Academy*. "I've always admired Sharon Stone and Jamie Lee Curtis, and if I work hard enough, I hope I can take my career to the same heights they have reached."

To which we say: Don't worry, Julie. You're already flying.

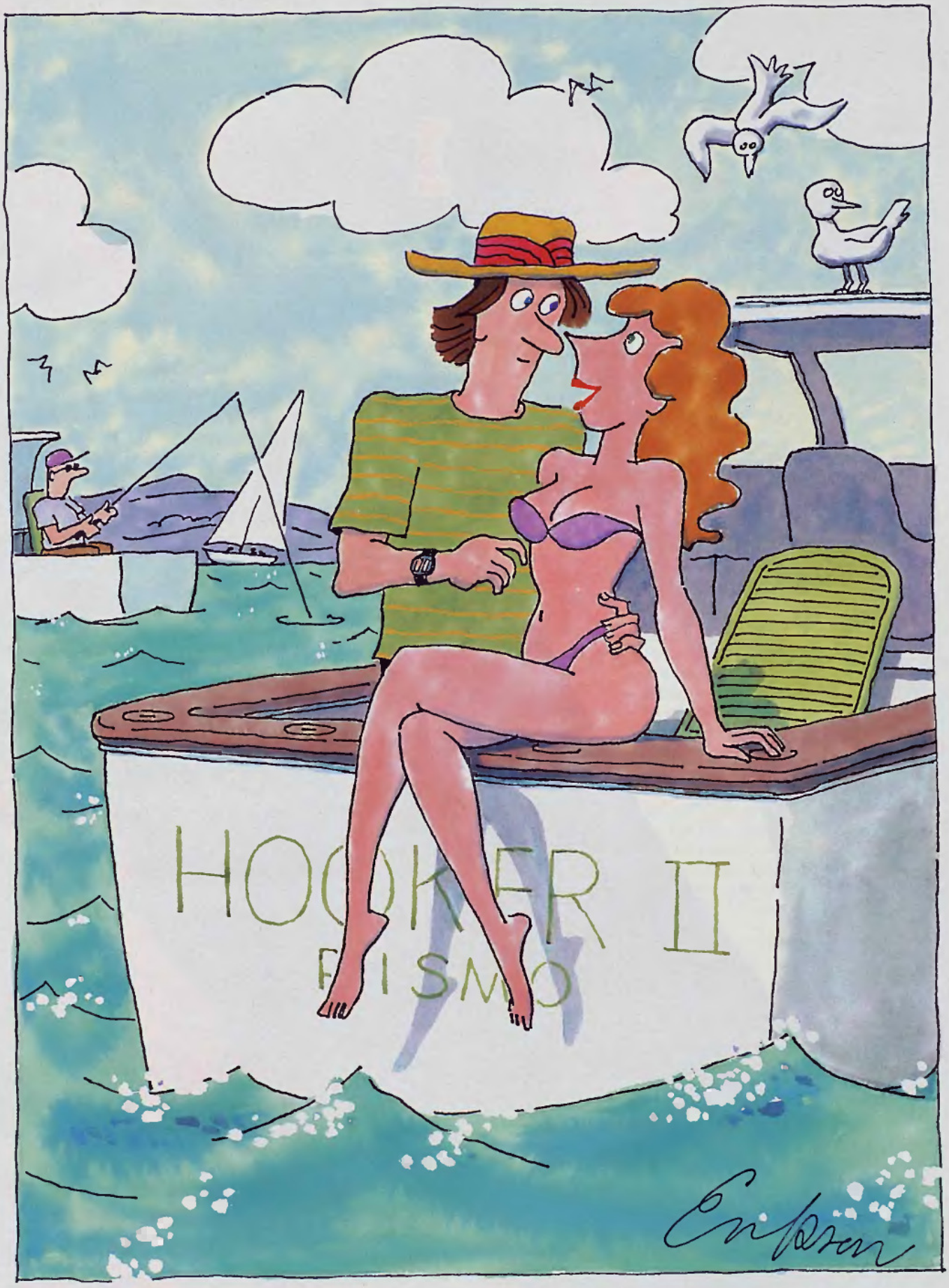
Asked to describe the winding path that has led her from her first modeling job for a department store to European fashion shoots to Miss February 1994 to a stint on *The Price Is Right* to Playmate of the Year to Hollywood, Julie calls it a learning experience. "You have to survive the low moments to get to the highs," she says. "And you have to work hard. But it's all worth it. I still love it when people tell me I'm naturally beautiful."

JOHN PAUL II *(continued from page 131)*

The entire Catholic church is built on the importance of hats. The bigger the guy, the bigger the hat.

Angelo, don't skimp on the mustard.
ANGELO: Yes, your holiness.
POPE: And two Heinekens.
ANGELO: Yes, your holiness.
[Angelo exits.]
POPE: You look surprised.
ME: No, no. I, uh——
POPE: I hate Italian food. Give me a good kielbasa or a roast beef sub. Ah, that's what I like. Now, where were we?
ME: Do you listen to Sinéad O'Connor?
POPE: No, no, no. I'm not a big rock fan. I like Loggins and Messina, Seals and Croft, Bread. I don't see the point in shaving your skull unless you're old and bald like me. I like the *Chant* album by those monks.
ME: Yeah?
POPE: Oh, boy. I get in the Popemobile, put on the monks, crank it up to ten. Oh, my God! I could wave at the crowds all day. Great sound system in the Popemobile. Japanese, I think. Lovely people.
ME: Let's move on. In an era of sequels—*Batman 3*, *Sister Act 2*—was John Paul I a tough act to follow?
POPE: Now, see? That's what I'm talking about. Jim Carrey would never ask that question.
ME: OK, OK, I'm sorry.
POPE: OK, then.
ME: What's the story with the hats?
POPE: The hats?
ME: You know, to me it seems that the entire Catholic church is built on the importance of hats. The bigger the guy, the bigger the hat.
POPE: Well, my son, they're for show more than anything. People love to see them. It's all part of the pomp and circumstance, if you will.
ME: I understand, your holiness, but with so many poor and hungry Third World nations embracing Catholicism, doesn't it seem a little——
POPE: Look, my son, we know what we're doing. We send a lot of money to the poor and downtrodden. But to raise money, we have to go to the places that have good cash flow—like the U.S.—and put on a show. So to speak.
ME: A show?
POPE: Well, like when I said Mass in Yankee Stadium a few years back. We drew 75,632 people. Still a record in that park. Babe Ruth, Jolting Joe, Reggie—no way. They never pulled in those numbers. Now, do you think 75,000 people came because they wanted to go to Mass? No! They came because they got to see me—the Pope—dressed in green-and-gold vestments and wearing the biggest darn hat you ever saw! Without the hat, I'm just another Polish putz behind an altar. Ah, but *with* the hat—forget about it! They tell their neighbors, "You shoulda seen the size of the *hat* on this guy!"
ME: So, what you're saying is——
POPE: Hey, it's just a hat. Don't get crazy. Look, do you know how much money I could make on pay-per-view? Forget about Howard Stern! Are you nuts? Or I could do an exercise video. Or I could do fake miracles, raise-the-dead stuff, the whole nine yards. But I don't. All of that is too gauche. So give me a break on the hats. I don't even have an agent. But believe me, if I called Mike Ovitz right now, he'd be sitting in your chair in less than 14 hours.
ME: OK, OK, your highness—I mean, your holiness. It's just that in your book you espouse the old, hard-line Catholic dogma regarding sexual behavior and the involvement of women in the day-to-day functions of——
POPE: Yes. I do. But I also make it clear we must listen to the arguments of contemporary voices and absorb their concerns into the body of the church.
ME: But you still will not recognize——
POPE: Recognition is not a simple issue, my son. Sexual behavior *is*. Angelo!
[Angelo reenters.]
ANGELO: Yes, your holiness?
POPE: Where are the sandwiches?
ANGELO: On their way, your holiness.
[Angelo exits.]
POPE: No birth control. Love is a sacred bond. "Be fruitful and multiply."
ME: Yes, your holiness, I know. But in view of the pressures of modern society and the fact that millions of Catholics are leaving the church every——
POPE: You didn't read my book.
ME: Yes, I did.
POPE: No. I can tell you didn't. You read the breakdown.
ME: I read the book. The whole book.
POPE: *[Narrowing his eyes]* You know that lying to me is a mortal sin.
ME: No, it's not.
POPE: It certainly is.
ME: Look, your majesty, your . . . whatever. I know the rules of the Catholic church and——
POPE: *All* the rules?
ME: Yes! All the main big ones about sin and stuff, and I know they haven't changed lying to a mortal sin.
POPE: How do you know we haven't?
ME: Because it wasn't announced. You always have to announce it. You tell the cardinals and they tell the bishops and they tell the priests and the priests tell my mother and my mother tells me.
POPE: *[Smiling]* Sometimes we don't announce changes.
ME: Why not?
POPE: Because God the Father doesn't want them announced.
ME: Well, then, that brings up another issue. Do you actually speak with God?
POPE: Yes.
ME: How often?
POPE: Every day.
ME: Every day?
POPE: I have a red phone in my office, and every morning around nine it lights up. *[Silence]* I'm kidding.
ME: Very funny.
POPE: No, truthfully, when you're named Pope they surgically implant a computer chip into your brain stem and——
ME: Very funny.
POPE: Heh, heh. All kidding aside, he speaks to me. He speaks through me.
ME: Really?
POPE: Yes.
ME: Uh-huh. Now——
POPE: You don't believe me?
ME: Well, I dunno. I, uh. . . .
POPE: You don't believe me.
ME: No, no—I do. Kind of. I mean, I believe *you* believe that. That is to say——
POPE: Tsk, tsk, tsk.
ME: OK, then what does he tell you?
POPE: Everything.
ME: What do you mean?
POPE: He tells me everything he wants to talk about on that particular day.
ME: Like?
POPE: Well, I'm not really allowed to divulge all of it——
ME: Just a little. Like, how about today? What did he tell you today?
POPE: Well . . . OK. Let me get my list.
ME: By all means.
POPE: *[Fumbles in pocket]* Uh, let's see. . . .
[The pope produces a linen napkin with his initials embroidered on it. Several notes are scribbled along the edges in ballpoint pen. He puts on his reading glasses.]
POPE: OK. Today, he wanted to give me a few notes about recent events surrounding the abortion issue.
ME: Uh-huh.
POPE: And a directive on a priest in Chile who has been very involved in some political turmoil down there.
ME: Uh-huh. Anything else?
POPE: And what else. Oh, yes. He wanted to tell me that last night you masturbated to a pornographic movie on Spectravision in your hotel room.
[Silence]
ME: I'm sorry. What did you say?
POPE: Channel eight, I believe.
ME: You've lost me here. I——
POPE: You climaxed after three minutes

(concluded on page 161)



"I hope you didn't get me out here to do something filthy and disgusting—like catch fish!"

20 QUESTIONS

TOM ARNOLD

He is more than the most famous ex-husband in showbiz today. He's a comedian, a TV producer and most recently a budding movie star who was critically praised for playing Arnold Schwarzenegger's sidekick in "True Lies." Currently, Tom Arnold is co-starring with Hugh Grant in "Nine Months." He plays a guy with three kids and another on the way who tries to get Grant to embrace fatherhood when Grant's girlfriend gets pregnant. Yes, folks, this is the same Tom Arnold who, during his well-publicized marriage to Roseanne, was dismissed as just another no-talent chump, a Svengali who mesmerized his then-wife into sharing her clout and her coattails. Arnold denies having devious motives. He freely admits that Roseanne gave him a leg up. And what a leg it was. Together they dominated the tabloids and each other. Side by side they pushed her hit show "Roseanne" to higher ratings. Arnold also tried two sitcoms on his own, "The Jackie Thomas Show" and "Tom," but both died young, as did his marriage. Arnold, however, lives on. We sent Contributing Editor David Rensin, who conducted the June 1993 "Playboy Interview" with Tom and Roseanne, to check in on the hyperenergetic entertainer at his rambling, rented Beverly Hills home. Says Rensin, "Tom bounded down a long staircase and, with a smile from ear to ear, shouted 'Hey, buddy.' I'd have felt like a long-lost pal, except that he calls everyone buddy."

our favorite meatpacker-turned-actor on having a famous ex-wife, the joys of head-chiseling and what it was like to hang out in his underwear with the other arnold

1.

PLAYBOY: Audiences loved you in *True Lies*. You have since done *Nine Months*, and the buzz has been good. Two more films are pending. After being dumped by Roseanne and characterized as a chump, is respect the best revenge?

ARNOLD: Whatever it is, it's pretty nice. Before *True Lies*, I was perceived as being so far down and out that people were saying my career was over and that I'd have to go back to the meatpacking plant in Iowa. That would be bad—because they won't hire me back. [*Laughs*] I knew things would be bad for a while, so I just waited it out. Now it's pretty sweet.

2.

PLAYBOY: When you were married to Roseanne, you tried hard to have a kid. Now she's pregnant, and the father is her new husband. Has your manhood suffered?

ARNOLD: I'm just grateful we didn't have any kids. I see my buddies who have kids and are going through divorces, and it's a killer. An absolute killer. And it stays with you. When you have kids with somebody, you're with them. Divorced or not, they're in your life. I feel very grateful. You know what? I'm happy she's pregnant. I hope it's a healthy pregnancy and that they have a beautiful baby, and that they're both happy and content. Seriously. Maybe then they'll leave me the fuck alone!

3.

PLAYBOY: Look back at the marriage and rate your performance.

ARNOLD: I was 30 years old. I'd just gotten sober. Suddenly, I've got a wife, and four stepkids who need good parenting, as all kids do. And Roseanne is telling me, "Listen, I can't do it. I'm going through tough times and I can't do it alone. There are a lot of things I can't do." As the relationship developed, everything—from her show on—was put in my lap. I didn't necessarily do a perfect job. I had no idea what I was doing a lot of times. But I did a lot of good things, and I did my best. You might say we were two co-dependent personalities. For a long time one of us was out front and the other ran things. Then it shifted. I'm not saying that's why we divorced. But I will say that if I wanted to stay married, I was going to have to give up being in the movies. That was made very clear.

4.

PLAYBOY: You mean you weren't willing to give up work for love?

ARNOLD: For a good marriage you can give up anything, but you also have to wonder what's behind that. When I made *True Lies* I was out of California a lot and it was hard. I realized something important: The only way I was going to be able to have a career was to work. Imagine that. I'm not knocking what I had. Running the *Roseanne* show was great. I even loved having my own shows every year on different networks. [*Laughs*] But the truth is that I had to take a risk. I did not choose my career over my family in any way, but it seemed to me that to make things better, I had to make myself even more independent. I thought the marriage and the family would be a lot better. I still wanted to help out, but not to do everything.

5.

PLAYBOY: In *Nine Months* you co-star with English heartthrob Hugh Grant. As actors and people you couldn't seem more different, at least on the surface. What's it like when worlds collide?

ARNOLD: He went to Oxford. I never graduated from the University of Iowa. And we're certainly different in the movie: I'm a dad with three kids, and he's going nuts at the idea of giving up the single life when his girlfriend gets pregnant. I keep trying to sell him on fatherhood, and basically I become his worst nightmare. But personally, we have many things in common. He's very funny—not that I'm saying I'm very funny, but I think I am. An important thing to notice about Hugh is his hair. He has great hair. Several people on the film were involved with it, from the director to his hair people. I think we lost about three days of production just sitting around between takes while they fluffed his hair.

6.

PLAYBOY: If the two of you went looking for babes at a bar, who would score?

ARNOLD: He's suave and sophisticated, whereas I am probably more friendly. I've seen him turn on that special charm. People enjoy it. Hugh has a lot of advantages over me in the charm department. So I tried to help him with the friendliness-with-the-regular-folks factor. He'd do well at a bar, though. But I would probably be the one to get things going for him.

7.

PLAYBOY: You are a farm boy from Iowa. What in the hell are you doing in Hollywood?

ARNOLD: I'd always wanted to come here and do this. I got the idea from watching TV and movies, and seeing

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL GRECCO

the effect actors had on people and how everybody liked them. I thought I could get everybody to like me if I became a movie star. I remember sitting in the lunchroom at the meatpacking plant one day, and everybody was going on and on about how funny this guy Robin Williams was. *Mork & Mindy* had just come on, so I started watching it. I actually had a dream that I would do a movie with Robin Williams and that he would become my best friend, and that everybody would love me, especially back in Ottumwa, which was the only place that mattered to me. Eventually, I did do a movie with Robin Williams. He's not my best friend, but we're friendly. He's a nice guy. He sent me a note the other day along with some alcohol-free wine, because he doesn't drink, either. Of course, unlike in my dream, not everybody loves me, but a lot of people like me. It almost worked out perfectly.

8.

PLAYBOY: What Midwest virtues must you suspend when you are working in your chosen field?

ARNOLD: [*Takes a deep breath*] First, truth. The truth is more blurred here than it is in the Midwest. There's so much hype added to reality that you have to struggle to remember what's real. And promises are not kept. People believe they keep their promises, but there's a lot of amnesia out here. What's worse is that the longer you live and work here, the more you learn to adapt to it. You learn to tell the truth in a different way. Out here, people are so afraid of losing their jobs or losing you as a client that the most important goal is self-protection. I have also met people with incredible integrity. In fact, the more powerful the person, the more honest he or she can be. But fear is still the predominant emotion. Another missing virtue is loyalty. When money is involved in anything, most people don't care about personality or work—they care about the money. If somebody is making them money, that's the side they're on. Oddly enough, if you get screwed over, this town also has a lot of sympathy for you because it happens to everybody. It has happened to Arnold Schwarzenegger and all the biggest stars. And if it's happened to him, it's probably going to happen to me a lot more. I take it all with a grain of salt because, no matter what, I'm still luckier than hell to be doing this. Also, out here you get fired a lot. In Iowa that doesn't happen so much.

9.

PLAYBOY: Yet you somehow managed to get the hook at the meatpacking plant. Why? And what did you learn from carving up raw meat that prepared you for a life in showbiz?

ARNOLD: Yes, I did get fired. I was arrested for public nudity—streaking—on a day I had called in sick. The next morning, of course, I had to call in sick again—from jail. I said I was home, but the other guys in the cell were yelling, so I blew my cover. They fired me. [*Smiles*] You can learn a lot about this business in a meatpacking plant. There's a lot of death. Also, if you're the best ham-fatter or the best head-chiseler, everybody knows it and you become kind of a star. I was a celebrity at my plant when I was 18, because I would eat anything. That was my hook. People would bring hot peppers to work and I would eat them. They'd pay me. On the line, I'd chop a hunk of meat off the hog as it was going by and eat it—whatever piece that was—raw. I didn't find anything too disgusting. They were very impressed. I would also moon people. And I "red-boned" people—that's when you put a ham bone into some blood and stick it on someone's butt. We wore white uniforms. It was very funny. I got much the same attention at the plant that I get out here.

10.

PLAYBOY: We need to know: What's a head-chiseler?

ARNOLD: [*Smiles*] That's a good job. When the heads come by you, on a stake, each one is facing you. You have something that looks like a knife sharpener and you dig that into the temples to get out the head meat—the temple meat—which is very good meat. We stripped the hog down to nothing. We'd use every part. I liked being a head-chiseler. We had a good view of the whole kill floor, and we could throw meat at the guys who pulled leaf lard. I pulled leaf lard, too. That was a horrible job. That's when the hogs come by right after they've been killed. They're split open and you pull the fat out of the inside of the ribs. It eats off your fingernails.

11.

PLAYBOY: Describe what it's like to work out with Schwarzenegger. How did you measure up when standing next to him in your underwear? Did you have a self-esteem mantra?

ARNOLD: With Arnold, you learn something every time, because he's a machine. He knows everything about everything. He does a simple workout: a half hour of weights and a half hour on the bike. An hour a day, and he looks that great! But standing next to him was sad. His body is so good. He wore little Speedo shorts. I wore boxers at first, because you can pull them up over the first hump of your stomach. He didn't have a hump on his stomach, by the way. And I don't either, anymore—but they made me wear the Speedos because the boxers showed up on camera. It was humiliating. I thought, Well, this is the worst nightmare ever. It's like dreaming in grade school that you're in your underwear in front of all the kids and they're laughing. But it was also a good experience. I just kept saying, "It's going to be over soon."

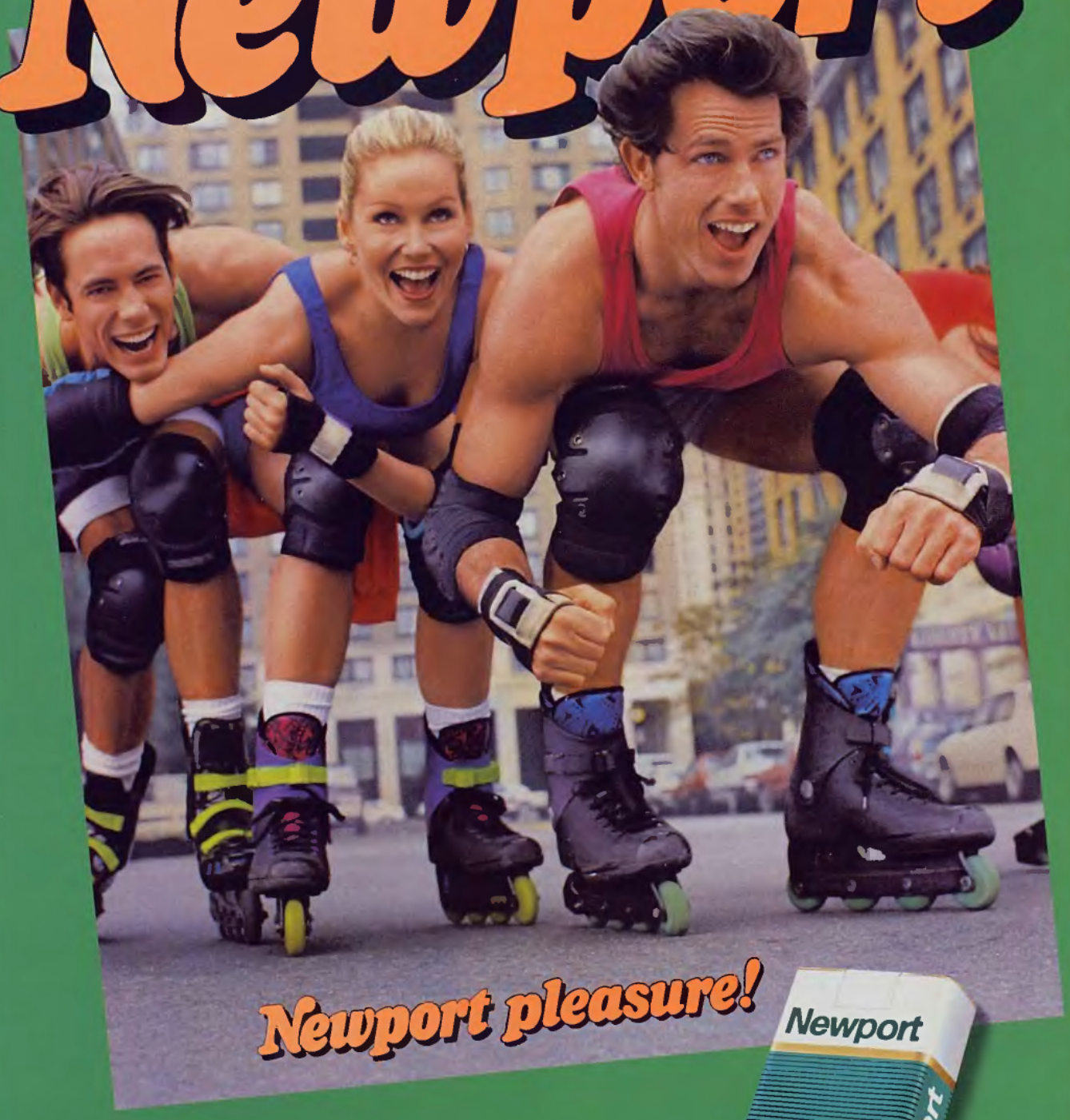
12.

PLAYBOY: Arnold's been around. What was his best advice?

ARNOLD: Arnold is really a sweet guy. He has it worked out. He has his family, and he has his career. He married a woman who is smart and tough. He told me, "Stay away from bimbos. That's not going

"We've got to let you go, Lester, to make room for a younger, more deserving hoodlum."

Newport



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to work for you. You need somebody as smart as you, and you need somebody who's not going to put up with your crap. That's the only way you can respect and love somebody." That's what he's done. That's what I'm going to do.

13.

PLAYBOY: You now have a young fiancée. Describe the joys of loving a coed.

ARNOLD: I'm not trying to defend myself, but when I met Julie she was already a college senior. I met her at a birthday party for David Spade at the Viper Room. She was visiting from Michigan and I just started talking with her. She's going to be a kindergarten teacher, and that says a lot about somebody. I said, "You want to go out on a date?" We did and had a great time. I've taken her to Australia. I took her to New York for her first time. It's a whole new world out there for some people.

14.

PLAYBOY: You and Roseanne were famous for your tattoos. Now that you're no longer a couple, are you having any removed?

ARNOLD: [*Opens shirt*] Yep, this one [*points to a tattoo of Roseanne's face*]. And I'm having her name taken off here, her initials off here and her name off my butt. I have a new tattoo, the Chinese symbol for love, on my leg. I read that Rosie got the tattoo that said PROPERTY OF TOM ARNOLD covered up. It was on her butt. The joke was that it made me the fourth largest property owner in California—she actually laughed very hard at that. But she had it covered up, not removed. I suppose it will confuse the next owner if he scrapes off the new tattoo and discovers my name there.

15.

PLAYBOY: For years you have struggled with your weight. Describe your ultimate pig-out.

ARNOLD: One pig-out I like is McDonald's. I eat four Big Macs and four Quarter Pounders with cheese, a large fries and a box of 20 Chicken McNuggets. And then on the way home—I don't want to eat like that in front of people because it's too embarrassing—I eat four more cheeseburgers. You can just stuff them in. I've done it many times. It's sad. But it's also good. Or I'll eat a gallon of Ben & Jerry's ice cream. I get four quarts of my favorites and eat them one after another. The Cheesecake Factory is also an incredible pig-out. I eat the pizza, and then I have six or seven pieces of cheesecake. Last summer my friend Chris Farley was out here staying at the Pritikin Clinic, trying to get in shape. He was doing great. I was trying, too. I called him up and said, "Listen, let's go out and talk." He said OK, so we went over to Le Dome in our sweatpants and just went for it. We each ate ten desserts. We ordered everything they had. That was a great pig-out. I like food that doesn't require much cutting, is simple to eat and in every bite you get a lot of stuff. I don't like to have to pick through food, like searching for a bit of chicken in a bowl of lettuce. That's fine for eating, but not for pigging. I like steak, but I don't like to cut it into pieces. And you can't eat it fast enough. A Quarter Pounder with cheese melts in your mouth, so you can shove it down and have more. I also like to buy 15 candy bars at a time. My favorites are anything with chocolate and nuts: Snickers, Peanut M&Ms, Payday, Almond Joy, Salted Nut Roll, Baby Ruth. Now, we all know I'm concerned about my weight and physique, so I just do this once in a while and get it over with. It's another thing if it goes into the next day. I'll never have a pig-out in the morning and I'll never have one during the day. It has to be at night when nothing is planned for me. I go right to bed afterward and watch a little TV.

16.

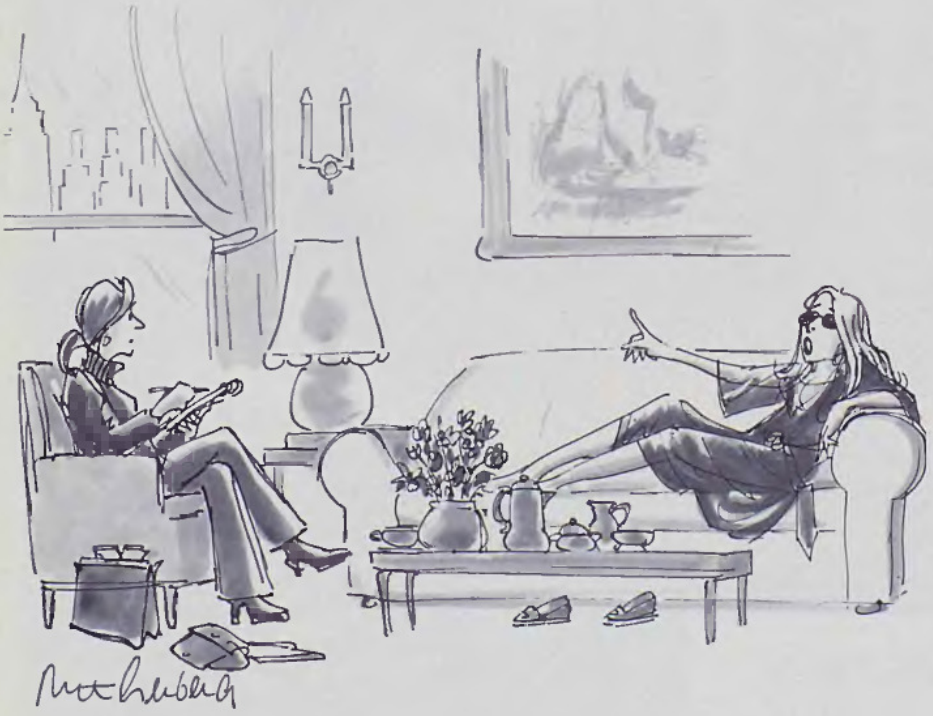
PLAYBOY: Which of the 12 steps is your favorite?

ARNOLD: The first step is my favorite in every way. It's admitting you have a problem, that there's something wrong. The fourth step was hardest for me. You're supposed to take a look at all the people you've hurt and make amends to them. You also make a list of the people who've hurt you—what they did and how it made you feel. Then there's another column for what your responsibility was in it. That makes it a little bit easier to forgive and move on. The great thing is that you have to move on. You can't have resentments. You just have to say, OK, this is what happened, this is how it felt—and you have to get over it.

17.

PLAYBOY: You once met President Bush after having made many jokes at his expense. Describe the encounter.

ARNOLD: One day, at Planet Hollywood in Vegas, George and Barbara Bush showed up. Arnold Schwarzenegger hadn't arrived yet—he didn't even know they were going to be there. A Secret Service guy asked me if I'd sit with the Bushes until Arnold got there. I said I'd be honored. They talked to me so nicely. And it dawned on me, as I was thinking of some of the jokes I'd made about him during his presidency, that maybe I should be feeling bad. When I talked with Maria Shriver a couple of days later I said, "I really felt bad sitting there—but they probably don't even know who I am, right?" She goes, "Yeah, they do." Oops. So I wrote him a letter. I said, "I just want to thank you for what you've done for the country and for Jews, and I want to apologize for things. You're a human being. We can disagree on politics, but to get personal is unacceptable." In less than a week I got a handwritten letter back from him saying that he and Barbara had enjoyed meeting me. He said, "It's not a big deal. Public figures have this burden. It happens. You're forgiven." It was just so cool.



"I most certainly did not sleep my way to the top. I was wide awake every second."

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18.

PLAYBOY: What's more Hollywood, Hollywood or Washington, D.C.?

ARNOLD: In both places, the lawyers are in control. People in Hollywood want to be in politics. They want to feel that they're important in that way. People in politics would rather be in show business, because they are in show business. They're always trying to come up with something new, something different. It's all about your image and the press. Those guys deserve whatever money they make because they have to kiss ass completely every two, four, six years, with people they can't stand. Then, once they get elected, they get a break from kissing ass. Then they're like, "Fuck you guys. I'm elected and I'm going to be my asshole self." But then they have to start kissing ass again.

19.

PLAYBOY: What's your most attractive quality, and your most embarrassing?

ARNOLD: I'm a pretty caring, loving guy. For a guy. [*Laughs*] I have a sort of attention deficit–hyperactive disorder. It's been a source of amusement for a long time. What's embarrassing is that if I control one twitch, I get another. I used to rock my legs a lot, and then I started rocking back and forth. I tried to work on my legs and then I started pinching my face and licking my lips. And my eyes started blinking a lot. It always goes to something else. I'm conscious of it when I watch myself on television. I have one agent who just watches to see if I rock on TV. They feel, at the agency, that the calmer I am, the more I appear in control. If I had my way I would rock all the time, back and forth. That feels comfortable. I'll need five more years of hard work before I can sit absolutely still. But I've come a long way. Now the only thing that makes me nervous is talking to lawyers.

20.

PLAYBOY: We have seen your life with Roseanne portrayed in two TV movies. Your ex has said that she wishes they'd waited to make the films until she was dead. Do you feel the same way?

ARNOLD: I didn't watch the shows, but I read both scripts. They were really badly written, and the way I was portrayed was nothing like me. Many things did not happen. I tried not to get upset, but they had things about me slapping her, and I never hit her. Rosie said I did, once, but she took it back and explained that her lawyers made her say it. I've accepted that explanation. I just don't like seeing something that's not true. I don't mind being portrayed as an idiot—that's fine. I don't even mind being portrayed as a guy who was kind of goofy and who manipulated his wife into firing everybody and causing trouble. That's not true either, but if that's what people want to believe, that's fine. The bottom line is that I'm not going to obsess about it. It's part of being famous, but it won't happen to me again.

"We find the defendant not guilty by virtue of insanity, ethnic rage, sexual abuse and you name it."

Russ Meyer

(continued from page 93)

deal with wholesalers: If you want a Meyer film, you buy it from him. For the past ten years, while directing an MTV video and short movies starring such discoveries as the Hungarian beauty Tundi and the American strippers Melissa Mounds, Pandora Peaks and Staci Keith, he has been trying to get another feature off the ground. His current project is *The Bra of God*, with a title (I modestly admit) by me.

Most of his time in the past decade has been devoted, however, to his massive autobiography, *A Clean Breast*. Meyer's life is as thoroughly documented as Winston Churchill's. Walk inside his home in the Hollywood Hills, and you'll be bombarded with images from his films: Framed posters in many languages cover the walls and ceilings, and there are souvenirs from each of his films: ice tongs, a steel-cup jockstrap, a room key, an old Rolleiflex and Tura Satana's black leather gloves. Shelves groan under the weight of dozens of scrapbooks documenting every chapter of Meyer's life. His autobiography is generously illustrated with thousands of drawings and photographs—many of old Army buddies, but more, readers will be relieved to learn, of his buxom stars, wives and girlfriends.

The book is finished, but its publication date has been pushed back repeatedly, primarily because Meyer wants it to stand through the ages as a classic example of the printer's art. It will be two or three slipcased leather-bound volumes, printed on expensive acid-free paper with a shelf life of a millennium. It will be produced in Hong Kong by one of the world's finest art book publishers. It will cost around $350. And it will not be sold in bookstores.

"But, Russ, how will people be able to order it?" I asked.

"They can call me up."

"But your number is unlisted."

"That's their problem."

•

One of the remarkable things about Russ Meyer's films is that they continue to live and play long after the other work of the soft-core era has been forgotten. That is partly because of their craftsmanship, partly because of Meyer's unique leading ladies and partly because of a spirit of paramilitary commitment that can be sensed as the cast and crew struggle through rugged terrain to enact their passionate rural melodramas. But the central reason, I believe, is that Meyer is an auteur whose every frame of film reflects his own obsessions. Like all serious artists, he doesn't allow any space between his work and his dreams.

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PC BY THE NUMBERS

WATCH YOUR TONGUE

I sometimes have censored my language or have adjusted my behavior because of political correctness.

Agree: 62% **Disagree: 38%**

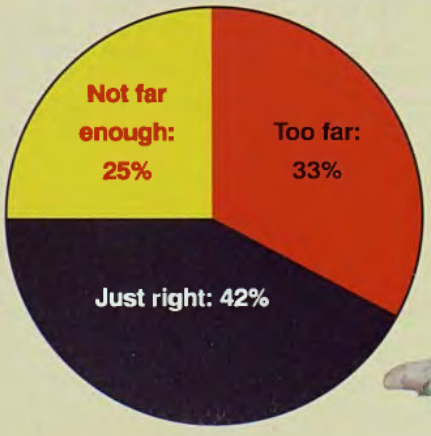
GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER

Which of the following do you feel is acceptable?

Interracial relationships: 87%
Homosexual relationships: 55%
Relationships between professors and students: 42%

THE 67% SOLUTION

Has political correctness on campus gone too far?



SANITIZED FOR YOUR PROTECTION

Students who agree that these items should be banned or removed from campus bookstores:

Albums with violent lyrics: 20%
Albums with sexist lyrics: 22%
Videos with gratuitous violence: 28%
Videos with explicit nudity: 31%
Magazines with nude photographs of men: 32%
Magazines with nude photographs of women: 29%

FREE SPEECH (UNTIL YOU OFFEND ME)

Of the students surveyed 67% believed universities should have the right to restrict speech occasionally—for instance, if words or ideas might hurt someone's feelings, incite violence or express homophobia or racism. Among racial minorities, the number jumped to 76%.

I AM PLAYMATE, HEAR ME ROAR

Can a student be both a feminist and . . .

a cheerleader? 72% agreed
a man? 70% agreed
Miss America? 69% agreed
a Playmate? 54% agreed

MORE PC THAN THOU

Here is how students ranked the following people and activities from most PC to least PC. (Note who assumes the middle ground.)

MOST PC

- recycling
- wearing an AIDS awareness ribbon
- Jesse Jackson
- attending feminist rallies
- Bill Clinton
- k.d. lang
- keg parties
- having an issue of PLAYBOY in your room
- Hugh Hefner
- cigarettes
- marijuana
- Rush Limbaugh

- watching an X-rated video
- having an issue of *Playgirl* in your room
- watching *Beavis and Butt-head*
- listening to Howard Stern
- wearing fur
- Axl Rose
- Ice Cube
- Andrew Dice Clay

LEAST PC

TWO STRAIGHT WHITE GUYS GO INTO A BAR

Is it acceptable among your friends to laugh at gender, racial or ethnic jokes?

Men who say yes: 74%
Women who say yes: 58%

RETURN TO GENDER

I am concerned that my behavior may sometimes be misinterpreted by someone of the opposite sex.

Men who agree: 46%

Women who agree: 38%

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

Sexual behavior has turned into a political rather than personal issue on campus.

Men who agree: 43%

Women who agree: 34%

WHAM BAM

Do you ever feel guilty for wanting to have sex without offering an emotional commitment in return?

Men who said yes: 24%

Women who said yes: 15%

Women who don't want sex without emotional commitment: 59%

Men who don't want sex without emotional commitment: 32%

A GIRL THING?

I consider myself to be politically correct.

Women who agree: 80%

Men who agree: 66%

THE DEATH OF FUN

Political correctness kills spontaneity and fun.

Women who agree: 27%

Men who agree: 50%

SAFE GENERATION

(continued from page 78)

students are accepting of interracial (87 percent approval) and homosexual (55 percent) relationships. Most surprising, 42 percent thought professor–student relationships were all right, harassment be damned.

Students acknowledged the changing rules of sex. Ninety-six percent said they could define date rape, and six in ten thought date-rape statistics were underreported. For all of their agreement on the concept of date rape, the respondents were not willing to back up their assertions with admissions of guilt. Only two percent of students say that they may have committed date rape, while more than 20 percent of women (and four percent of men) claim to have been date-rape victims. Sixty percent said they believed that date-rape statistics were understated. Despite all that, almost 90 percent of students insist they had never pressed for sex after a partner asked that they stop. These numbers leave us with the impression that either a lot of college men are in denial—or lying—about their behavior, or that everybody is clueless about what constitutes date rape.

No wonder that both male and female students are confused. Forty-four percent of the students, including more than half of the men, said that the focus on sexual harassment has made them fear being spontaneous with someone they find attractive. "I thought I'd come to college and there would be this big dating scene," says Nishea Clark, a junior at Northwestern. "But people don't go out on dates much."

Don't be discouraged, Nishea, there's still a solid 56 percent acting on their basic instincts. In addition, women may be relaxing a bit after a difficult decade: Thirty-three percent agreed that all the attention paid to harassment has improved communication and made sexual encounters more comfortable.

Many students seem to have found a middle ground between enjoying their sexuality and expressing it aggressively in public. "Pretending that we never look at people's bodies and that we don't register that stuff is such bullshit, such a complete pose," says Christian Fennigan, a senior at New York University. "On the other hand, I don't feel that anyone has the right to grab your attention and get in your face about sex."

There seems to be a real fear of people who aren't abiding by the rules, however. "When I came here my boyfriend gave me Mace," says Marjorie Jones, the Northwestern freshman. "I felt really stupid. I was carrying a weapon and it didn't feel right at all. Everybody else thought it was kind of strange, but within three weeks about 75 percent of the girls I knew had Mace. And then I noticed that all the sophomores and juniors had it, too."

PC OR NOT PC?

It is not exactly a revelation that many college students are unsure of their identities and beliefs. But this generation seems to respond to that uncertainty by seeking security, rather than by engaging society with any sense of turmoil, anger or passion. There were exceptions, but most students sought safety in numbers and regulations, and sidestepped confrontation and hurt feelings. Camille Paglia, the polemical author of *Sexual Personae*, derides that approach: "In the summer-camp mentality of American universities, the ferocity of genuine intellectual debate would just seem like spoiling everyone's fun."

Rather than being restricted by political correctness, some students say they have simply become more level-headed, more polite, more tactful. (Nearly one in five credit PC with making them more friendly.) To ensure that a public debate has any value, they argue, you have to listen as well as shout. But, as with PC, politeness can stifle debate. Charles Crawford, the professor cited earlier, points out, "We must always try to be well-bred ladies and gentlemen, but the search for truth and the transmission of knowledge is more important."

Although a quarter of the students surveyed said PC has not gone far enough, there are some signs its reign may be in decline. More than half the students (notably males) feel there has been a backlash against it. "People go out of their way to be politically correct, and it seems completely unnatural," says Megan Torrey, a freshman at USC. And Eileen Hunter, a junior at UCLA, believes that "PC has been misused by people who would rather dismiss ideas without addressing the arguments."

College has traditionally been the place where students learn to think for themselves. Consider a strong-willed grad student who attended Tulane University in the late Sixties: This rabble-rouser helped organize a protest after the school administration decided to censor several photos containing nudity from the student newspaper. Twenty-five years later, he would become a political leader who shook up another institution that many people felt had grown stagnant. Back then, however, Newt Gingrich was just another campus wiseass who had the gall to tell university officials that he and his fellow free-thinkers wouldn't stand for censorship. The photos never ran, but during that first week in March 1968, Gingrich helped bring Tulane alive with debate. Nobody had to tell him about the value of free speech in our society. That spirit is gone today.

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MIKE TYSON

(continued from page 86)

"Humble."

Humble Mike? Not much of a nickname. The word doesn't compute. When Tyson stepped into a ring, his robe was a towel, worn poncho-style. He came in behind a jab and a glare that would have brought ships home safely. He was scary. For defense, he kept his head in constant motion, left, right, no telling which way. He hooked with both hands. He was powerful and his fists were fast, hard to time. He didn't end fights with one punch, but when he hurt an opponent it wasn't long before the referee was mercifully waving his hands and sending the crowd back to the blackjack tables.

His 28th fight, the one for the title, became his 26th knockout. His three defenses in 1988 lasted a total of seven rounds. Nobody interesting was punching out there. It seemed he would keep the title for as long as he needed a belt.

But then he started to slip. He was throwing single punches, forgetting about combinations. His head stopped ticking and became a stationary target. The glare was winking out. He was still winning, but something was missing. He had a fight in Japan against a journeyman named Buster Douglas. He didn't want to be there. He was bored. Training was the biggest bore. Tyson must have thought the fight posters, which featured his name but not Douglas', would be the story of the fight. Halfway through the tenth round, Tyson was on the floor, trying very hard to keep his mouthpiece from visiting friends in the third row. Buster was the winner.

Tyson's next huge piece of news was his arrest.

Here it is, nearly four years since his last night in a ring, and the reformed, religious, rested, reading Tyson is turning grown men into fan-club members. Larry Hazzard, the New Jersey boxing commissioner, visited Tyson during his last month in jail. "He understands what he once had," Hazzard said. "He understands he's getting a second chance. You're talking about a youngster who has matured. I'm glad to see boxing come out of prison." The suggestion that Tyson might return to his former lifestyle is out of the question. "I would be totally shocked," Hazzard said, his voice rising. "Totally. I would feel betrayed. And conned."

He did the time, the time didn't do him. His visitors often used that tired line. They want to believe that his turn to Islam will help stabilize his life, but it's also true that aligning with the Muslim population is one way to protect yourself in prison. Even Mike Tyson needs protection.

"He's matured," said the promoter Butch Lewis, who knows mature when he sees it. Butch is famous for wearing wonderful ties over his bare chest. "He wants to be more in control of his future. He wants people around him he can trust." Butch didn't pay his frequent calls just to discuss the harsh Indiana winters. "It's not going to be easy when he hits the street," Butch said. "Everybody's coming out of the woodwork. Nine hundred guys are claiming to have the inside track. I told him he has no idea."

Neither do the 900 guys, whoever they are. Tyson will need several months of gym work and sparring to get his timing back, his glare working. One, maybe two fights, the experts say, and he'll be ready to share, with Foreman, the largest pot in the history of boxing.

During our phone conversation, Tyson gave me a different timetable, one that would chill promoters and the pay-per-view executives. He mentioned the schedule that Foreman used when he came back to the ring in 1987 after a ten-year absence. Foreman fought more than 20 times over a three-year period before his title chance. "I'd like to do what George did," Tyson said. "They might want to throw me in quicker. I'll resist it." Until it's impossible to stop resisting.

But sitting in prison, with nobody pushing, nobody pulling, eating three regular (if dreadful) meals a day, reading about and being fascinated by the Twenties Jewish gangsters from his Brownsville neighborhood, the phone ringing only when he wanted it to, he sounded in control of his destiny. "The quickest way to fail is to try to please everybody," he said. "In my heart and mind, I know I could train for a year, take two fights and then beat the champ. But that wouldn't be smart. When I enter the ring again, it'll be like my professional debut. To prepare my mind, it's critical that I start from scratch. That 42–1, 43–1, whatever my record was, that's over. That's irrelevant. I start from scratch."

A realistic scenario is that he starts with a fight in summer and another in early fall. Cus always wanted him to stay busy—Tyson fought 11 times in nine months with D'Amato in his corner—and he'll remember that. The fights need not be against serious opponents. (As if more than one or two serious heavyweights actually exist.) There is so much curiosity about Tyson—his head, his punch, the strength of his glare—that the pay-per-view audience is expected to fork over significant dollars for insignificant bouts.

But if the deck is shuffled a new way, it's because of the incredible payday available in a match with Foreman. The once ferocious champion of the Seventies against his Eighties counterpart, meeting halfway through the Nineties. It makes almost no sense, and there's

certainly no suspense. Tyson should walk through Foreman, punching. The fight should be a nonfight. Foreman should make sure his HMO is notified. And yet. . . .

The champion Tyson most resembles is Smokin' Joe Frazier, the relentless puncher whose plan of attack was to cross the ring and overwhelm. The plan worked just fine until he defended his title against the young Foreman in 1973. Frazier was knocked down a half-dozen times in two rounds. He kept getting up and walking right back into Foreman's fists. They fought a rematch three years later and it was the same fight. When Foreman came out of retirement, Tyson was the new champ. Tyson now, Frazier then, says Foreman, he sees no difference. Until he starts talking about the money.

The record gross for a fight is the $75 million pulled in by Holyfield and Foreman in 1991. Foreman–Tyson is at least a $100 million night. Seth Abraham, president of Time Warner Sports, a man who isn't known for hitting high notes, suggests $200 million is a possibility. The fighters would share about 75 percent. So we're talking big and bigger, and any fight that size usually comes with problems to match.

For instance: Foreman insists he will have nothing to do with Don King, Tyson's promoter. Foreman's promoter of choice is Bob Arum, and here's Arum on the subject of King: "Tyson's back with King, unless he got smart in prison. Tyson doesn't need a promoter. He doesn't need anybody. All he needs is an advisor. Going with King would be a stupid thing to do. What does King bring to the table? Nothing. I bring Foreman. Tyson should fight Foreman for me and *ah be gehzunt*." Which is Yiddish for I won't take any options on Tyson's future services if he beats Foreman. We all make a ton of money and everybody walks away happy. If I'm lying, may God strike me down, but not too hard. This better happen in a hurry, though, because how much longer can we keep feeding 200-pound guppies to George Foreman?

Foreman's important fights have been for Time Warner. King, who calls Abraham his great enemy, jumped from that company to Showtime. Is there any chance that all this can be resolved? Well, of course, because there's enough money involved. More than enough. And that's what this is all about, isn't it? Unless you listen to Mike Tyson one more time. "Who am I to think the layoff won't affect me?" he said. "Look what it did to Muhammad Ali and Joe Louis."

And if the layoff has taken away too much? If there ain't no glare there? "Then I must leave boxing," Mike Tyson said. "I'm not a fool."

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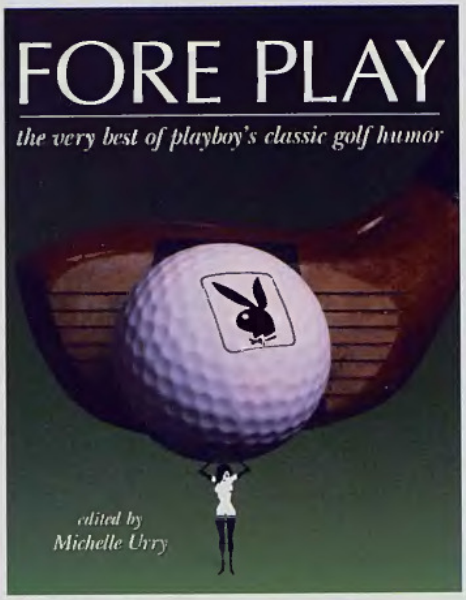

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BEAUTIFUL SCREAMERS

(continued from page 79)

Acura NSX-T is the easiest to drive fast. Its controls are light, its chassis predictable and its powerful 270-hp V6 engine is a sweetheart at low speeds. It also has trunk space and even an optional automatic transmission. But make no mistake—when the NSX-T's tachometer needle heads for 8000 rpm, the scream from its race-bred aluminum-alloy engine is the real thing.

BMW's clever purchase of Britain's Rover Group means that the Bavarians now build more cars each year than archrival Mercedes-Benz. The 8-Series is the company's flagship, incorporating more horsepower and high technology than any other model. Developed to compete with M-B's classy SL two-seaters, its $100,950 850CSi sports coupe is a luxurious tourer for four, though the rear seat is less than accommodating for anything other than a short trip.

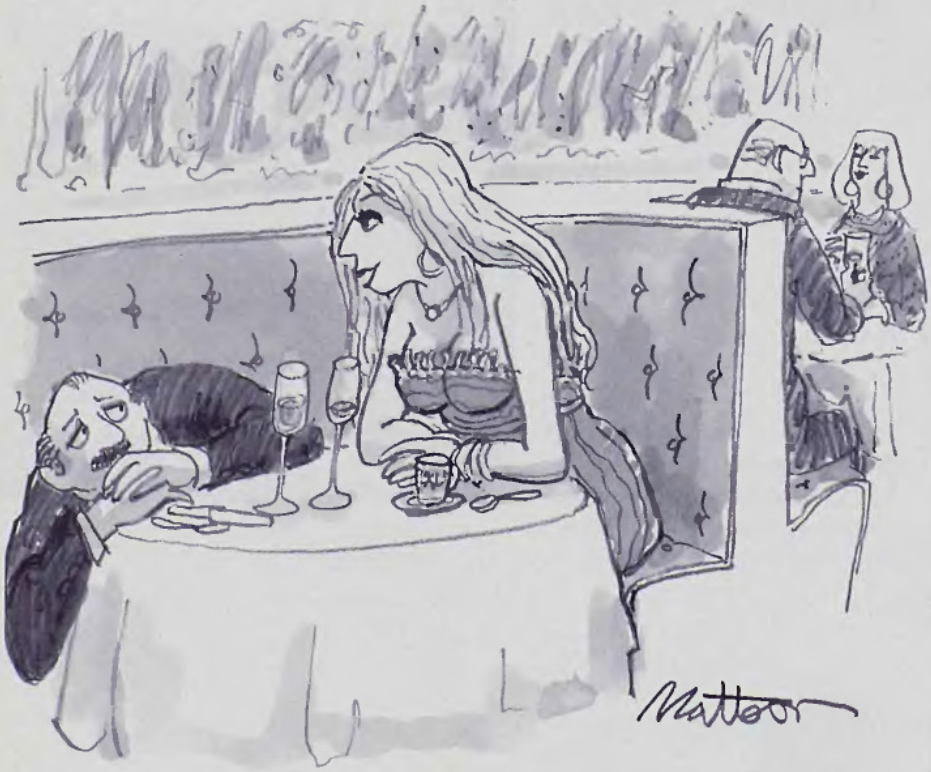
Priced at $71,840, the Lotus Esprit S4S is the bargain of the group. Its mid-mounted 264-hp four-cylinder engine is small but powerful. Scoops, slots, ducts and a wing add to the car's menacing appearance. The only options offered are metallic paint ($4500) and a transparent sunroof panel ($798).

The new Ferrari 456GT 2+2 is our all-around winner. Its styling reminds us of the legendary Ferrari 365GTB/4 Daytona supercoupe of the early Seventies. But the 456GT handles better, is more refined and is even faster. A clever aerodynamic wing beneath the rear bumper improves handling at high speeds, clamping the 456GT to the road and improving the chassis' grip as velocity increases. The all-new V-12 engine is mated to a crisp six-speed manual transmission. (An automatic version will soon be an option.) The car is so fast that Ferrari had to boost horsepower in its flagship midengined 512M in 1995 so the 512M could keep its lead in the manufacturer's lineup.

Lamborghini's Diablo VT is the successor to the small Italian company's outrageous Countach sports coupe. Megatech, an Indonesian consortium, bought the company from Chrysler in 1994. The new owners plan to improve the Diablo further and to launch other new Lamborghini models.

The Lamborghini Diablo VT wouldn't win any practicality awards, however. There's little trunk space, the huge engine hunkers right behind the seats, vertically opening doors make it a challenge to enter and exit and rear vision is poor. But who cares? Strap yourself into this rocket and nail the throttle. With a zero-to-60 time of about four seconds and a top speed of 202 mph, the next sound you hear may be the jail door closing.

Why would anyone want cars this fast, this impractical and this expensive? If you have to ask, you shouldn't be reading this.



"You're a shy person, Mr. White. I find that utterly charming in a tycoon."

TED TURNER

(continued from page 130)

The deal that came closest to happening was with Allen Neuharth and his Gannett Co. (an owner of newspapers across the country, including *USA Today*). Neuharth was eager to merge with TBS. He would be able to expand into cable TV and film, his newspapers and CNN could share resources and Turner would get the cash he needed. "That deal was the road to Easy Street," says Wussler. Nervous members of the board urged Turner to take it. "Ted," one of them said, "you can walk off with $800 million in Gannett stock. Maybe that's the safe course to take." The merger seemed so likely that when Neuharth and his aides flew down to Atlanta, Turner introduced them to staffers as "my bosses."

But then Turner started to have second thoughts. "He got nervous," Wussler remembers. "He said he wasn't sure." Half of the problem came from Ted's philosophical objections to the Gannett businesses: "Ted is antiprint," Wussler says. "He thought newspapers would be dead in ten years. Ted's ecological sense was against newsprint, something you read each day and throw away."

In part, then, the eco-Turner sank the lucrative Gannett deal. But he'd also been following the same methods he had developed over the years. He had often flirted with prospective partners for his billboard company in the mid-Sixties, and for CNN in the early Eighties, allowing them to think that they had bought the companies. Then, taking their offers to his bankers, he was able to demonstrate his firms' value in order to borrow more money. Whatever the reasons, Ted Turner fundamentally believed that the companies were his, and he had no intention of sharing them with anyone.

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By late 1985 Turner's position was beginning to look more desperate. Not only was he short of money, but NBC—once a CNN suitor—continued to envisage a cable news service of its own, in direct competition with CNN. The NBC venture was still alive when Turner telephoned John Malone to ask him to back Turner Broadcasting, a cable stalwart, against this network interloper. Turner needed Malone, the head of TCI and perhaps the most powerful of all the cable operators (the man Vice President Al Gore once labeled "the head of the cable Cosa Nostra") to stay in business. "I wouldn't just disappear," Turner said. "I would sell the company. Because there's no way [I can survive] with MGM hanging over my head and all that additional debt."

On this occasion, Malone and the cable industry stood behind Turner. They

recognized how important his brand names (CNN and TBS) were to their businesses. By boycotting NBC's cable news, Malone and his peers put the venture out of business by February 1986.

It was lucky for Turner that they did, because on the West Coast the MGM deal was looking worse than ever. By now, two more movies had been released, *9½ Weeks* and *Dream Lover*, and both had failed miserably at the box office. Turner tried to put a brave face on it. "Mr. Kerkorian is no dummy," Ted said. "He knew what he wanted to sell, and what he sold was the troubled part of the company. . . . But I have always bought troubled things. Normally, things aren't for sale if they're in great shape. Right?" Still, as Bill Bevins would later admit, they hadn't realized just how bad things were: "In 20-20 hindsight, the fact that the studio was in free fall was not all that clear at the time."

It was not until late March 1986—after eight months of frantic negotiations, eight months of fund-raising and junk-bond sales—that the Drexel team was finally able to find enough high rollers (or bottom feeders) to finance the MGM purchase. Relieved and ecstatic, Turner arrived in L.A. and hurried to Milken's office. After the congratulations, he asked Milken, Bevins and staffers from TBS and Drexel to join him at the conference table. And then, as if feeling the need to sanctify the moment with a New Age twist, he asked these hardened businessmen, in their rolled shirtsleeves and loosened ties, to clasp hands around the table. Looking sheepish, the financiers complied, and as they joined hands, Turner led them in directing their energies toward the outcome of the deal. Milken was bemused by the whole scene, but he wasn't about to forget the bottom line. According to Robert Wussler, Milken announced to Turner and his men, "Oh, by the way, our fee is now $140 million."

"Wait a minute," snapped a member of the Turner group. "We agreed to $80 million."

To which Milken replied, "Yeah. I changed it to $140 million."

On March 25, 1986 Turner publicly announced that he had completed the purchase of MGM (selling UA back to Kirk Kerkorian), and once again the industry reacted with amusement, perhaps more now than before. "It's one of the nuttiest deals of all time," said one analyst, laughing. Another joked, "Ted Turner came to town fully clothed and left in a barrel." Even *The Wall Street Journal* declared the new TBS–MGM "one of the most debt-ridden companies of its time."

The figures did look scary. Together, TBS and MGM had pulled in only $567 million for the nine months ending September 1985, yet they were obliged to pay $600 million within the next six months. Even worse, the way the deal was set up, if Turner failed to reduce his debt within those six months, he would have to start paying Kerkorian in TBS stock. Thus, with each payment, Turner's control of his company would dwindle. "Kerkorian thought he'd end up owning TBS," says board member Mike Gearon. "He thought he was going to get Turner." Eventually, Kerkorian might have a chance to sell MGM all over again.

The clock was ticking now, and Turner came close to losing everything he had worked to build. "Drexel has put a gun to Turner's head," one banker said. "I think he's in terrible financial difficulty," said another. "Unless he has some plan that no one knows about, one that's so creative no one has ever thought of it, he can't do it. The whole empire could come crashing down."

In public, Turner put on a brave face, actually bragging about how much he now owed—nearly $2 billion. "That's more than [the debt of] some smaller Third World countries," he boasted to a group of business leaders in Davos, Switzerland. "I'm pretty proud of that. Today, it's not how much you earn but how much you owe." On another occasion he would declare: "I owe $2 billion. Actually, it's closer to $1.9 billion, but I like the sound of $2 billion better. That's a million dollars a day in interest. No individual in history has ever owed more. Here, look at my picture in today's newspaper. Do I look worried?"

But at home, with his friends and family, Turner would admit that for all his devil-may-care pronouncements, he was worried. One night, with his mother Florence and some neighbors, he stood up in the middle of dinner and started pacing. "Goddamn it!" he said. "I've really done it this time." He shook his head at his predicament. "I may have really done it. Maybe I shouldn't have gone into MGM. But that library is great." His mother, sitting tall in her chair, smiled reassuringly at her son.

Turner paced some more. Then, stopping suddenly, he threw up his hands. "How the hell am I going to pay that $2 billion?" he asked.

"Teddy!" his mother exclaimed, her smile fading. "Did you say $2 billion?"

"Sure," said Turner. "I told you it was gonna cost $2 billion to get MGM—if I can find the damn money."

"Oh my," she whispered. "I thought you said $2 million."

As Turner traveled out to the MGM lot in Culver City, he clearly felt the pressure of the passing days. Walking through the main gate and under the famed entrance arch, with its roaring MGM lion, he had one overwhelming problem on his mind: How was he going to hang on to this place, and keep himself in the movie business?

These next months would be pivotal. The strain that Turner was under caused him to explode from time to time. One afternoon he was talking with Nick Nicholas and other Time Inc. officials as they made their way through the MGM parking lot. As Turner walked, he sketched out his plans for some of the films in the MGM library. "Well, Ted," they pointed out casually, "you know

"Now, all this is hush-hush, Walker, but I'm thinking about putting together a right-wing death squad."

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we've leased a number of those films."

It turned out that HBO had already signed deals at low rates for several MGM movies. "They're locked up," they said. Turner glanced wildly from one executive to another, suddenly realizing that he hadn't even investigated these details. "Goddamn it!" he roared. Turning toward the nearest car in the parking lot, he started kicking its tires furiously.

In a calmer moment Turner would admit, "I've never done anything like this before. It's like sailboat racing in a hurricane. It's like being in an airplane in a storm. You buckle your seat belt."

Once again, Turner began looking for ways to raise money and talking with almost anyone who would listen. He tried unsuccessfully to persuade Steven Spielberg to come in and run MGM. He talked about mergers and combinations with a number of companies. The Murdoch and Gannett conversations were ongoing, though nothing would come of them. And now two film companies, the Cannon Group and Lorimar-Telepictures, were offering to take parts of MGM off his hands. Turner had wanted to hold on to the MGM studio lot and make his own motion pictures. In fact, according to aides, he was mesmerized by Hollywood and deeply wanted to be a part of it. Still, the one thing he absolutely had to have was the MGM film library.

In early June 1986, Turner invited a group of his business friends—John Malone, Nick Nicholas and Michael Fuchs, among others—out to the MGM lot. He took them on a tour of the studio and invited them back to the Irving Thalberg building for cocktails. That's when the conversation turned serious. What did Ted intend to do? How could he get out of this predicament?

"It remains one of the most incredible business meetings I ever had," recalls one of the participants, "because everyone was sort of seeing if they could get a piece of the action." Several parallel conversations were going on at once, as these high-powered executives discussed the different options Turner could pursue with TBS and MGM. Meanwhile, Turner furiously scribbled numbers on the back of an envelope, trying to see if there was any way he could hang on to the studio. One of the executives remembers, "I was thinking about the way our company would do it—9 million accountants, 10,000 lawyers. Here was Ted, doing this deal on the back of an envelope."

As the executives quizzed him about MGM's financial situation, it became clear how much Turner didn't know. "What's the future home-video value of those films?" they asked. "What are the contracts with the distribution companies?" Wussler recalls, "It was like 'Ted goes to film school.'" After an hour or two, it became obvious to everyone that Turner didn't have the answers. So they told him, as gently as possible, that as of that moment, it was not a business for which he was prepared. And, says Wussler, "they were correct. We were too shallow, too overextended." In the 53 weeks during which Turner would be involved with MGM, the studio would bring out a total of nine movies, all flops, and lose about $65 million.

That night, when Malone, Nicholas, Fuchs and the others left, Turner still hadn't made a final decision. But by June 6 he had agreed to perhaps the only decent option he had: to sell almost everything back to Kirk Kerkorian—the MGM studio, the video business, even the MGM lion logo—for $300 million, substantially less than Turner had paid for it just three months earlier. The studio lot and the film laboratory went to Lorimar for $190 million. That left Turner with only the library, for which he still owed well over a billion dollars. "Kerkorian had taken him bad," says one of the cable executives who had just visited with Ted.

But what upset Turner the most, as he struggled with his decision in the main suite of the Thalberg building that night, was the fact that he would never get to make his own movies, never bring out his own *Gone With the Wind* or *Singin' in the Rain*, his own *Philadelphia Story* or *Ben-Hur*. There he was, sitting behind the executive desk in the MGM glamour factory—"More Stars Than There Are in the Heavens"—and the glamour would never be his. He had come so close to running a studio, but somehow it had all gotten away from him. There, on the MGM lot where so many great movies had been filmed, there with the ghosts of Gable and Garbo and Garland looking over his shoulder, Ted Turner watched a piece of his dream slip away. He put his head down on that great wooden desk and cried.

•

Later that night, only a few hours after sorting through the most painful business reorganization of his life, Turner showed up in the dining room of the Beverly Hills Hotel. More than one cable kingpin who had been with Turner earlier that afternoon and witnessed him dismantling the MGM movie empire stopped by his table to offer condolences. They came away amazed at his ebullient mood. Ted was, after all, about to suffer the worst financial setback of his life. But he had no time for regrets. "You don't look back," he drawled, flashing his gap-toothed, what-the-hell grin. "You gotta look ahead."

For all Turner's optimism, ahead didn't look any better than behind. Even after selling off items such as the MGM

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studio, the lion logo and the video business, to say nothing of the studio lot and the film laboratory, he still had a crushing debt of more than $1 billion and no way to pay it off. Plus, TBS stock would fall to about half its value.

Over the next year, Turner would cast about for money, turning finally to the cable operators. In June 1987 his customers became his partners, giving him $562 million for 37 percent of TBS. While Turner played the deal as a victory ("I don't consider it a rescue at all"), the cable CEOs who joined his board were much more hard-nosed. "That was not Ted pulling off a coup—that was Ted being rescued," said one. "At the time, the MGM deal was a mistake. I mean, if you say 'I just made a deal that required me to give away half my company,' when that wasn't the intent of the deal—well, it might work out in the future, but at the time it was clearly a miscalculation."

The price of the miscalculation was that the new board members from Time Warner, TCI and other cable companies had acquired veto power over any Turner move involving more than $2 million—in short, any major move at all. Ted's seat-of-the-pants style was going to have to change. He was about to be reined in by the cable operators, and he knew it. For all his jokes, Turner was heard to mutter as he wandered around his office, "I've lost control. . . . I've lost control." He had broken his father's cardinal rule: Never give up pieces of your company.

In the past eight years, Turner has chafed many times under his board's constraints as it has blocked his expansion moves time and again. Bids for the Financial News Network, MGM (yet again), Orion and NBC have been squelched. And it was, of course, just this past year that he complained the board had "clitorized" him.

But the irony is that this same board has contributed mightily to Ted Turner's success today. The directors helped provide a structure, an organization, financial discipline for Turner's visionary drive. Even more important, in 1987 he became inextricably tied to the future of the cable industry—the heads of cable's biggest companies now had a financial stake in him. And they could make sure Turner would succeed by helping him launch new networks such as TNT, then guarantee him millions of viewers.

And succeed he did. By 1989, in one of the most dramatic turnarounds in American business, Ted Turner, the man who "left town in a barrel," was now being called Captain Comeback. His stock shot up, tripling, quadrupling, quintupling in value. Turner now had three of the six most watched networks on basic cable and was earning record profits. His own holdings neared the $2 billion mark. "He's on a roll," said both *The Wall Street Journal* and *Business Week*.

Perhaps the most startling indicator of Turner's extraordinary success was the lawsuit filed against MGM directors by angry MGM minority shareholders. Once inclined to joke about how Kerkorian had fleeced him, they were now fuming at Turner's achievement in marketing the film library and creating new networks. MGM, they insisted, had been sold too cheaply. It was they, not Turner, who had been cheated in the deal.

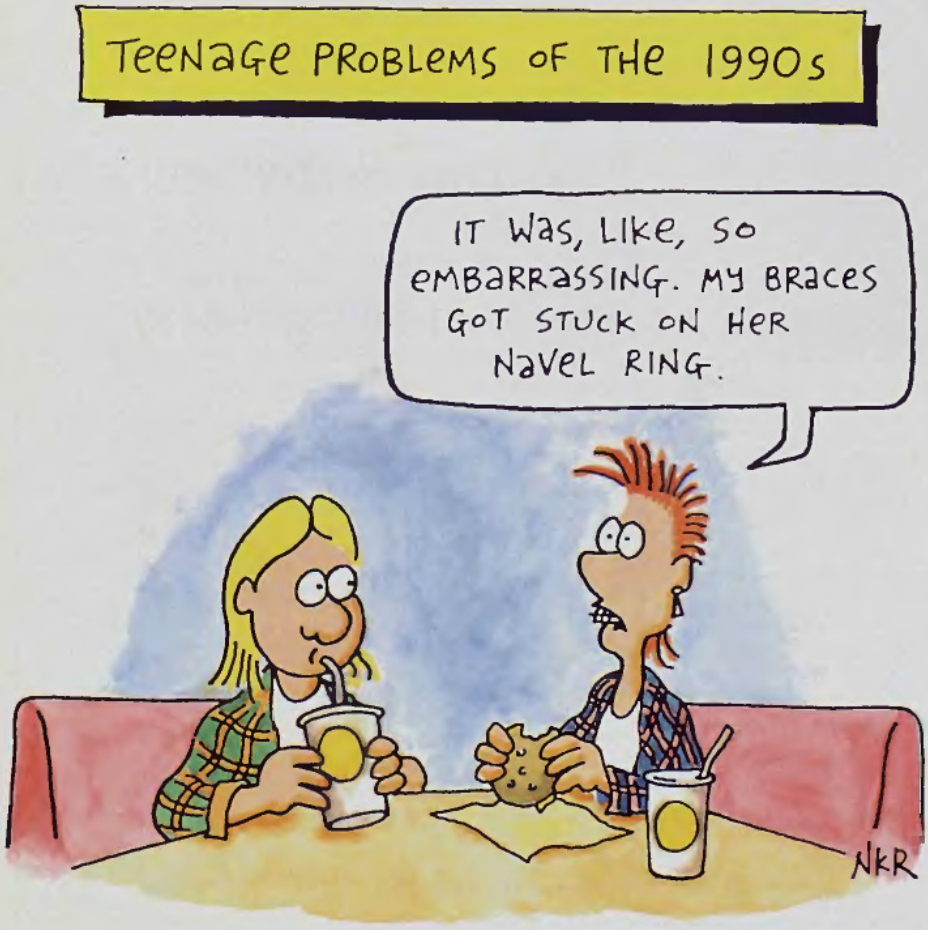
Yet Turner's desire for a studio and a network would not go away. Like an itch that he had to keep scratching, Turner returned again and again to the failures of the CBS and MGM deals. And each time he was blocked by his board of directors. "When you have two ten-ton gorillas controlling him," said one executive, "he can have all the conversations he wants, but nothing ever goes anywhere." Though Time Warner and TCI had a stake in Turner, they didn't want him to get too big.

It was only in August 1993, after a series of threats, bluffs and complaints in the media, that Time Warner blinked and allowed Turner to enter the motion picture business with the $900 million purchase of New Line and Castle Rock—a small studio and a boutique production company, respectively. New Line had produced such youth-pleasers as *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* and the *Nightmare on Elm Street* series. Castle Rock had had success with *In the Line of Fire* and *When Harry Met Sally*. It wasn't exactly the big time, but it was the fulfillment of a dream. Finally, Turner was going to be able to green-light movies of his own.

Today, Castle Rock, New Line and their parent Turner Pictures anticipate turning out about 40 movies a year, and Turner is spending money lavishly, the way the old movie moguls did. Turner Pictures has also joined the Motion Picture Association of America, making it the eighth "major" studio, albeit a minor major. Turner continues to be interested in acquiring one of the other seven majors. And he is still very much trying to gain control of a broadcast network, an NBC or a CBS, because Ted Turner simply does not know how to quit.

There is a story about the time some 20 years ago when Turner was running down the main street of Anderson, South Carolina on his way to a business appointment and was struck by a car. Preoccupied with the sales pitch ahead, he just bounced off and kept right on running.

Two decades later, Ted Turner is still running. And despite his recent clitorization scare, there seems to be no stopping him.



 (continued from page 142)

God sees masturbation as absolutely harmless! A release! By God, I even give it a yank myself sometimes.

and 11.3 seconds—thereby beating, if you'll excuse the pun, the time limit on the free preview.

[*More silence*]

ME: Look, you could've gotten that information from some plant in the hotel. This whole country is Mafia-run, and they're all Catholics, so it wouldn't surprise me——

POPE: Two weeks ago in Chicago you climaxed in two minutes and 23.2 seconds while watching *Crocodile Blondee* on Spectravision, channel seven, at the Embassy Suites, State Street.

[*Still more silence*]

ME: So——

POPE: He sees all, my son. He sees all. He has told me everything.

ME: Everything?

POPE: Yes. Everything. Like the time you broke into the rectory closet and stole a jar of hosts when you were 12. The oral sex with Eileen O'Connor behind the convent. That time in New York City with the black woman you thought was just big-boned when in fact she was a——

ME: OK, OK—I get the point.

POPE: Good. Now, have you read my book?

ME: Yes. [*Pause*] No.

POPE: Ah-ha!

ME: I've just been so busy.

POPE: Join the club. When was the last time you went to Mass?

ME: I don't know. Five, six years ago.

[*A moment of silence*]

ME: OK, OK. Seventeen years ago.

POPE: That's better. Now, I want you to go back home to the U.S., read my book over and over until you know it back to front, start going to Mass regularly and then, six months from now—and only if you've kept up your attendance—I will allow you to interview me again. OK?

ME: OK.

POPE: Stop downstairs on your way out and say ten Hail Marys and ten Our Fathers as penance.

ME: Do I have to?

POPE: Yes.

ME: Can I ask one last question?

POPE: Sure.

ME: Does, um, does God really consider, uh——

POPE: Masturbation?

ME: Yeah. Yeah. Does he really consider it a sin?

POPE: Hell, no! He sees it as absolutely harmless. A release! By God, I even give it a yank myself sometimes. We have Spectravision right here in the Vatican!

ME: Wow!

POPE: I'm kidding.

ME: Oh, man.

POPE: Like a fish on a hook, I had you. Ha-ha!

ME: It's not funny.

POPE: I'll say it's not! Every time you do it, it's two more weeks in hell.

ME: Oh my God.

POPE: You can say that again. You better start praying, pal.

[*Angelo arrives with the sandwiches and the beer.*]

POPE: Ah, Angelo! I may have to make you a saint. Look at this spread! Now, Angelo, wrap up Mr. Leary's sandwich. He has to leave.

[*Angelo takes my sandwich and exits.*]

POPE: I hope you have found this enlightening, my son.

ME: Yes, your holiness.

POPE: What do you think of my ring?

ME: It's, uh, um——

POPE: Super Bowl, my ass! Hey, Angelo! Where the hell's the mustard?

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SKEEKS *(continued from page 122)*

When the fan was released from prison 17 months later, Mayjune ran over him in a rented automobile.

other hand, the beast had been insured like the Hope diamond.

Closer to home, the comedian Bill Terry was known to be unhappy, in his sober moments, at playing second fiddle to a dog. Without the dog, of course, Bill Terry wasn't even dog meat, but actors have been known to have egos. Other news about Terry was said to be on its way from headquarters in Florida.

Keeping Terry comparatively calm and happy was his live-in girlfriend, Sherry Cohen, a co-producer of *Skeeks* who was credited with being most of the brains behind the show. She'd been a television professional for 15 years and had persuaded the network to hire Bill Terry despite his drinking problem. "I'll take care of that," she had reportedly told them, and so she had. If there was one reason the show had lasted five years, other than the pitiable state of the American mind, it was Sherry's control of Terry.

Another human close to Skeeks was his housekeeper, Mayjune Kent, a former Miss America runner-up who had a successful career as an auto show model, standing in long gowns on all those turntables, until a crazed fan threw acid in her face, reasoning that since he couldn't have her, no one else should. The fan received a very light sentence, since Mayjune publicly and often forgave him, saying, "He only did it for love."

However, when the fan was released from prison 17 months later, Mayjune ran over him in a rented automobile, explaining she'd been blinded by tears of joy at seeing him a free man. She was put on trial, nevertheless, for manslaughter and given probation and assistance in finding employment. Several human employers had agreed they could overlook her history, but when they met her they realized they'd never be able to overlook that face. Skeeks was the only employer in southern California able and willing to give the unfortunate young woman housing and a decent job, and Mayjune was said to be devoted to the animal.

"Well, children," Boy said, "you have done reasonably well. Material for several stories here, particularly if Bill Terry has been cheating on Sherry Cohen or vice versa. However, none of this matters if we don't get the body in the box, and I am assured that any number of homicidal ex-footballers stand between us and that goal. When the going gets tough, as you've heard, the tough proceed, and I do believe one has found the answer." Then he dropped his bombshell: "One has learned, through an unimpeachable source, that Skeeks was murdered."

"No!" everybody cried. "Who? Why? Are you sure?"

"Yes," Boy replied. "Don't know yet. Don't know yet. Yes. The veterinary hospital is keeping the fact quiet for its own reasons. We know and no one else."

Jim Jemmy blushed.

"How," Boy asked rhetorically, "may we use this information? One is glad you asked. We shall find the murderer, in the next 24 hours. Anyone close enough to poison the beast can get close enough to take his picture. We shall confront the murderer and demand the photo as our price for silence."

Trixie's jaw dropped. "You mean, we won't print the story about the murder?"

"Of course we will. But the photo first. I didn't say we wouldn't publish, I said we'd *say* we wouldn't publish."

"Oh, that's all right, then," Trixie said.

"This is a manhunt," Boy told his team, "or possibly a womanhunt. Go, seek, find. And, Trixie?"

"Yes?"

"I'll want you in my office. You do have tweezers, one hopes?"

•

The voice of Don Grove, a Florida-based member of the team, murmured in Boy's ear, and Boy took notes as he rode along in the backseat of the limo steered randomly around Santa Monica by their driver-stringer, Portnikuff. "I'm going over the wall now," murmured Don, and some blocks away he was doing it, slipping into Dungowrie, half a square block of expensive Santa Monica real estate, residence of the late Skeeks.

As Boy rode and listened, Don penetrated deeper into the place, describing what he saw. Within the tall tan stucco walls stood a modest two-story Mission-design house, a U-shaped swimming pool, a number of short specimen palm trees and a space Don described as looking like a miniature golf course, actually Skeeks' exercise area, with bouncing balls on strings, sticks that threw and returned themselves and a small sandbox of carrion for the star to roll in,

"I don't want to say hello to anyone or thank anyone. That's the kind of guy I am, and that's why I win fights."

replenished weekly.

The main point here was description, so communication was one-way and Don didn't have too much to carry—just the microphone clipped to his turned-up collar and the power pack in his pocket. Forward he went, murmuring, to a pair of French doors, and on into the house.

"Freeze!"

Boy had written *Fr* before he got his wits about him. That was a different voice, female and harsh. Mayjune, the housekeeper?

"Don't move! Don't turn around! You don't want to see me!"

The housekeeper, check. And Don was caught.

When Don spoke in a normal voice, as he did now—"I'll go quietly"—it about took Boy's head off. He scrabbled at his ear to remove the tiny speaker but stopped when he heard the woman say, "You won't go anywhere. Not till the police get here. You hit an electric eye on top of that wall, and I'm holding a gun on you. So it isn't that easy, is it?"

"I'm just a reporter!" Don bellowed into Boy's quaking ear.

"Don't lie to me! Don't you think I know what you're up to? You can tell her, you can tell all of them——"

Yes? Yes? Boy waited, pencil poised. A siren sounded, separately, in both his ears.

The woman spoke again: "Hear that siren?"

"Yes," Boy said. "Home, James," he told the driver.

"The name's Hubert."

Don's voice roared through Boy's head: "I'm turning around. I want to explain——"

"Don't! You'll be sorry!"

"I just want you to know I'm—— Aaakkk!"

A police car hurtled by, siren roaring, but the bug-eyed Boy couldn't hear it. By the time his ears recovered from that last shriek, the limo was halfway to Venice, and from the speaker embedded in Boy's ear came only a gurgle, a grumble, a rush, a slosh.

Mayjune. Don Grove, with one look at her, had swallowed the microphone.

•

ARMED RESPONSE, said the hexagonal sign mounted on the brick wall just above the front doorbell. But why offer a doorbell if you then threaten to shoot anyone who uses it? "America," Boy decided. He pressed his pale, fat thumb to the button and, of course, nothing happened. All bluster, these people.

"What?"

Bending to speak into the grid from which that aggressive word had rocketed, Boy, at his most British, plummily answered, "Alasdair Smythe here, of Lloyd's."

"Don't want any."

"Afraid it's not your choice, old bean. The insured has passed over."

A brief silence and then, "What?"

"Are we going back to square one, old crumpet? The animal Skeeks, insured by Lloyd's of London, is no more. I am the claims examiner."

A longer pause this time and then, "Wait."

Boy waited. The sleepy hills of Bel Air reposed around him, the curving roads dotted with grubby gardeners' trucks, the residents presumably all within, on their Stair Masters. Behind this high brick wall, with its wide electric gate, a gleaming blacktop drive angled up a grassy slope toward a lesser Tara. And down the drive, in an electric cart, came a burly, sullen fellow in tan uniform and dark sunglasses, pistol in holster on hip. The armed response, at last.

Dismounting from his trusty cart, this hollow threat approached the gate, gazed through it at Boy and said, "You got ID?"

"Of course."

Of course. Boy could prove himself to be anybody you wanted. After brooding over the impressive Smythe ID, the armed responder wordlessly opened the gate, then offered Boy a lift to the house several feet away.

In front, on the lawn, a man in shorts and Gold's Gym sweatshirt juggled Indian clubs, not very well; as Boy watched the man hit himself on the head. "Stop," bade Boy, and he stepped off the cart before it halted. Ignoring the indignant words from behind him, he approached the juggler. "William Kampledown, I believe."

The man hit himself again with several clubs, which then fell to the ground. He stared openmouthed at Boy. "What did you say?"

The background information on Bill Terry, long known but not previously found useful, had arrived from Florida. Boy said, "Wanted for manslaughter in Canada. The plastic surgeon who made you comical instead of recognizable is now a well-paid consultant for a television network."

"It was all a mistake," the man said, kicking the fallen clubs in his agitation. "I was drunk. Somebody else was driving. It wasn't me anyway. I never heard that name before."

"And now you're Bill Terry, drinking to forget, a TV star beloved by millions, though not as beloved as Skeeks."

"What the hell is going on out there?"

Boy turned in the direction of that squawk and saw, on the rose-trellised porch of the pocket Tara, an apparition: Atop a slender body, a perfectly ordinary cheerleader's face had been given to South American tribesmen to shrink. Then it had been shellacked and had zircons placed in its eye sockets. Scary but sexy. "Ah, madam," Boy began,

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IN THE SWIM

Page 116: **Swimwear:** By *Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-753-5400. By *Tommy Hilfiger*. **Necklace** by *Alissa Neglia*, at Alissa Neglia, 89 E. 2nd St., NYC, 212-677-7006. Page 117: **Swimwear** by *Nautica*, at Nautica, 11 W. 19th St., NYC, 212-242-4432. **Sunglasses** by *Oliver Peoples*, at Oliver Peoples, 8642 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 310-657-2553. **Swimwear** by *Gianni Versace*, at Gianni Versace, 437 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, 310-276-6799. Page 119: **Swimwear:** By *GM Surf*, at Georges Marciano Boutique, 323 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, 310-271-1818. By *Paul Smith Accessories*, at Paul Smith, 108 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-627-9770. **Sunglasses** by *Oakley*, 800-733-6255. **Bracelet** by *Alissa Neglia*, at Alissa Neglia. **Thongs** by *J. Crew*, 800-562-0258. Page 121: **Swimwear** by *Ocean Pacific*, at JCPenney stores.

GIFTS FOR DADS & GRADS

Pages 126–127: **Decanter** and **picture frame** from *Christofle*, 800-693-9700. **Camera** by *Olympus*, 800-622-6372. **TV** by *Marantz*, 800-654-6633. **Watch** by *Timex*, 800-367-8463. **Personal communicator** by *Bell South*, 800-746-6672. **Sunglasses** by *Porsche Design*, 800-521-5121. Pages 128–129: **Camera** by *Canon*, 800-828-4040. **Flask** from *Motif*, 312-880-9900. **Notebook computer** by *IBM*, 800-772-2227. **Sunglasses** by *Oakley*, 800-733-6255. **Watch** by *Breitling*, 203-327-1411. **Audio/video system** by *Casio*, 800-962-2746. **Picture frame** from *Gucci*, 800-388-6785.

ON THE SCENE

Page 169: **Head-mounted displays:** By *Virtual i-o*, 800-646-3759. By *Virtual Entertainment Systems*, 914-631-9400. By *Forte Technologies, Inc.*, 716-427-8595. By *Victormaxx*, 800-815-MAXX.

CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 5 STEVE CONWAY, DAVID GOODMAN, RON MESAROS, DAN MILLS, ROB RICH (4), PHIL SHOCKLEY, JOHN WHITMAN; P. 12 ARNY FREYTAG; P. 17 © SETH RUBIN/TOUCHSTONE PICTURES; P. 18 BOB FRAME/LAMOINE; P. 21 © 1993 WARNER BROS., INC.; P. 22 CONWAY, BOB D'AMICO; P. 33 ABERCROMBIE & KENT, GEORGE GEORGIOU; P. 47 NANCY ROTHSTEIN; P. 73 BRUCE AYRES; P. 88 JIM RYAN (2); P. 89 RUSS MEYER; P. 90 © 1968 EVE PROD. INC., GLOBE PHOTOS (2), MEYER, MEYER/PARKER/GLOBE; P. 91 MEYER (3); P. 92 MEYER (2), MEYER/GLOBE PHOTOS, POMPEO POSAR; P. 93 MEYER (2), POSAR; P. 123 ARTHUR JAMES; P. 124 JAMES; PP. 126-129 CONWAY (2); PP. 132–133 FREYTAG; P. 152 DAVID CHAN, CONWAY, MARK HARTKORN, RANDY O'ROURKE; P. 172 CHAN, CONWAY. P. 100 "CITIZEN TURNER" © 1995 BY ROBERT GOLDBERG AND GERALD JAY GOLDBERG. P. 144 STYLIST: XAVIER CABRERA FOR CLOUTIER. P. 169 VEST BY BANANA REPUBLIC, BOOTS BY CHERNIN'S SHOES.

approaching her, "I am——"

"Not selling insurance, I hope."

"Of course not, madam, I am——"

But she was glaring past him at the man on the lawn, snarling at him. "What are you standing around for? You have to be able to keep those goddamn things in the air by next Wednesday, when *The Bill and Tommy Show* starts to tape!"

"Maybe we can get some with helium in them," the man suggested.

"All the helium we need," she answered, "is in your head." Switching her glare to Boy, she demanded, "What does Lloyd's of London want from us?"

"We are the insurers of——"

"Well, we're not the owners. We're not putting in any claims."

On the lawn, Bill Terry once again flung Indian clubs about. Boy said, "I take it I am addressing Ms. Sherry Cohen. Ms. Cohen, Lloyd's would like to extend its condolences at——"

"Save them," she suggested.

Something short in bib overalls that was either a depraved cherub or the Nicaraguan bantamweight champion now came out onto the porch and whined, "Well, are we playing Scrabble or not?"

"Be right there, Tommy," Sherry Cohen said, her irritation at once deliquescing. She couldn't have gazed on the tiny tot with more ardor if he'd been a T-bone steak. "We're just saying goodbye to the insurance man." The zircon eyes swung around in the snake head. "Goodbye."

"Madam, if I could——"

"I'll ride you to the gate," offered the armed responder as woman and child swept into the house and Bill Terry continued to bean himself.

"I believe I can find it," Boy said.

•

Back at the *Galaxy* nest, Boy went over what had been learned. None of the businessmen of Shunbec International had been in Los Angeles at the key moment, all being under subpoena in Texas for something or other to do with business legality. Bill Terry, Sherry Cohen and Mayjune Kent were all without alibis, and no one else could have been close enough to the animal at the appropriate moment to do him in. (A trainer normally accompanied Skeeks between Dungowrie and the studio, but *Skeeks* had been on a two-month hiatus in filming, so the trainer had been gone for a week on safari in Tanzania.)

"These are our suspects," Boy announced to his motley crew. "We want to know where they were, minute by minute, over the past three days. We want to know what stores they went to, whom they visited, what doctors are their friends. We want their credit card receipts. We want to know which of these

three dispatched the lovable pooch, and we want it by nine tomorrow morning, because the cadaver will be limoing Kirk-ward by 11."

This was a unique position in which the Galaxians found themselves; they were turning their talents to good. The same rapacious tenacity with which they tracked star adultery, UFO sightings and arthritis cures would now be lasered into solving a fiendish, not to say heinous, crime. Is it any wonder their sallow cheeks glowed with something similar to health, their dead eyes came to life, or something very like life?

Yoicks and away; Nemesis has nothing on the *Weekly Galaxy*.

•

Palindrome Productions occupied the upper floor of a two-story building in downtown Santa Monica. Here were the offices of all the company members except Skeeks, who never had much involved himself in decision making at his firm. And outside, at four that afternoon, the fellow up the telephone pole, with the telephone company hard hat and the telephone equipment dangling from his utility belt and the telephone company identification clipped to his work shirt, had, of course, nothing to do with the phone company at all but was Chauncey Chapperrell of the *Weekly Galaxy*. Other Galaxians, in California and Florida, were busily rooting into the suspects' lives, records and garbage cans, but Chauncey hit pay dirt with this conversation:

"Palindrome Productions."

"Sherry, please."

"Who shall I say is calling?"

"Mayjune."

"One moment, please."

Chauncey, whose usual assignment for the *Galaxy* was outer space, took the opportunity here to survey the world from a second-story level and found it good. No wonder that UFO aliens come here so often; it's a fun place when seen from above.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Kent, but Ms. Cohen is unavailable at the moment."

"She'd better be available. Or should I call the district attorney?"

"One moment, please."

Chauncey was taping this conversation but he wasn't listening to it. He was grooving on reality instead, as seen from 15 feet up. It had been a while since he had concentrated so totally on the mother planet.

"Mayjune? What the hell is all this about?"

"I want you to come right over here, Sherry."

"I'm busy here. Do you have any idea what a mess we have on our hands?"

"It's nothing next to the mess you *will* have. Be here in half an hour." And Mayjune Kent hung up.

So did Chauncey.

•

After Don Grove's experience at Dungowrie—the fellow was still in jail, have to do something about that eventually—Boy knew that over the wall was not the way to enter the estate. Not that he was much of a wall-scaler anyway. He was lucky if he could scale a curb.

Fortunately, money makes a fine substitute for muscle. Having hired a burglar known as Rack, Boy now sat comfortably in the rear of the limo piloted by Hubert Portnikuff and waited. Yonder, Rack, shielded from passing curious eyes by Chauncey and Trixie, who were engaged in long and sprightly conversation on the sidewalk in front of him, was dismantling the burglar alarm. Next he would unlock the ornamental iron front gate, override the call-the-police secondary alarm system by the inner door and finally snick open that last barrier.

There, done it. Having repacked his tools into his capaciously pocketed jacket, Rack sauntered away, a tune and a cigarette on his lips, while Trixie and Chauncey strode off in the opposite direction. Boy at last clambered stiffly out of the limo, strolled over to the estate entrance and eased on inside.

Everything in here was familiar from Don Grove's description. Boy moved past the pool, the palms, the exercise area—phew, carrion—and around to the French doors at the right side, one pair of which stood open to the evening air. Boy inserted himself into the house.

Voices. Female voices, some distance off. Were the servants at home or away? (None lived in, only Mayjune and Skeeks ever actually being in residence here.) Following that peremptory summons

"Heathcliff?"

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from Mayjune, Sherry Cohen had been in here for 20 minutes now. What could they be talking about? Boy needed to know. He filtered through the house like a bad case of tar and nicotine, and the voices gradually grew louder.

There. A sort of Moorish living room, with arches and pillars everywhere, a few low couches and low tables, hanging lamps and a big round doggy bed in the middle of the floor. Peering from the semidarkness behind a pillar, Boy beheld the two women seated near each other, on sofas at right angles, with a low table between them. Boy blinked; they were drinking tea and eating cookies.

Really? The tape Boy had heard of Mayjune's phone call hadn't sounded like an invitation to tea. But here they were, just the two of them, murmuring together, munching cookies, sipping tea. Sherry Cohen, on the left, looked softer than when Boy had last seen her, at the house she shared with Bill Terry—and Tommy Little?—in Bel Air. Or if not softer, at least less sure of herself.

And then there was Mayjune. Oh my. The Phantom of the Opera's sister. If Boy Cartwright had a painting in his attic, that's what it would look like. How could she be sure where to insert that cookie?

Firmly watching Sherry and not Mayjune, Boy listened:

"More tea?"

"Thank you."

"Cookie?"

"I shouldn't." Pause. "Mayjune?"

"Yes?"

"Why?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"You were pretty tough on the phone, but now you just want to sit and have girl talk. I don't get it."

"I didn't want to rush into things. You and I never really got to know each other, Sherry."

"I always felt you didn't *want* to know people."

"I suppose so. Because of my face."

An uncomfortable silence; uncomfortable for Boy, anyway.

"Mayjune? Would you come to the point?"

"I suppose, really, that Skeeks was all I needed, not people at all. I took this picture of him at the vet, after they put him in the coffin."

Boy started, and stood up as straight as it was possible for him to stand. Mayjune handed a color 8x10 to Sherry.

"Oh, look at that. He looks, um, like he's asleep, doesn't he?"

"Dreaming," Mayjune said with her version of a poignant smile. "Chasing rabbits."

"Chasing Nielsen households, you mean."

"When I saw he'd been poisoned——"

"*What?*"

"Oh, come on, Sherry, you can't hide anything from me. Skeeks was murdered, and you did it."

"That's—that's ridiculous!"

"Of course it is. You wouldn't get what you wanted, anyway."

"What I wanted?" Guardedly: "What was that?"

"For Tommy Little to take Skeeks' place. Then Bill would get star billing, and he might stop drinking himself to death. Of course, it would never work. You love Bill too much. You can't see he really isn't up to carrying the show."

"This is crazy!"

"Sherry, I watched you maneuver Tommy Little into place, and I knew you wanted Skeeks off the program. But I never thought you'd resort to murder."

"Mayjune, he was an animal! You can't say he—besides, why say it was me? I mean, if it even happened."

"I didn't do it, and Bill doesn't have the guts, and who else is there? You did it for love, Sherry, I know you did, for the love of Bill. But I loved Skeeks, and that's why you're going to die now."

Jumping to her feet, Sherry cried, "What are you talking about? I'm not going to die!"

"We both are, Sherry. Skeeks was the only one in my life. You took him away from me. I have no reason to live."

"Mayjune! For God's sake, what have you done?"

"The same poison you used," Mayjune said, as calm as voice mail. "It's in the cookies, and the tea. We both have less than half an hour to live."

"No!" Sherry turned away, stumbling, arms out as though to push open a lot of doors.

But Mayjune said, "I waited, Sherry, until it was too late before I told you."

"Stomach pumps! Antidotes!"

"Too late. Too late, Sherry. Sit down, dear, be calm. We'll wait together."

Sherry turned back, to stare with her zircon eyes at the placid Mayjune. "You did this? You did this for a dog?"

"My only friend, Sherry."

Sherry dropped into her seat, despair shriveling her features even more. The two women sat gazing at each other.

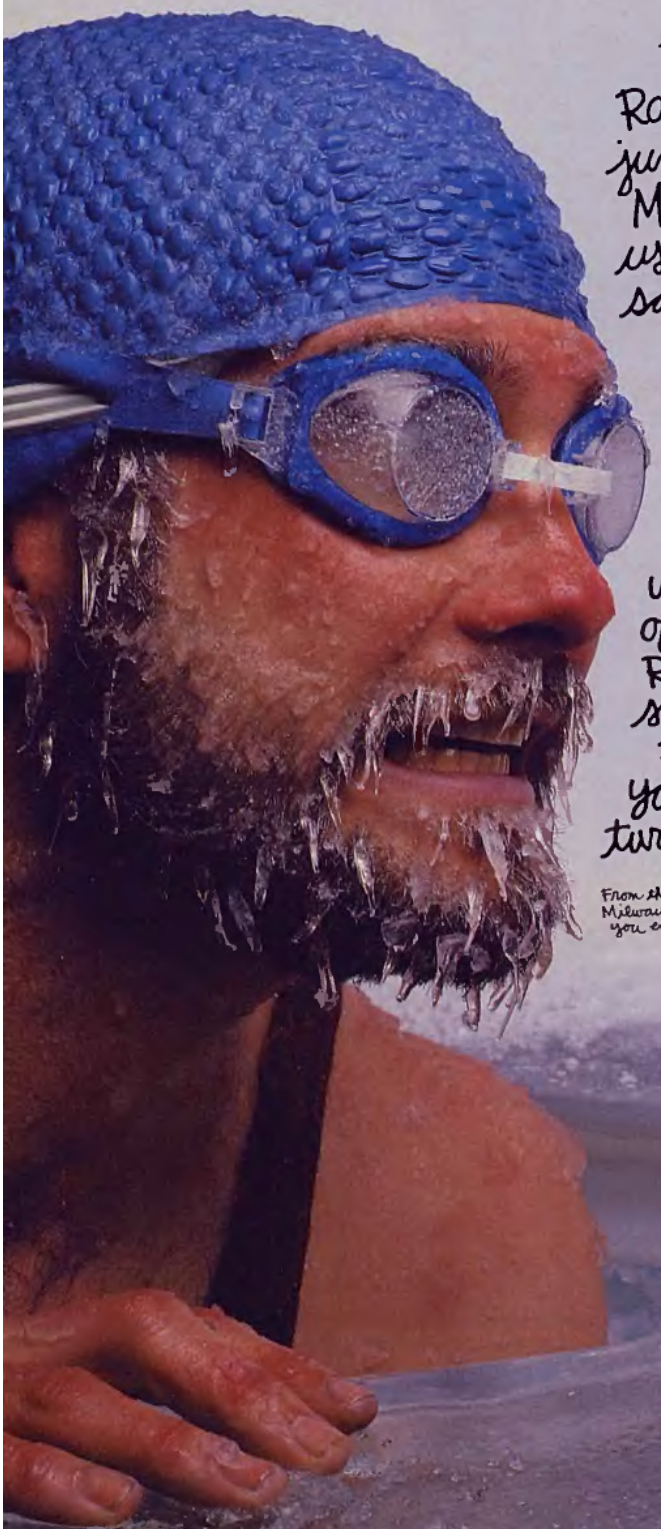
Boy looked at his watch. Half an hour, eh? Fine. He tiptoed away, found the kitchen and the cold chicken and white wine in the refrigerator. Mayjune had struck him as being a thrifty little gargoyle. She wouldn't poison everything in the house, just the stuff she meant to feed Sherry.

He would phone the police, of course, once he had collected the photo and was well away from the house, and after he'd called in his story to the *Galaxy*. In the meantime, snack on the kitchen table at his elbow, women expiring at the other end of the house, he pulled out notebook and pen and began the lead for this week's story:

"They did it for love."

"Hi. I'm Melanie, your neighborhood lingerie party consultant . . ."

True refreshment doesn't have to hurt.



There are these guys here at Plank Road who chop holes in the ice and jump in like they do in places like Moose Jaw and the country that used to be the Soviet Union. They say it's very refreshing.

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From the Plank Road Brewery, A tiny division of the Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Where we're dedicated to being dedicated. (P.S. We hope you enjoy ICEHOUSE, as long as you enjoy it responsibly. No exceptions!)

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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HEAD GAMES

Attention joystick jockeys: You can now enjoy virtual reality in front of your own PC. Head-mounted displays (called HMDs) are hitting home in a variety of futuristic forms. All feature some type of monitor on the inside of the headset as well as stereo earphones and special tracking sensors that change the on-screen perspective as you move your head. No, the video quality isn't as good as what you get from your PC. But these devices truly make you feel as though you're a part of a game's action. This is called total immersion, the ability to interact with characters and objects from all directions in computer-generated worlds. Interestingly, you can even hook up some models to your TV or VCR for private screenings. Imagine *Baywatch* in VR.

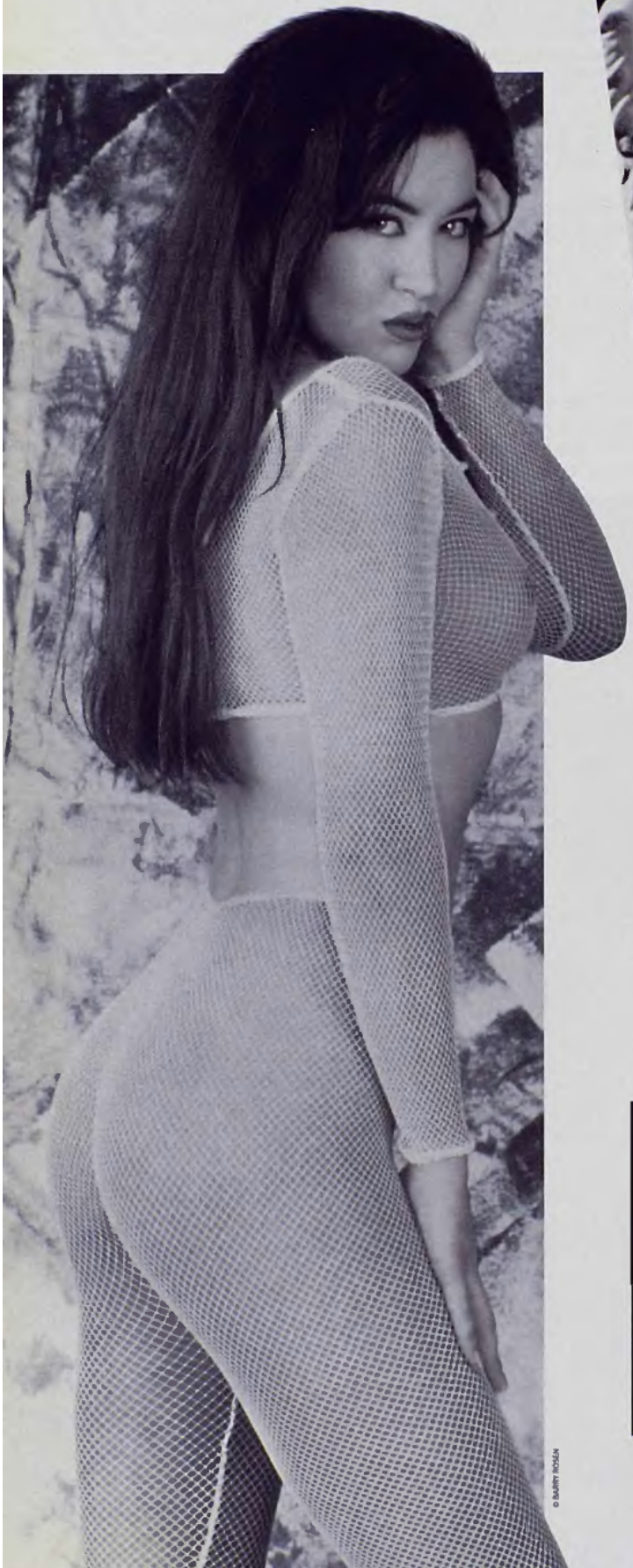
Our model sports a pair of eight-ounce Virtual i-O PC-compatible i-glasses with 3-D optics, stereo sound and TV/VCR connections, about $800. Surrounding her (clockwise from top right): Virtual-Entertainment Systems' 28-ounce 7th Sense with a 256-color display and stereo sound, $399; Forte's VFX1 3-D Headgear with dual color LCD monitors, built-in microphone for player-to-player communication and stereo headphones, $1000; and Victormaxx's 14-ounce Cybermaxx head-mounted display with IBM, Mac, Sega, Nintendo and 3DO compatibility, $800.

RICHARD IZUI

Where & How to Buy on page 164.

A Great Bet in Fishnet

CATHERINE WEBER plays an assassin in *Over the Edge* with Joey Travolta. We hear she's also a sharpshooter. On TV, Catherine has been featured on *Baywatch* and in the NBC movie *Shades of Gray*. She hit us with her best shot.



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PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Can You Separate the Men From the Boys?

BOYZ II MEN have not suffered sophomore slump. They have sold more than 6 million copies of *II* and are currently touring with Babyface. They won a bunch of American Music awards and they kicked ass at the Grammys. The Boyz have the smoothest harmonies and love songs. Eat your heart out, Whitney.

© GEORGE BOONAR/RETNA LTD

Looking in at Cyn

CYNDI LAUPER is back having fun, this time on *Twelve Deadly Cyns and Then Some*. First released in Europe, *Twelve Deadly Cyns* will be accompanied by a video that includes many of the cuts on the disc. Cyn is in, again.

On the Ball

Critics have raved about DAVID BALL's send-up and celebration of honky-tonk. Fans have bought enough copies of *Thinkin' Problem* to earn him a gold record. Ball is touring with Brooks and Dunn. Go and have some fun.

Blues in the Night

ERIC CLAPTON's *From the Cradle* is the only blues album to hit number one on the charts. Quite a compliment for a man who has been playing the blues for more than 30 years. Look for a summer U.S. tour to hear Eric wail in person.

Uncovering Mother Russia

Roger Corman's *Bram Stoker's Burial of the Rats* was shot in Moscow and cast with Russian actresses. Two of them are NATALYA YUDINA (left), who plays a handmaiden to Adrienne Barbeau's Rat Queen, and her sister ELENA (right), who plays a rat warrior. Some people take this stuff seriously, and some don't. That's glasnost.

A GOOD EGG

The Power Egg may look as though it had been laid by an ostrich, but it's actually the smallest gym in the world. Only six inches tall, the plastic egg contains springs that allow the upper and lower portions of it to be twisted, squeezed, turned and pulled, all to promote muscle toning and stress reduction. Couch potatoes and desk jockeys will respond to the Power Egg, as its compact size encourages such sit-down exercises as over-the-head chest, bicep and shoulder flexing and leg-muscle squeezing. Some exercises, such as the "push-action," which strengthens the pectoral muscles, are even more fun when performed with a partner. The price: $39.95. Call IC&C in Fort Lauderdale at 305-565-3556 to order. The Power Egg also makes an interesting pencil holder.

GIVING GOLF A FLING

With about 450 nine- and 18-hole courses operating nationwide, Disc Golf is sailing high as the newest summertime recreation. (Players count how many throws it takes to get from the tee to a cagelike target that catches the disc.) For practicing your game, Innova Champion Disc, Inc., sells a 58"-tall Discatcher and two discs for $95. Additional discs are $8.50 each. Call 800-321-8833 to order.

JOHN SCHNELZER

GLENN ARVIDSON

SNAKES ALIVE—IT'S THE VIPER!

Six Flags Great America's newest roller coaster, the Viper, has opened at the Gurnee, Illinois amusement park. If falling ten stories at a 53-degree angle and surviving 11 untamed drops at 50 mph is your idea of fun, then get ready for the longest minute and 45 seconds of your life. Like the Cyclone, the famous Coney Island ride, the Viper is a single-track wooden roller coaster. No, you don't go upside down or drop into darkness while aboard. The terror is in the blinding speed and unexpected switchbacks. Enter at your own risk.

THE GENIAL JEEP

This summer is the 50th anniversary of the end of World War Two. To commemorate the event, Showroom Collectables has signed an agreement with Chrysler to create a 1:18 scale die-cast reproduction of that rough-riding symbol of World War Two, the Willy's Jeep. (The name is believed to be derived from the military designation GP, which stands for general purpose.) Price: $44.50. To order, call 800-781-3999 and ask for item 1945.

MAKE MINE A MARTINI

According to Barnaby Conrad III, "a great martini should be like skinny-dipping in a Nordic lake with Greta Garbo: teeth-chatteringly cold." We'll drink to that—as did Franklin D. Roosevelt and other celebrity sippers. They're all in Conrad's *The Martini*, "an illustrated history of an American classic," from Chronicle Books. There are also martini-inspired art and film stills as well as lore and recipes. Price: $24.95. Call 800-722-6657.

STEVE BOSWICK

ROLLING WITH THE GRATEFUL DEAD

Deadheads have a new way to get to concerts. Gary Fisher Bicycle Corp. in Waterloo, Wisconsin has introduced a limited-edition Grateful Dead bike decorated with artwork by Prairie Prince, an illustrator for the Dead. (The top tube of the bike features a spinal column; a femur goes the length of the down tube.) The bike's drivetrain, brakes and hub set are by Shimano. Call 414-478-2191 for the nearest Fisher dealer. Price: $999.

SALON FOR STOGIES

In Beverly Hills, the hottest status symbol isn't a Cuban stogie; it's membership in Havana, a private cigar salon at 301 North Canon Drive, just above the restaurant named On Canon. You can wine and dine there in addition to firing up smokes from your personal humidor. And there are big-screen TVs and plenty of high-backed armchairs. All this exclusivity, of course, doesn't come cheap. The one-time membership fee is $2000, and monthly dues are $150. Call 310-446-4925 for more information.

JOHN O'LEARY

SKINNY TRIP

Want to get in shape for the beach fast? Check out the Six Day Biodiet, a juice-instead-of-food approach to eliminating pounds that was developed in Switzerland. For about $80 you get six bottles of special potions made from organically grown vegetables and fruits, Detox tea and a package of yeast and herb tablets. Just add willpower, and drink. To order, call Biolife of Aspen at 800-BIO-DIET, extension 111.

GREG MANELY

BRASS ACT

Eleganté Brass Beds in Brooklyn has created the Ultimate Fantasy Bed, and if you have $19,000 burning a hole in your pajamas pocket, this king-size love nest with a mirrored canopy can be yours. Each piece of the bed is treated with a hydropoly lacquer so the brass never ages. Eleganté also offers a queen-size model for only $15,000. Call 718-256-8988 to place an order. Operators are standing by.

NEXT MONTH

TAYLOR-MADE

POSTMODERN COMICS

ROAD TEST

SHORT AND SWEET

SANDRA TAYLOR—YOU SAW HER IN *EXIT TO EDEN* AND YOU'LL SEE HER IN *UNDER SIEGE II*. NOW SHE MAKES HER AMAZING DEBUT IN PLAYBOY—A PICTORIAL TO FIGHT OVER

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MENENDEZ CONFIDENTIAL—JUST IN TIME FOR THE RETRIAL, WE GO BEHIND THE SCENES FOR NEW INFORMATION ABOUT JURY SHENANIGANS, ERIC'S CHAT WITH FELLOW INMATE O.J. AND SOME SKELETONS IN THE FAMILY CLOSET—ARTICLE BY **ROBERT RAND**

DENNIS FRANZ' PORTRAYAL OF DETECTIVE ANDY SIPOWICZ ON *NYPD BLUE* HAS TURNED THE ACTOR INTO AN UNLIKELY STAR. MEET THE MAN WHO BARED HIS ALL FOR PRIME TIME IN A CHEEKY PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **STEVE ONEY**

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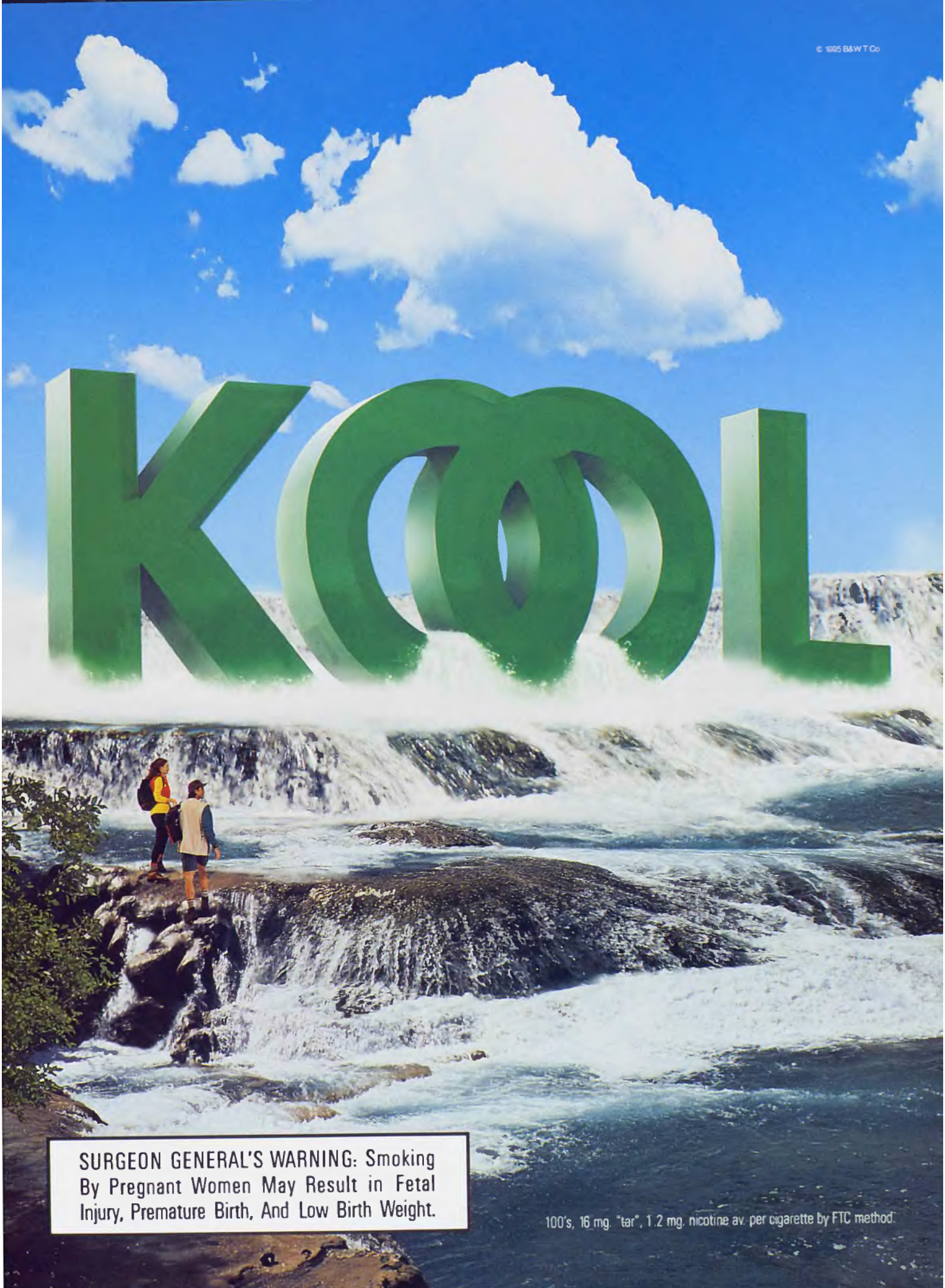
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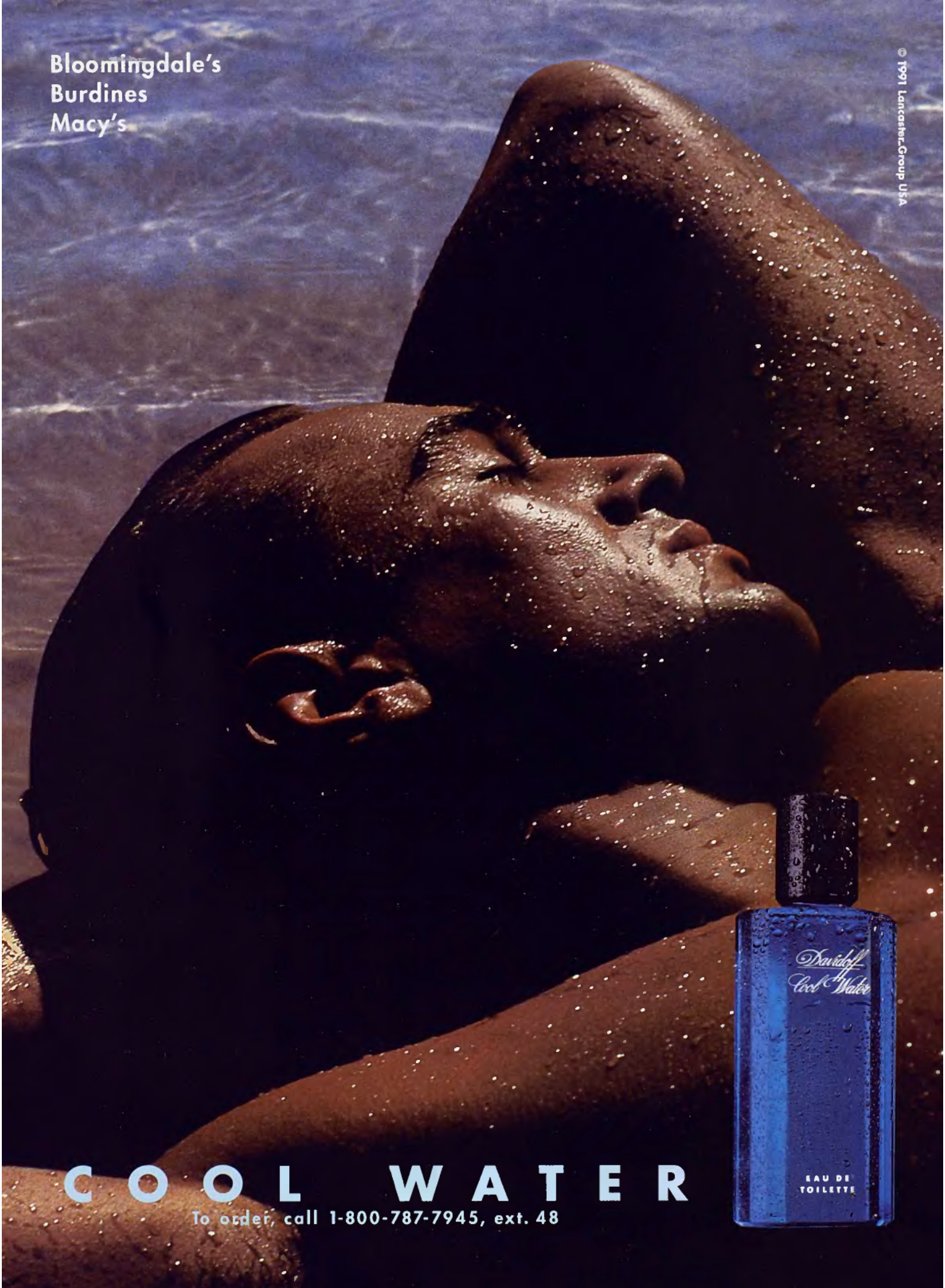
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.
100's, 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.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